

GOLD & TREASURE



A History of John Lowe Butler II

By
Craig L. Dalton


John Lowe Butler II was truly a *lifelong* pioneer! He lived among the Indians of the central plains throughout his childhood. After an 8-year odyssey, his family made it across the plains to Spanish Fork, Utah. Left fatherless at age 16, John took on the responsibility of caring for his mother and younger siblings, and relocated the family to Southern Utah. There he pioneered one area after another and explored largely unknown regions of the southwest.

Working in partnership with two of his younger brothers, John became a wealthy rancher, farmer, teamster, lumberman, mill operator, and businessman. Then, in his last decade of life, John made a huge gold strike and staked his fortune in a promising mine.

Two decades ago, historian Bill Hartley wrote a comprehensive biography on John's father, John Lowe Butler I, entitled *My Best for the Kingdom*. In many ways, *Gold & Treasure* picks up where *My Best for the Kingdom* ends, chronicling the Butler family, including considerable information on John Lowe Butler II's siblings, wives, and children, through their various pioneer enterprises.

Gold & Treasure has the excitement and feel of an old west novel, with numerous pioneer treks, Indian battles, exploring expeditions, fights, riches won and lost, a fabulous gold mine, and more. What makes these stories even more interesting is that they are true accounts. The book shares the excitement, adventure, fun, humor, and joy that were all part of Butler family life, as well as some truly heart-wrenching moments. By the end of *Gold & Treasure* the reader will not only know about John Lowe Butler II, but will come to love him!

Included free with this book is a disk containing a large collection of Butler photos, documents, and histories. It also contains electronic versions of *Gold & Treasure*, *My Best for the Kingdom*, and several other books, suitable for use with most e-readers.



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Gold & Treasure

A History of

John Lowe Butler II

By

Craig Lee Dalton

*Dedicated to
Ross Butler
And his love for his family, past, present, and future.*

ISBN 978-0-9843965-1-1

Gold & Treasure: A History of John Lowe Butler II

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Published by C. L. Dalton Enterprises, 1240 Orchard Loop Rd, Troy, ID 83871
cdalton@turbonet.com

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www.ButlerThurberSmith.com

Printed and bound in the United States of America

Cover, design, and maps: Craig L. Dalton

Cover image includes a photo of the actual entrance to the Carrie Tunnel at the Butler-Beck Mine that has been overlayed in front of Big Rock Candy Mountain in Utah, with a ghost image of John's family.

*For where your treasure is,
There will your heart be also.*

— Matthew 6:21



John Lowe Butler II

February 28, 1844 – December 30, 1898

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Preface

About 18 years ago as my wife scanned through one of her monthly catalogs from Deseret Book Club, she noticed a new title, *My Best For The Kingdom, History and Autobiography of John Lowe Butler, A Mormon Frontiersman*. She quickly pointed it out to me saying “Hey, isn’t that an ancestor of yours?”

I was quite surprised, as I hadn’t even known a book was being written about my 3rd great-grandfather. I quickly ordered the book and was even more surprised to find that it was “Dedicated to Helen Thurber Dalton” my grandmother! I found out later that she had been influential in providing information and support to the book’s author, BYU professor and renown historian, William G. Hartley. The book had been originally commissioned by the Butler Family Organization under the leadership of Ross Butler, my grandmother’s dear friend and “double cousin.”

I was thrilled to find such a fine scholarly work done about one of my ancestors. Shortly after reading the book I found myself talking with my father about it and in the process of that conversation I asked him if he thought a book would be written about John’s son and namesake, my great-great-grandfather, John Lowe Butler II. Now my father certainly loved and respected his great-grandfather, but he was also a realist and so he honestly responded that a book on John Lowe Butler II was very unlikely in that he was not as renown a figure or as involved in many events in Church history like his father had been.

This response surprised me then and has caused me deep contemplation since. You see, many of the stories I remembered my grandmother telling me had been about John Jr., not his father. Sure, I knew about John Lowe Butler’s famous fight at Gallatin, how he had been a close friend of Joseph Smith, one of his ordained body guards, and had been with the Prophet during key events leading up to his martyrdom, but most of the stories I remembered were about his son, John Jr. Grandma’s tales about John Lowe Butler II were filled with excitement: Indian battles, exploring expeditions, even gold mines and treasure! The kind of stories any little boy loves to hear. Even her stories of the special cloak blessed by the Prophet Joseph himself to heal the sick seemed to center

more on the son, John Jr., than on his more famous father. As the conversation with my father ended, I reflected on these things and was saddened with the news that no book would be forthcoming about John Lowe Butler II. I was especially saddened by the reason, he was not “famous enough!” In my mind his life would have made a great book and he was certainly every bit as deserving.

The years then passed without my really thinking about him again until a couple of years ago when I found myself writing a biography on John Jr.’s daughter Caroline and his son-in-law Isaac Erin Thurber. In this process I found myself doing considerable research on John Lowe Butler II, in fact at times it seemed like I was working more on his life than on the subjects of my book. I felt like I really came to know him and found that in addition to leading a very exciting life, he was also a man of tremendous faith, conviction, integrity, selflessness, hard work, and a very caring and loving father. As I finished Caroline’s book, I realized that the Butler family now had comprehensive works dealing with John’s father and his daughter, and I knew that my next project was to fill in that gap. Besides, John’s book had seemingly begun writing itself, almost beyond my control to stop it!

As work progressed on this project I realized that this was more than a book just about John, it was really about John’s family. Biographies of both of his wives, Nancy Franzetta Smith and Sarah Sariah Johnson, are included to the extent that available information and research enabled me to write them. The book also continues considerably after John’s death, tracking the remainder of his wives’ lives as well as the doings of his children, showing the tremendous legacy that he created. You see, John had instilled a sense of unity in his family that was truly amazing. His children, those from both of his polygamous wives, remained extremely tight knit for many years; even their future generations over the next century enjoyed a very close sense of family identity. John’s children and grandchildren wrote numerous letters, recorded family stories for one another, and held regular family reunions. In addition, regular Butler “Round Robin” letters passed among them for years. Because of this the Butler family has been endowed with a rich recorded history, without which the scope of the book you are about to read would not have been possible.

John always viewed his *family* as his true “Treasure.” He worked his whole life to obtain it and this “Treasure” would be forever his; even an early and painful death could not take it away from him! A gold mine promised to provide his family with everything he wanted for them financially, but even with its beckoning call he knew his “Treasure” was not to be found at the end of a tunnel. In the end, his “Gold” disappeared as it always seems to do, but his “Treasure” remained. John died having lost all his worldly wealth, but what hurt him most was the fear that he might have sacrificed his true “Treasure” for foolish “Gold.” However, as this book will show, his family remained strong and steadfast in the true principles he taught them. John had shown them through example what matters most in life. Now you understand that the “Gold” & “Treasure” in the title of this book were, for John, two very different things.

We of the current generation of Butlers owe a substantial debt of gratitude to the children and grandchildren of John for the tremendous amount of family history work they did over the course of their lives. It seems like almost all were engaged in recording stories and information, so many that it would be impossible to mention them here. However, I have tried hard to gather, digitally preserve, and organize much of their work both as a tribute to them as well as to make it available to their posterity. I have included these on a CD-ROM placed in the back of this book.

On the CD you will find a full electronic version of this entire book suitable for use with many tablet or e-book reading devices, and computers. The electronic version is complete with color images, maps, table of contents and heading links, and endnote links allowing quick access to reference material cited and additional information. The CD also contains many other electronic books, autobiographies, and other documents relating to John Lowe Butler II, his wives, children, and ancestors. These are grouped in folders under each ancestor's name. The CD also contains hundreds of photos, as well as scanned images of documents such as certificates, deeds, letters, etc. What before would require a major photocopying effort to duplicate, can now be distributed by simply copying one disk.

In reality, the compilation I have made of John Lowe Butler II's history extends far beyond what is contained in this book. The CD included at the back of this book contains much of the detailed research material used in writing this biography. It contains a number of books that have been digitized and stored in several formats including PDF. Please take the time to peruse the contents of the CD. By clicking on any of the .pdf files you can read these books (including this biography) on screen, or print them on a laser printer and have them bound in printed book form complete with photos and images as they appeared in the original work. You can also use search functions to quickly find specific information using key words or phrases.

This biography is very much a collection of stories bound together with explanation and narrative in a loose chronology that I hope has given it a coherent flow. My hope was to make John's history come alive to the reader and be entertaining to read, not just a bunch of statistical facts, and this is best done through stories. Wherever practical I have used the actual wording of the person telling of the event or story in quotation, because the *way* a story is told is often of as much historical value as the story itself.

That said, let me also state that I have worked very hard to insure that the information contained in this book is true, accurate, and correct. A history that presents unreliable information as fact becomes nothing more than a novel. This is a biography, not a novel. Where I have found conflicting information, I have used what I believe is the most reliable, while at the same time noting the different accounts in the back of the book, allowing the reader to see the other possibilities. I have included a few stories that fall into the category of "family traditions" but these I have clearly indicated.

Any errors that exist in this book I certainly claim as my own and are not an attempt by anyone to mislead.

Numbered references are indicated throughout this work citing sources of information. These references are listed in a section at the end to guide the reader if further research is desired, and allow the reader to verify the accuracy of the information presented. In addition, most of the research information cited is available on the CD included with this book.

I have also used this “Notes” section as a repository for any of the statistical history information that I felt would impede the flow of the stories if it was included in the book’s narrative. I have done this with the intent of providing all of the historical information that a *family history buff* would desire, while at the same time making the book entertaining and readable for *normal people*.

The “Notes” section also contains much ancillary information that might be of interest to some, such as present locations of certain sites and information regarding events or individuals that do not directly relate to the subjects of the book.

The subject of this book is now known as John Lowe Butler II because within the Butler family would eventually arrive a John Lowe Butler III, IV, V, VI, VII, and perhaps more. In the early part of this book, during his childhood and youth with his father still alive, I refer to him as “John Jr.” Later in the book, after the birth of his first son, I refer to him as simply John and his son as “John III.”

I would direct those wanting a detailed and more comprehensive account of John Jr.’s parents and events surrounding them during his childhood and youth to William G. Hartley’s excellent work, *My Best For The Kingdom, History and Autobiography of John Lowe Butler, A Mormon Frontiersman*. This book was relied on heavily for the summary I give of John Jr.’s parents and his childhood related in the first two chapters of this book. I saw no need to repeat the exhaustive research and work Professor Hartley already did regarding John Lowe Butler I. You will find the bulk of the research and detail contained in this book is directed to that portion of John Lowe Butler II’s life after the death of his father.

By way of acknowledgement I would like to express my profound gratitude to two individuals whose love of family caused them to spend much of their lives gathering and compiling vast libraries of Butler family history information. The first is my dear grandmother, Helen Thurber Dalton. The second is Ross Butler, to whom this book is dedicated. Both are grandchildren of John Lowe Butler II and throughout their lives lovingly referred to each other as brother and sister, because, as they liked to relate, they had the exact same genealogy even though they had different parents. They were “double cousins” as they liked to call themselves, in that their fathers, two best friends, had married each other’s sister. However, perhaps even more than that, Ross and Helen, were kindred spirits in their love of family history and their dedication to the posterity of their beloved ancestors.

It seemed appropriate to dedicate this book to Ross because it was through his energy, organization, and even funding that major works benefiting many of the Butler posterity came into being, including *My Best For The Kingdom* and Bill Hartley's recent book, *Another Kind of Gold: The Life of Albert King Thurber, A Utah Pioneer, Explorer and Community Builder*.

Another reason for dedicating this work to Ross was the desire on my part to pay tribute to his daughter MaryAnne Butler Ashton who has in innumerable ways helped produce this book. She has spent countless hours doing research, contacting extended family members, gathering information, editing, and has provided numerous documents, photos, and perhaps most beneficial, moral support.

I would also like to express gratitude to the many members of the extended Butler family who have shared information, photos, documents, and moral support. Your help is greatly appreciated. We're really all in this together as we truly have a wonderful heritage worth sharing with our posterity.

I also owe a big thank you to Joan Anderson, who helped me retrace the steps of our Butler ancestors through the high mountain mining country of central Utah. I would have never been able to creep inside an old gold mine without her. Seeing and experiencing that special place firsthand aided greatly in writing about the events that transpired there.

Once again I want to publicly thank my wife Sandy for her patience and support, and her efforts in brutally editing yet another of my books.

Finally, this book is directed to the posterity of John Lowe Butler II and his special family. It is my hope that through this book their voices will somehow speak to you, as it were "from the dust," in such a way that you will gain a closer connection to them, that you will feel a friendship with them, and that the example and legacy they left will be carried on through you.

Craig L. Dalton

Chapter One

The End and The Beginning

In the spring of 1844, on what was then the western edge of the United States, a man sat holding a baby on his lap while chatting with friends in the affable manner that had become a hallmark of his character. However, this was no ordinary man nor was the baby he was holding.

The man was Joseph Smith who, although only 38 years old, was already a renown figure in America at the time and was destined to leave an impact on the world exceeded by only one other.¹ He was known as “prophet” to many thousands, and later millions, of members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; a church that would play a foundational role in the life of the little baby on his lap.

The Church had been formally organized only 14 years earlier and yet already the gospel it taught was being spread through the United States, Europe, and even some of the remote corners of the world. Indeed the Church was destined to become a major worldwide religion. At the same time it was unique among modern religions in that it claimed direct revelation from God, even visions of God himself and Jesus Christ, angelic ministration, an organization of prophets and apostles, and divinely restored priesthood authority, as well as new and continuing works of scripture in addition to the Bible. All of this was extremely controversial among the Christian religions of 1844 that claimed such things had ceased almost two thousand years ago. At the forefront of this new church was the seemingly ordinary man now playing with a young baby on his lap.

Joseph Smith was already seeing the fulfillment of a prophecy he had received as a teenager that his name “should be both good and evil spoken of among all people.”² Already he was simultaneously loved by his followers and vilified by his critics. Ever since his early teenage years Joseph had been the subject of intense persecution and as a result his life had become extremely transient. The future of the baby he now held would also be very transient as it was destined to spend most of its life pioneering one new land after another.

Despite rarely having a home he could call his own throughout much of his short life, Joseph had accomplished a tremendous amount and had witnessed one

miracle after another. In fact the birthplace of the baby he now held was one such miracle. It had only been five years since Joseph had managed to escape to Illinois from a Missouri dungeon with a death sentence hanging over him. During those few short years he had miraculously taken the tiny berg of Commerce on a swampy bend in the Mississippi River and created Nauvoo, one of the largest cities in Illinois, with a population that grew from almost zero to about 20,000. It was like a major city had just popped up out of nowhere, seemingly overnight!

And Nauvoo was not just some “tent city” of hapless vagrants. Many of these settlers were building brick homes, substantive businesses, and creating thriving farms. Even a huge temple hewn out of white limestone blocks was rising majestically on a hill in the center. No, this wasn’t some dirty frontier town; this was “Nauvoo the Beautiful!”

The rise of Nauvoo was a source of amazement for everyone in Illinois. At the same time, the political power that such a city represented was a source of worry to enemies of the Church, as they saw a seemingly never-ending stream of “Mormons,” as they were now being called, flocking to the city daily.

Nauvoo was a happy place for the prophet Joseph Smith in the early spring of 1844. Life had finally seemed to calm down, he had a home of his own for the first time in a long while, and he was surrounded by friends. In fact, the baby he now held on his lap was the son of one of his closest and most trusted friends, John Lowe Butler.³

John was born on April 8, 1808 in the Drake’s Creek area of Warren (later Simpson) County, Kentucky in the south-central part of the state just north of the Tennessee border. His parents, James Butler and Charity Lowe, were both North Carolinians by birth but had moved to Kentucky prior to their marriage in about 1801. They were a prominent couple in the area, with James becoming the county’s justice of the peace about the time of their marriage. James and Charity eventually had a large family of 10 living children (4 other children were stillborn), of which John was the 4th child and 2nd son.

John grew up large and strong on the family farm in the rural setting of Drake’s Creek Settlement. He was just shy of 6 feet 3 inches tall and as he described “verry stout indeed, and my health became strong, and I felt like as if I could handle any two men on the earth.”⁴ This was no idle boast, either. Indeed he would later find himself taking on not just “two men” but an entire Missouri mob, and beating them all handily. He was raised in true Kentucky fashion, he was tough and knew how to handle himself in a fight, and fighting was something for which the Kentuckians where he was raised were renowned. John’s physical prowess and fighting ability were attributes he’d pass on to his sons, especially the baby now sitting on Joseph Smith’s lap.

At age twenty-two John had married his eighteen-year-old sweetheart, Caroline Farozine Skeen, on February 3, 1831. Even though Caroline was from Tennessee, she and John had grown up as neighbors, both families having settled on Drake’s Creek, with homes only a few miles apart but with the invisible Kentucky-Tennessee border in between.

Caroline was born on April 15, 1812, in Sumner County, Tennessee. Her parents, Jesse Skeen originally from South Carolina, and Keziah Taylor born in North Carolina, were among the most wealthy in the area and Caroline grew up among a network of extended family that formed some of the most prominent citizens in Sumner County.

Caroline's family had substantive holdings in real estate, owned a dozen or so slaves, and lived in what was called the "mansion house." Caroline was raised in a somewhat stereotypical "southern belle" fashion, prim and proper, and shielded from hard domestic work. As an example, her son later stated that before her marriage she never even combed her own hair as she had a "Mammy," or slave woman, to do such things for her.⁵ This is remarkable considering the reputation of hard work, creativity, and resourcefulness she gained shortly after as a pioneer woman.

With her marriage to John Lowe Butler, Caroline's father gave the newlyweds a rather expensive gift, that of a slave couple. John did not believe in slavery and promptly granted the two slaves their freedom. This did not endear John with his new father-in-law, and the rift between them would grow even larger later with his choice of religion.

On March 1, 1835, Elders James Emmett and Peter Dustin began holding meetings in Simpson County. They were missionaries from what was nicknamed the "Mormon" church, a new and rather unheard of religion, and their meetings created quite a stir. Caroline had quickly converted to this new church after listening to the elders' message and remarked to John that "she thought they were men of God, and that it was the only true Church of God and the only way to be saved." After some substantive soul-searching John had reached the same conclusion and on March 9th, only eight days after the Elders' first sermon, John and Caroline were baptized into the Church by Elder James Emmett. A number of John's family also joined the Church, including his mother Charity (his father James had died shortly before).

Of Caroline's family only her deaf-mute sister Charity joined the church. Caroline's father, Jesse Skeen, became a bitter opponent of Mormonism and helped rile up the area against the missionaries and those who espoused this new faith. Within a month or so the persecution had grown to the point that the Elders had to flee for their lives, shortly after organizing a small branch of the church consisting of some 22 new members.

For the next year the little branch endured bitter persecution and threats from neighbors, former friends, and even family members. Despite the persecution, John related that he and the other new *Saints*, "enjoyed ourselves well" that year. Conversion to Mormonism had cost them their place in society; however, they had become part of a new society. As fellow branch member Drusilla Hendricks stated, "we had no society except the few Saints in the Branch." Nevertheless, the little branch became a tight knit group that enjoyed their new fellowship, as Drusilla added, "we were happy though high and low scoffed at us."⁶

During this time, John did have a valuable protector in the form of his Uncle John Lowe, who was the well-respected justice of the peace in Simpson County. Although “he did not believe in Mormonism, . . . he believed in folks having their rights”⁷ and regularly interceded on behalf of John and his fellow Mormons when their opponents’ actions crossed the boundary of law.

Remarkably, most, if not all, of the members of the little branch remained faithful to their new religion, even in the face of bitter persecution and the fact that the leaders of the branch, including John, had only been members for about a month before being left on their own.

In the spring of 1836, slightly over a year after joining the Church, the members of the little branch made preparations to join with the main body of the Church in Missouri. John had been fortunate in that his mother and four of his younger siblings made the move with him. Whereas, Caroline’s faith had required her not only to leave the comfortable well-to-do life style she had grown up with, which was soon replaced with that of a poverty stricken pioneer, but she had to leave her entire family network behind as well. Nevertheless, regardless of the hardships she had to endure then and in the future, statements she made throughout her life indicate that she never doubted the faith she had embraced or regretted the choice she had made.

At the time of their move to Missouri, John and Caroline’s little family consisted of their oldest son, Kenion Taylor, age five, daughter Charity Artemesia, almost two, and an infant daughter Keziah Jane, just a little over a month old. Three years earlier Caroline had given birth to another son, whom they named William Alexander, but the baby had lived only four months.

Eventually that summer, the Butlers had settled on a 120-acre farm in what became known as the Mirable settlement. Just two miles north, a new town was then forming called Far West, which would soon be the seat of Caldwell County and of the LDS Church. At Mirable, the Butlers renewed their friendship with James Emmett and his family who became neighbors. For almost two years, the Butlers lived and worked scratching out a living on their Mirable farm, and it was during this time that John and Caroline’s third daughter, Phoebe Melinda was born on December 16, 1837.

By the summer of 1838, John had purchased another 160 acres of land in Daviess County and moved his family to the Marrowbone Creek settlement 15 miles north of Far West. However, John only lived there for two months before an event in an insignificant little Missouri town sent the entire state into turmoil and placed the name of John Butler in history books for the first time.

On election day, Monday, August 6, 1838, with the intent to vote, John traveled some eight miles to Gallatin, a little town but nevertheless the seat of recently created Daviess County. A crowd of as many as 100 Missourians⁸ had gathered and were being inflamed by one of the candidates, who was encouraging the mob not to let any Mormons vote and was fueling their bravado with whiskey that flowed freely. John wisely decided to lay low and wait behind a little store for the polling place to open, at which time he planned to cast his vote and quickly return home.

But in short order he heard a commotion and came out from behind the store to see a mob of Missourians violently attacking the 10 other Mormons present with sticks, clapboards, shakes, and knives. As John saw it, “they were all in a muss together, every one of the Missourians trying to get a lick at a Mormon.”⁹ He saw that each Mormon had “from four to a dozen mobbers on a man and all damning ‘em.”

John had to put aside his desires to avoid a conflict, as he realized he had no choice but to defend his brethren who were being beaten severely. Therefore, he grabbed a large split oak “stick” from a nearby pile, and as John described it, “a power rested upon me such as one I never felt before. When I got in reach of them, I commenced to call out aloud for peace and at the same time making my stick move to my own utter astonishment, tapping them as though light, but they fell as dead men, their heads often striking the ground first. I took great care to strike none except those who were fighting the brethren.”¹⁰

John may have been trying to “tap them as though *light*” but according to another eyewitness, John D. Lee, his presence was formidable: “Captain Butler was then a stranger to me . . . Capt. Butler was attacked from all sides, but, being a powerful man, he used his oak club with effect and knocked a man down at each blow that he struck, and each man that felt the weight of his weapon was out of the fight for that day at least. Many of those that he came in contact with had to be carried from the field for surgical aid.”¹¹

The fracas had been fierce, but relatively brief; within a couple of minutes John had beaten the mob into submission. According to Church leader, Sidney Rigdon, John had “with his own hands whipped some twenty men.” The remainder of the mob “begged for peace after they saw their men lying around,” John remembered. John headed home without voting, even though the election official insisted that he take the opportunity to do so. John knew that in the close quarters of the polling place he would be vulnerable to a mob that was anxious to take their revenge. Instead, he rode home with Samuel Smith, the Prophet’s brother and John’s neighbor.

Almost instantly John became a hero among the Mormons while at the same time becoming perhaps the most wanted man in the state of Missouri. A mob militia was formed to capture the man they blamed “for some of their men who were dead and would die.” Fortunately, no one actually died as a result of the fight at Gallatin, but that fact didn’t change the ire the Missourians felt for this big Kentucky Mormon.

Reports that the Mormons had *killed* several men at Gallatin were swirling about the area, so the next day John rode to Far West where he gave Joseph Smith a true account of what happened. Realizing the danger that John and his family now faced the Prophet gave him a direct command. “He asked me if I had removed my family. I told him no, I had not. Then, says he, ‘Go and move them directly and do not sleep another night there.’ ‘But,’ said I, ‘I don’t like to be a coward.’ ‘Go and do as I tell you,’ said he.”¹² John followed Joseph’s counsel and immediately fled with his family, shortly before an armed mob surrounded his house. He eventually took his family to the relative safety of Far West.

The fight at Gallatin was the spark that ignited a situation that had been getting ready to explode for several months, and resulted in what was later termed the “Mormon War.” Missouri Governor Lilburn W. Boggs issued his infamous “extermination order” stipulating that all Mormons be driven from the state or exterminated. With the Missouri mobs now given state militia status, the Mormons were forced to flee their homes in the dead of winter, while Joseph Smith and other church leaders were thrown in a dungeon with a death sentence hanging over their heads.

With the fall of Far West, John, still one of the most wanted men in Missouri, was forced to flee the state on the 2nd of November, making a harrowing trek some 200+ miles to the safety of Quincy, Illinois.

Caroline, meanwhile, had to somehow survive the winter and manage to get her family of little children across Missouri to Illinois before spring, or suffer the consequences of Governor Boggs’ “extermination order.” Even in her dire condition Caroline still was ever charitable. After Joseph Smith’s imprisonment, the mob, along with some apostates, had ransacked his house, leaving his wife, Emma, and his children destitute. With news that Joseph was being held in a dungeon with no fire or warmth, Emma sent virtually all of her remaining quilts and bedclothes to him. In tears, Emma explained the situation to Caroline and asked for help. Caroline really was in no position to render aid. Nevertheless, she gathered up some bedding and gave it to Emma, even though so doing required Caroline to “stack up her children in bed.”¹³

In February 1839, Caroline’s little family, along with newlyweds Abraham O. and Martha Smoot, made a harrowing three-week trek across Missouri in the dead of winter. Caroline and her little children had finally reached the Mississippi River about March 10th, only to find the ferries inoperable due to river ice. John, having heard that they might be there, made a dangerous trip rowing a canoe across the river to be with them. The people of Quincy received the Mormon exiles with open arms and the Butlers lived in Quincy for a few weeks, receiving much kindness from the people there, with John finding what work he could before moving his family to a rented farm about 10 miles from town.

In May of 1839, John was ordained to the office of Seventy in the Church’s Melchezidek Priesthood by President of the Seventy, Joseph Young, and sent on a mission throughout Illinois, until January of 1840. Meanwhile, Caroline delivered their fourth daughter, Caroline Elizabeth, on December 29, 1839.

Shortly after returning from his mission, John traveled to Commerce, Illinois, where the Saints were just beginning to transform a swampy wasteland into what would become the beautiful city of Nauvoo. As he investigated the prospects of moving his family there, John met with the Prophet Joseph who told him, “You will come over to my house and stay while you are here, and till you move your family up.” John spent three weeks living under the Prophet’s roof and “helped Brother Joseph fix up his fence and to plow his lot and do up his garden for him” with the desire “to pay for my board.”¹⁴

By April 1840 John had moved his family to Nauvoo. In short order he had fenced a lot and built a house on the northwest corner of Cutler and Page Streets on the hill overlooking Nauvoo, only three blocks northeast of where construction of a new temple was soon to begin.

John Butler and James Emmett were then called on a mission to preach the gospel to the Sioux Indians. Even though Joseph Smith had sent four men to “the borders of the Lamanites” by the Missouri River in 1830 to preach briefly to Indians, Wilford Woodruff called the Emmett-Butler mission “the first commencement of the work among the Lamanites.”¹⁵ However, against the Prophet Joseph’s counsel, John and James elected to take their families with them. All that summer and into the fall, the family traipsed through the Indian country of what later would become northern Iowa and southern Minnesota. And although John took note of the country’s beauty, the family suffered greatly from hunger and fatigue, as well as danger and depredations from the Indians they were trying to serve. After sending their families back to Nauvoo, John and James found themselves being chased by the Indians and barely escaped with their lives.

Finally back in Nauvoo with his family in October, John reported on his missionary experience to Joseph Smith, who asked if everyone had returned safely. John “told him that we had got home safe, but it was by the blessing of God.” After praising John and James for their safe return and heroism, Joseph then sent them on a second mission stating, “Now go and try it without your family” (and one can imagine him thinking, “like I told you to in the first place”) and then added a prophetic promise, “and you shall not be hurt.”¹⁶

So John and James spent the remainder of that fall and early winter again on a mission among the Indians, returning home on February 14, 1841. The day after his return, Caroline gave birth to their 7th child, whom they named Sarah Adeline. The Butler family’s experience as missionaries among the Indians would prove to be but a precursor of things to come.

In the fall of 1842, John had been called to go on another mission. With this he found himself visiting and preaching at his home in Kentucky and Tennessee. Although well received by his Uncle John Lowe and a few others, he found that the same bitterness persisted since he left six years earlier. His father-in-law, Jesse Skeen, had died earlier that year, but the remainder of Caroline’s family still remained very bitter, especially her brothers. One exception was Caroline’s deaf-mute sister, Charity, who through signs indicated to John that she still believed the gospel to be true and very much wanted to join the Saints in Nauvoo and asked John to take her with him when he returned. The prospect of this resulted in death threats aimed at John by her brothers if he should try to take her. Nevertheless, John and Charity managed to escape her brothers and join her sister Caroline in Nauvoo.¹⁷

In Nauvoo, the Prophet Joseph Smith’s life was under almost constant threat, therefore he chose twelve trusted men from the Nauvoo Legion who were ordained as official “lifeguards” to guard, protect, and defend him. John Butler was one of these twelve. From that time forward John was regularly near the Prophet in his most intense situations.

In June of 1843, John had been in the party that rescued Joseph Smith from an illegal arrest and kidnapping by men plotting to sneak him into Missouri and back into the hands of his enemies there. On their return, joyous people lined the streets of Nauvoo, and Joseph formed the men who rode with him into a processional putting John Butler right behind him in a place of honor.¹⁸ John had also been inducted into Nauvoo's official police force, part of a group of forty men handpicked by Mayor Joseph Smith.

Meanwhile, construction of the temple in Nauvoo garnered the attention of all members of the church. One day Caroline was asked for a temple donation. She wanted to do her part, but due to the family's state of poverty she had absolutely nothing to give, which saddened her greatly. However, a few days later an odd opportunity presented itself through which Caroline would be honored by generations of church members to come, not only for her faith, sacrifice, and dedication, but also for her resourcefulness.

The women of Nauvoo were asked to contribute their dimes and pennies for the temple fund.

Caroline Butler had no pennies or dimes to contribute, but she wanted very much to give something. One day while going to the city in a wagon, she saw two dead buffalo. Suddenly she knew what her temple gift could be. She and her children pulled the long hair from the buffaloes' manes and took it home with them. They washed and carded the hair and spun it into coarse yarn, then knitted eight pairs of heavy mittens that were given to the rock cutters working on the temple in the bitter winter cold.¹⁹

Caroline may have grown up as a privileged *southern belle*, but she was quickly proving that she was up to every challenge *pioneer* life could throw at her.

Regardless of hardships, the Butlers were enjoying their life in Nauvoo, which was their first real home since leaving Kentucky. They also were privileged to enjoy a close relationship with Joseph Smith and his family. John and Caroline were guests in the Prophet's home "many times" and Joseph Smith came to their home "frequently."²⁰

By 1843, the family had moved to another house on the northwest corner of Page and Young Streets, about a block northeast of the temple site. It was while living in this house that John and Caroline's 8th child and 3rd son was born on February 28, 1844.

Which brings us to the occasion mentioned earlier when Joseph Smith was holding a baby on his lap and chatting with friends. Directions given to the Church dictate that each baby should receive a priesthood blessing as it begins life here on earth during which its name is officially given.²¹ John and Caroline's new baby was privileged to receive such a blessing at the hands of the Prophet Joseph Smith himself and the name given this child was John Lowe Butler. This baby was Joseph's friend's namesake, his "junior."

As Joseph and little John Jr. parted company, each were going separate directions in life. For one, just a few months would mark the end of an illustrious life; for the other, this was only the beginning!

Chapter Two

Childhood on the Plains

Shortly after our little John's blessing at the hands of the Prophet, the Butler family and all of Nauvoo were plunged into turmoil. Anti-Mormon pressure rose until the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and his brother Hyrum, in Carthage Jail on June 27, 1844. They had been under the supposed protection of Governor Ford of Illinois, who left them to be murdered by an armed mob of some 150-200,¹ and who many believe was confederate in the deed.

As a close friend and "lifeguard" of the Prophet, little John's father was particularly involved in events leading up to this tragic event. Five nights before, on June 22nd, John Sr. had met with Joseph Smith and a few of his closest friends. They discussed options to deal with the conspiracy forming against Joseph, which now included the Governor himself. After reading a threatening letter he had received from Governor Ford, Joseph exclaimed to his trusted group, "there is no mercy here." To save the Church members from threatened destruction, Joseph decided that his only recourse was for he and Hyrum to cross the Mississippi River that night and begin a journey into the West and find a place for the Saints where they might be safe.²

After that meeting Joseph took John Butler Sr. and Abraham Hodge aside and gave them a secret mission. He asked them to take the Church's riverboat, the *Maid of Iowa*, remove the belongings of Joseph and Hyrum's families' to a predetermined location, and await word from the him. However, John Sr.'s riverboat mission was cancelled the next morning, as word reached Joseph on the Iowa side of the river from his wife and others urging him to return, even alleging cowardice. He stated solemnly, "If my life is of no value to my friends, it is of no value to me"³ and returned to Nauvoo knowing, even prophesying, that he would soon be killed.

On June 25th John Sr. was part of the party of fifteen men who rode with the Prophet as Joseph traveled on horseback the twenty or so miles to Carthage. He heard Joseph exclaim his prophetic words: "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am calm as a summer's morning; I have a conscience void of

offense towards God, and towards all men. I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me – he was murdered in cold blood.”⁴

Outside of Carthage Joseph had told John and several others to return home, as Governor Ford’s orders demanded that Joseph come to Carthage “without escort.” John Sr.’s reaction showed his true devotion, “we begged of him to let us stay with him and die with him if necessary, but he said no, we were to return home.”⁵ Joseph also tried to convince his brother Hyrum to return but Hyrum refused. John Sr. recounted how he felt as he parted from his friend for the last time:

For my part I felt that something great was going to transpire. He blessed us and told us to go. We bade them farewell and started. We had twenty miles to ride and we went the whole, went the distance without uttering one word. All were dumb and still and all felt the spirit as I did myself. I cannot express my feelings at that time for they overpowered me. I felt like the prophets of the Lord were about to be taken from us and that they were going to await their doom the same as the Lord did when he was here upon the earth. We went to our homes like so many sheep that had lost their shepherd, knowing not what to do.⁶

That summer, while little John Jr. was learning to crawl like other babies his age, the Butlers mourned the loss of their dear Prophet along with the rest of the Saints in Nauvoo, whose hearts, as John’s father described, “seemed to melt within them.”⁷

The enemies of the Church had supposed that it would disintegrate with the death of its founder and prophet, but were soon surprised to see that they had not accomplished their intended result. The Butlers, along with most of the Saints, embraced the leadership of the Church’s Apostles with Brigham Young at their head, and the Church continued forward, even growing. As John Sr. shared simply, “We still went on preaching the Gospel.”⁸ In addition to seeing the gospel continue to be spread, enemies of the Church also watched in wonder as the Saints worked with even greater zeal to finish the temple Joseph had started. Seeing that the Church was not going to crumble, John Sr. noticed that “the mob got hot again and began their persecutions against us and trying to put down Mormonism.”⁹

James Emmett Expedition

Close associates of Joseph Smith, including John Butler Sr., had heard him prophesy that soon the Saints would be required to relocate in the Rocky Mountains of the West. Within weeks of Joseph’s death, the Butlers’ friend and former missionary, James Emmett organized a party to go northwest up the Iowa River into Indian Country to find a new place to settle. Brigham Young was making plans to eventually take the Church to the West; however, he knew things had to be done in order, not chaos, and that certain things had to come first. He advised the Saints forcefully to “stay here in Nauvoo, and build up the

Temple and get your endowments; do not scatter.”¹⁰ He and the other Apostles heartily disapproved of Emmett’s venture and tried to convince him to cancel it, but to no avail.

Emmett tried to persuade the Butlers to join him but John refused, opting instead to remain in Nauvoo and follow the counsel of Brigham Young and the Apostles. At a conference meeting in August that year, while Brigham Young was speaking and declaring that the authority to lead the church now rested with the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, many Saints witnessed that he was transfigured and suddenly looked and sounded like Joseph Smith. It is unclear whether or not John Sr. had witnessed this, but his wife Caroline had,¹¹ and the family would remain loyal to Brigham Young and the Quorum of the Twelve the remainder of their lives.

This situation with James Emmett was certainly a test of the Butlers’ faith. Here was the man who had brought the gospel to them and baptized them into the Church, and yet now this same man was falling away and starting down the path of an apostate. Would he lead them astray?

Historical evidence leaves little doubt that James Emmett had been sincere in his testimony of the gospel he embraced in 1831, and he was very vigorous in sharing that testimony virtually every chance he got. He readily accepted mission calls at great personal sacrifice, even dangerous ones such as those among the Indians. However, James Emmett’s faith apparently began to die along with Joseph Smith, and he never could really accept the Apostles’ leadership. This caused his testimony, and even his ethics, to take a downward spiral. Several years later, as Emmett was once again trying to persuade John to go off with him on another venture (this time to the gold rush of California), he told him: “Oh, you need not be afraid of your religion, for the Priesthood was taken from the earth when Joseph was Murdered.” John’s response: “I told him that I would not renounce my religion for gold.”¹²

My grandmother, Helen Dalton, had an interesting summation of what became of James Emmett after he disobeyed the Apostles’ counsel and left Nauvoo: with a glint in her eye she stated simply, “He was a rascal!”¹³

“Rascal” notwithstanding, James Emmett would continue to play a significant role in the Butlers’ lives over the next couple of years.

Lifelong Pioneer

By winter, reports of the Emmett Company being short on resources and “driving off cattle and stealing” from local settlements in Iowa, reached Brigham Young in Nauvoo. So Brigham called John Butler Sr. and his family on a special and very difficult mission, that of catching up with Emmett’s party and “tend to affairs” of the some 150-200 Saints, who were then encamped up the Iowa River about 100 miles northwest of Nauvoo. Asking a man to uproot his family from their comfortable home in the dead of winter, and take them to live out in an unknown wilderness among Indians, was extremely difficult. Therefore, Brother Brigham sought to encourage John Sr. saying, “there are

some good people in the company and I hate to see him [Emmett] carrying them to destruction and it must not be, for you must go and save them from destruction.”¹⁴

So, on December 23, 1844, just before what would have been his first Christmas, little John Jr., just a baby at the time, began his trek across the plains. Unlike most pioneers, his trek to Utah would take nearly eight years! He would spend most of his childhood as a pioneer crossing the plains. However, that would only be the beginning, because once in Utah, John Jr. would spend almost his entire life pioneering one new area after another. He was destined to be a *Lifelong Pioneer!*

And if that were not enough, long after most of the *pioneering* had been accomplished in the United States, John Jr.’s children would find themselves pioneering a new land, even founding a new town, in Idaho.

The Emmett Company was thrilled with the arrival of the Butlers, especially James who had pleaded with John Sr. to join them in the first place. James had seen John’s resourcefulness firsthand, and knew him to be strong and capable. He would be a valuable asset to any pioneer company. Even though John Sr. had been sent by Brigham Young himself to “tend to affairs” of the camp, he saw the wisdom of doing so in a low-key way and did not make waves by trying to assume leadership. James Emmett remained as “President” or “Captain” of the company, but quickly placed John as “second in command.”

The winter of 1844-45 must have been truly miserable for little John Jr., for when the Butlers arrived they found Emmett’s group to be ill-equipped, short on food, and still facing the coldest part of the winter. The company had “covenanted” to live in a sort of United Order they called “common stock,” pooling their resources and having all things in common. However, with little to pool in the first place, this arrangement did little to alleviate their suffering. Making matters worse, Captain Emmett became dictatorial in his leadership, as well as controlling and almost draconian in the rationing of food.

The company had been settled for three months at what they named “Camp Emmett” near present day Marengo, Iowa, but immediately after the Butlers’ arrival Captain Emmett ordered the company to break camp, even though it was already mid-winter. The order was likely a result of Brigham’s instruction to John Sr. to move the party beyond the established Iowa settlements, away from the possibility of stealing that some of the party had engaged in. Emmett’s intense fear that the Apostles might recall them, and the scarcity of game that resulted from being camped in one place for three months also likely played a role in the order to move.

For several weeks the company slowly moved some 50-60 miles further up the Iowa River, across unbroken and unsurveyed wilderness, stopping wherever they found feed for their animals. By mid-February the company stopped a few miles northwest of present-day Marshalltown, Iowa. Initially they called this camp “Big Woods,” although as time went on they nicknamed it “Camp Division” because of the many instances of intrigue, contention, and dissension that occurred there. Here “they made a winter camp, building rude cabins and

mud huts and tent shelters as best they could, and slashing down young trees for their starving animals to browse upon the tender twigs and unopened buds.”¹⁵ John Jr. reached his first birthday at this camp, as the company remained in the vicinity for the next 2½ months.

At the beginning of March, church authorities decided to send Apostle Amasa Lyman, accompanied by Daniel Spencer, to check on the Emmett Party. Before they left, President Brigham Young explained the secret mission that he had personally given to the John Butler family, telling the Nauvoo High Council that “Bro. Butler went according to my council” and that “I never leaked this to any one yet.” He further explained that John Sr. “will see me again and report to me.”¹⁶

Apostle Lyman reported that when he arrived at Emmett’s camp he found the group “in a deplorable condition” of poverty and hunger. He also learned that most of the Saints who had followed Emmett “were under the impression that the move [Emmett Expedition] was directed by the order of the Twelve,” adding that Emmett “had them all blinded.” Apostle Lyman sternly rebuked Emmett, but noted that he “did not afford any disposition to follow the advice of the Twelve.” To the company he read a letter from the Twelve sharing the truth of Emmett’s disregard of counsel from church leaders, and which advised them to refuse to follow Emmett unless he honored the Twelve’s authority.¹⁷

With this Emmett agreed, or at least feigned to agree, to abide by directions from the Twelve. Elder Lyman did not advise the people to return to Nauvoo, because they no longer had homes nor jobs there, but advised them to “make a settlement” somewhere so that they could prepare for and abide the following winter and wait for the main body of the Saints to reach them the next year.

His Father Arrested

Dissension and desertion from Emmett’s group had already begun before Lyman and Spencer’s one-night stay with them, and naturally increased shortly after they left. Emmett’s actions did nothing to mitigate this; some seemed calculated to remove those he considered weak from the company. One could wonder if the Butlers would have simply returned to Nauvoo, where John Sr.’s mother and other family members had remained, if not for the fact that Brigham Young had sent them on this mission. Instead they remained with the company, trying to help as best they could.

While at “Camp Division” in the wake of these defections, a somewhat humorous, albeit dangerous, situation occurred. John Sr. noted that some of the disaffected who left the company around this time were those who had been doing the stealing that had been brought to the attention of Brigham Young and had resulted in John Sr. being sent to stop it. John Sr. recalled:

They had got pretty well along in the art of taking what did not belong to them and applying it to their own use. They would pick up a yoke and put it in their own wagons and say that it would come handy if they wanted to yoke up any more team.¹⁸

John Sr. had put an end to this stealing, demanding that the rascals involved either stop stealing or leave the company. Some of these left "Camp Division," and along with some ruffians they picked up along the way, went back some 130 miles to Iowa City, the nearest real town, where they made allegations that the Mormons were stealing.

A local history, published in 1883, perhaps jokingly termed what followed as the "Mormon War," describing it as a "ridiculous and pitiful episode in Johnson County history." Sheriff Major P. McAlister was asked to form a posse, which the nefarious complainants joined. The posse of about 75 men then proceeded to march "like an army of conquest" to the Mormon camp, only to find "a lot of peaceable, harmless, half-starved men, women, children, dogs, and cattle, utterly inoffensive, but all everlasting hungry," as Deputy Sheriff Thomas Banbury recalled.¹⁹

Arriving on April 15th, Sheriff McAlister proceeded to arrest six of the camp's leading men, including John Butler Sr. at the head, James Emmett having "fled in haste" to escape arrest.

Through his experiences in Kentucky, Missouri, and Illinois, John had grown to distrust local lawmen, especially those that came with an armed mob. Also, as John looked at the "posse" he noticed "a great many that had belonged to the [Emmett] company was in the crowd." He rightly saw that the whole thing was a ruse, concocted by those he had kicked out of the company for stealing, to remove the most able-bodied men from the camp, leaving it free for them to plunder.

Therefore, as the officer approached, John Sr. calmly "got my pistol and buckled [it] on and got my rifle and went and stood by the fire in front of the tent. I was standing there when the Officer came and read the writ to me and said that I was his prisoner."

Defiantly, John Sr. told him that he would only go with him "providing that he would pledge himself that no one of his party should stay behind." The officer stated "that he would not do it." John Sr.'s response: "So I said that I would not go."

The officer, no doubt intimidated by John Sr.'s size, pistol, and rifle, "then went to his party and told them about it. He then came back to me and told me that he would pledge himself, and I was to go on the condition that he would keep his pledge." John Sr. noted that his suspicions of the party's true intentions even then were proving correct, as "some of them had already begun to plunder farther down the Camp."

Even under arrest John Sr. refused to give up his weapons, explaining, "I kept my arms to defend myself with for it was in the heart of the Indian Country."

On the trip to Iowa City, the agreement between John Sr. and the officer was quickly put to the test. They had gone about ten miles and camped for the night. As they were finishing supper, one of the "rascals," thinking that they had free reign now that the Mormon men were in custody, got up and said,

“Hurrah, who will volunteer to go back [to the Mormon camp] and get some horses and cattle?”

Several got up to go, so John Sr. calmly finished his supper, put on his pistol, got his rifle, and said that he would go too. Startled, the officer reminded him that he was his *prisoner*.

John Sr. simply asked the other five brethren arrested with him, “Won’t you go with me?”

They all said, “Yes.”

The officer protested, “But you are my prisoners!”

“No Matter,” said John Sr., “if any men goes I shall go with them” and reminded him that “he had not kept his word” pledging that none of the posse would remain at the Mormon camp.

The officer stated “that he could not keep them from going.”

John Sr. responded, “Then you cannot keep me for I am bound to go if any one else goes.”

Once again a bit intimidated by John Sr., and beginning to see the true intent of the mob he had brought with him, the officer backed down and told the “posse” that none of them could leave. To back up that command he did something very unusual with his “prisoners.” He “placed us brethren guard over them that wanted to go back for plunder, and then placed a guard over us.”

So if you can envision it, the sheriff now had his prisoners guarding the posse, and the posse guarding the prisoners!

Deputy Sheriff Banbury’s account of this episode corroborates the version taken from John Sr.’s autobiography shared above.

Before and after the “grand army” stopped for camp, the roughs wanted to go back to the Mormon camp themselves, and let the rest go on. With regard to this, a leading and stalwart Mormon named [Butler], made a strong speech, and said if the sheriff permitted them to go, he would go too, or die right there in the effort. During the dispute over this matter it became apparent that the whole thing was a plot of the roughs to get all the fighting men away from the Mormon camp so they could go there without risk, to plunder the camp and ravish the women. When this secret had fairly leaked out, the camp became divided into the law-and-order party and the roughs party—the latter determined to go back and the former determined that they should not; and Mr. Banbury says that for nearly an hour it seemed as if they would certainly come to bullets and knives, and have a bloody fight right there, among themselves. He had promised Mr. [Butler] that if any of them went back he would go along, and [Butler] should go too. The sheriff’s party finally prevailed, however, and none were permitted to go back.²⁰

One has to feel some sympathy for poor Sheriff McAlister. His troubles continued to mount on his four-day march back to Iowa City in a situation that he certainly had not expected, having to guard his own posse and rely on his “prisoners” to do so. That first night, rains flooded the ground with six inches of

water. If that weren't enough, amid the "storm and misery" a woman in the company, wife of a "funny little Frenchman" that had joined them, gave birth! The men began poking jokes at the sheriff, asking why he, "being commander-in-chief of the expedition . . . did not go and act as mid-wife to the poor woman?" He replied, "By G-d, that sort of tactics wasn't taught where he got his military education." The woman and baby, in spite of their hardships, eventually arrived healthy and well in Iowa City.²¹

The officers began to see who the real criminals were, as John Sr. remembered:

Now the very ones that had had us taken were the ones that had stolen the cattle and had left the company because I had told them they had to quit it. I pointed out some of them to the Officers and asked them if they could not remember when they brought in a yoke of cattle and another when he brought in a cow, and they could not deny it. By the time that we had got down there [to Iowa City] the officer began to see that it was not us that had been doing the mischief.²²

Seeing that giving false testimony in a court of law about crimes that they themselves were responsible for was the last thing the dissidents wanted to do, they proceeded to disappear. The county history relates:

When the cavalcade had got back as far as the Poweshiek agency [Marengo], the men who had made the complaint against the Mormons, and brought all this cost and trouble on Johnson County stopped, telling Sheriff McAlister to go on, and they would follow the next day, and overtake him before he reached Iowa City, and be ready to appear against the prisoners.²³

At this point the officers fully realized the ruse and told the prisoners "that we could go if we liked." But John Sr. responded, "No, we had a writ and we would appear at court to answer for what we had done." With that, on Saturday night they arrived in Iowa City, where they were lodged over the weekend in comparative comfort, and given perhaps the first substantive meals they had eaten in several months.

The following Monday, both in the morning and afternoon, John Sr. and his fellow prisoners appeared in court, but not a single complainant or witness appeared against them and therefore they were discharged.

Despite the risk involved, the arrest was actually a blessing for John, his family, and those remaining with the Emmett Company. As John somewhat bragged, the officials "had to fit us out with provisions to return to our families." The county history elaborated further about this assistance, giving some additional reasons why it was rendered:

Their guns and baggage were restored to them and some provisions supplied for their return journey. Most of these Mormon men were Freemasons [including John Sr.], and when the diabolical plot against them was made known, and confirmed by the fact that their accusers never dared to appear in court where law and reason ruled, very

naturally a strong interest and sympathy was awakened in their behalf. As a result of this they were supplied with many things for the relief and comfort of their destitute people at the camp, and they departed with light hearts and heavy loads.²⁴

John Sr.'s return was certainly a relief to his undoubtedly worried family and the provisions he brought back must have been a welcomed surprise.

Sugar

Another story, of which there are numerous accounts floating about among Butler descendants, relates to this time at "Camp Woods" a.k.a. "Camp Division." Perhaps the most detailed version of this story was told by John Lowe Butler II to his children, which was likely recounted to him by his mother, as he would have been only a little over a year old when the incident occurred.²⁵

In the area were quite a number of maple trees,²⁶ and with spring weather now causing the sap to run the pioneers began tapping the trees and gathering the sap.

Fires were built, and the women of the company worked to boil down the sap into sugar, which eventually they formed into cakes. It was very hard work watching over pots that had to be continually stirred, but they knew they could not pass up this opportunity to store away this great source of food and energy that would be very valuable as their journey progressed.

When night came the others in the company ceased their work, but Caroline and her sister Charity²⁷ decided to make extra sugar for their family by working through the night, each taking turns stirring to keep their pot boiling all night. Charity put the cakes of sugar they made during the night in a deep wooden box and Caroline put the sugar they had made during company time (during the day) in a separate box to be pooled with that of the rest of the company to be shared by all.

As the company prepared to leave, Captain Emmett came around to collect everyone's sugar to be placed in the company pool. Caroline gave him the sugar they had made during the daytime. He then asked for the sugar in the deep box, but Charity emphatically shook her head no! Disregarding her, the Captain went to the box and stooped over to reach into it and take the sugar. As he did so, Charity "raised a big wooden paddle menacingly over his backside. He quickly raised up with a shout, but each time he stooped to get the sugar, [she] would raise the paddle without saying a word, and each time he would raise up and shout at her."

Of course, Charity was deaf-mute, but she could communicate pretty effectively with her hands using a form of sign language, and in this case she certainly couldn't have chosen a more effective "sign" to communicate with than that big paddle!

Emmett's shouting caused "quite a gathering of curious Saints," who as they watched the spectacle began to roar with laughter. Flustered, Emmett then started shouting at Caroline to make her give up the sugar. Caroline responded,

“I will not. It is our sugar. We made it at night, and no one else worked at night.”

Seeing that the crowd was sympathizing with Charity and Caroline, Captain Emmett was forced to back off, leaving the sisters with their sugar. However, he then went to John Sr. and insisted that he force his wife to divide the sugar. But John Sr., who was already becoming frustrated with many in the company who were not pulling their own weight, told him: “Well, on that score Caroline can just suit herself. The rest could have had some if they had worked as she did; many of this group want all the work done by someone else, and they want to reap the benefits of the work of someone else.”²⁸

Later, when the company’s supply of sugar was gone, Caroline took the extra sugar they had made at night, and rationed it out to the children and others in the company with significant need.

In later life, as John Jr. told about this incident he said that his mother was a very good organizer, she was thrifty, and so helpful to all those in need and quite an inspiration to him and to those she associated with.²⁹

To this day, in the area where the Butlers camped that spring with Emmett Company, are some low hills that have ever since borne the name of “Mormon Ridge.” A hodgepodge of interesting legends surround the area, so that now “the story of Mormons camped and suffering there, is a confused blending of various stories, folklore, facts, and fictions which residents heard and shared over the years.”³⁰

Camp Vermillion

By the time John Sr. and his five brethren returned to “Camp Division” from their Iowa City arrest, Emmett had already moved the company twelve miles further up river. On May 2, 1845, three days after John Sr.’s return, the company began traveling towards the Missouri River, over 200 miles away. They were looking for a suitable place where they could camp over the coming year and wait for the main body of Saints in Nauvoo to join them.

They followed the Iowa River to near its headwaters, and then in mid-May turned due west entering the “Indian Neutral Ground” where even federal agents and army patrols rarely ventured. Here they proceeded across the “very large prairie without road or trail . . . without compass or anything else to guide them except the rising and setting sun.”³¹ Hunger was also a real issue during this trek. Those, like the Butlers, who were adept at living off the land, did okay. Whereas those counting on the commissary wagon for their sustenance complained immensely, as company rations were cut to just a half-pint of corn per day.

The going was slow for the company, including 14-month-old John Jr., as they trudged through thick wild grasses and had to cross several streams and rivers. However, they felt fortunate in that they didn’t encounter a single Indian until they crossed the Big Sioux River into present day South Dakota. Here they spent three days crossing the wagons over on a raft-ferry they had built using ropes.

On the other side of the river the Mormons encountered a party of Sioux hunters. Both John Sr. and Captain Emmett, having spent two missions already among the Sioux, spoke their language. The Indians were pacified in regards to the company's purposes and left them in peace. The next day, they met French traders who were hunting buffalo. The Frenchmen were surprised that the Sioux party hadn't killed the Mormons. The traders had a little ramshackle fort of four or five log cabins, called Fort Vermillion, a few miles due west and invited the Mormons to stop there.

Fur traders had established Fort Vermillion in 1835 as a post of trade with the Lower Sioux tribes. It was located on a beautiful spot close to the Missouri River's northeast shore, a mile east of its juncture with the Vermillion River, in the extreme southeast corner of today's South Dakota just west of the Iowa border and across the Missouri River from Nebraska. The Emmett Company reached there on June 7th, after traveling thirty-six days from "Camp Division."

The Sioux living nearby became very friendly to the Mormons, who in their view were in a "starved" condition, and brought them badly needed bales of dried buffalo meat as a present. John Sr. described a meeting with a couple of the chiefs:

There was a large quantity of Indians round and about us. I made a medicine dinner and the chief and a young fellow by the name of Henri, a half breed, came to dinner and swore to be friends. There was a man, a Mountaineer, by the name of Brenyer. He was out hunting when this took place. He was a very handsome man and very overbearing.³²

This "Henri" (pronounced "Onree") was actually one of the chiefs. He was half French, had been educated among whites, and was very influential among both the fur traders and the Indians. He became a very good friend to the Butlers and he would later save their lives, more than once.

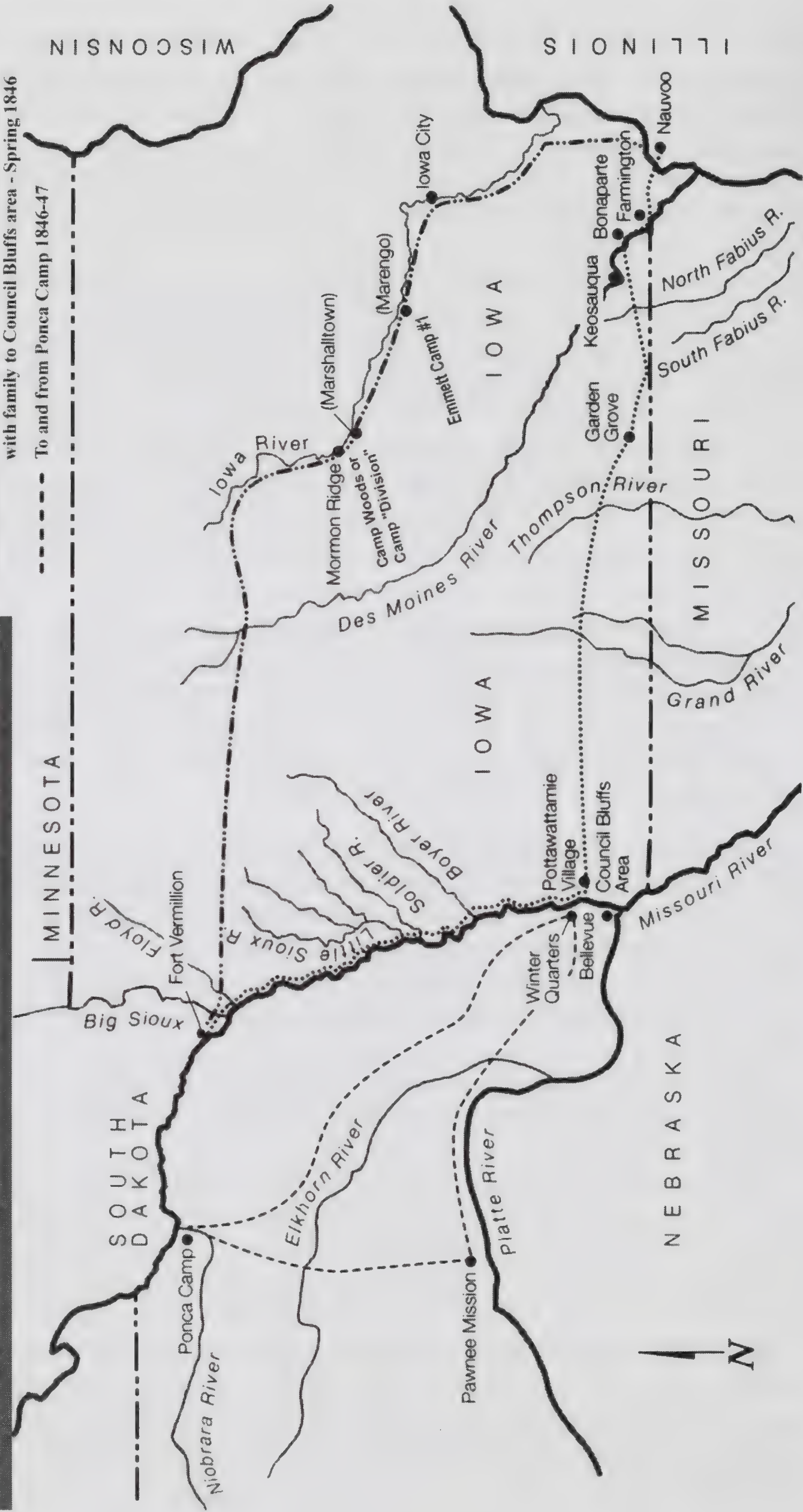
On the other hand, the "Brenyer"³³ John Sr. mentions was a white man of influence at the trading post, and later he would almost cause the Mormons to be slaughtered.

The Indians not only allowed but encouraged the company to set up camp nearby and stay until the following spring, being anxious for the Mormons to teach them how to farm.

The nearly starved pioneers' circumstances now took a dramatic turn for the better. In the area there were "tens of thousands" of buffalo, which the men hunted with ease, describing the meat as "first rate." Also in abundance were deer, antelope, turkeys, and a plethora of other wild game, and in the rivers an abundance of fish. In a large stretch of bottomland they planted successful farms and raised corn, buckwheat, turnips, peas, and beans. They built a corral, and their cattle had plenty of feed along the river bottoms. From cottonwood trees they built a large storage house for their crops and later that fall began building log cabins. They even cut hay and did some building work for the French traders.³⁴

Butler Family Pioneer Travels 1844-47

- - - - - Route to Mormon Ridge & Ft. Vermillion 1844-45
- John Butler Sr. Nauvoo to Ft. Vermillion and with family to Council Bluffs area - Spring 1846
- - - - - To and from Ponca Camp 1846-47



That summer Emmett returned to Nauvoo to report the settlement's location to Church leaders and plead for reinstatement in the Church, as by that time he was considered an apostate. The Apostles were skeptical of his sincerity and criticized him for his actions, but eventually restored "his place in the Church" provided he would "hearken to counsel."³⁵

Back at Camp Vermillion, during Emmett's two-month absence, fellow company member James Holt noted that "we had peace while he was gone" and that "the Indians treated us very kind"³⁶ while John Butler Sr. presided over the settlement.

Not really trusting Emmett, Church leaders appointed two Elders, John S. Fullmer and Henry G. Sherwood to accompany him back to the settlement with written authority for them "to preside over said Camp of the Saints." Through these Elders, Brigham Young also sent word for John Butler Sr. to come to Nauvoo and see him, giving him an opportunity to report on the mission he had sent him on, undoubtedly desiring a report on the Emmett Company's status from someone he could trust.³⁷

Emmett did not like the idea of these two Elders being appointed "to preside" and so during the trek back he "became almost insupportable, and he appeared unwilling to pilot us to his camp," according to Elder Fullmer. Nevertheless, they convinced him to do his duty and they reached Camp Vermillion on September 13th, after a month's travel.³⁸

The two emissaries had heard reports of a company starving to death, so upon arriving they were surprised to find the Mormon colony "in better condition than we expected," a group "tolerably well provided with provisions but somewhat destitute of clothing."³⁹

However, shortly after arriving both Elders became violently sick with fever and were unable to "attend to business." Emmett, who knew that their "business" was to take over leadership of the company, tried to turn the people against them, suggesting that the Elders' illness was an act of God's displeasure with them. However, the Butlers stood up for the Elders, as Fullmer later reported, "John L. Butler and a few others had spirit enough to understand the spirit of these charges."⁴⁰

After a week or so, the Elders were finally able to explain their mission to the Saints, presenting a letter from Church leaders in Nauvoo giving them instructions and appointing the two Elders as presiding authorities over the settlement. However, in their feeble condition the Elders decided they needed to return to Nauvoo. Having been instructed by Brigham Young to send John Sr. back to report to him, the two Elders requested that he be their guide and caretaker on the return trip. The Camp then voted and "delegated Elder John L. Butler to go forthwith to Nauvoo" to receive instructions from the Twelve regarding the Camp's reuniting with the main body of Saints the following spring. Captain Emmett adamantly opposed their choice, wanting to guide the Elders back himself. However, remembering the trouble they had with Emmett as their guide on the way out, the Elders wouldn't even consider him returning with them. As Elder Fullmer put it, "[Emmett's] recent behavior as a guide disqualified him." Emmett remained mad, and sadly would take out his anger on John Sr.'s family after he left.⁴¹

Massacre

As John Sr. and the two Elders were preparing to leave, events transpired that nearly ended our little 1½-year-old John Jr.'s life before he even had a chance to become the subject of any book.

Elders Fullmer and Sherwood no longer needed their horses because they would be traveling back to Nauvoo by canoe, via the Missouri River. So they traded one horse to John Butler Sr. for a watch and \$40, and traded the other horse to "Brenyer," the "mountaineer" John Sr. mentioned earlier, for the same amount. Emmett felt the horses had been traded for too little, and instead wanted them retained with the company, and so refused to surrender them from his corral. In his autobiography, John Sr. explained how this turned into perhaps the most dangerous situation he ever faced (even worse than the mob at Gallatin), a situation that "came near to proving fatal to the whole camp."⁴²

One day I was riding the horse out and who should come but Brenyer. He came and caught hold of the bridle and told me to get off. I told him that I did not think that I should. He said that it was his horse and he would make me get off. I told him that it was my horse and I had bought and paid for it. He said that it was not my horse and he wanted me to get off or he would make me. I had a cutlass with me. I drew it and told him to let go. He did not so I struck at him. He dodged and let go his hold. He then went to the Indian Chief and told him that he wanted him and his tribe to go to work and kill all the men, women, and children off and he would reward him. He [the Chief] said that he would do it.⁴³

According to Elder Fullmer, Brenyer was married to two of Chief Eagle's daughters and sent word to the chief to bring warriors. He then gave the Indians whiskey and sold them guns and ammunition on credit if they would kill the Mormons, which Chief Eagle promised to do.

With the Indians in the vicinity numbering in the thousands, the few Mormon pioneers stood no chance in a battle. They would surely have been massacred had it not been for their friend Chief Henri, who stepped up as a true hero to thwart the mountain man's massacre plan, by reasoning with Chief Eagle. As John Sr. related:

Henri said "Yes, go and kill all of them that have taught you to spin, and to make cloth, and to raise corn, to make sugar and to live comfortable. Yes, go and kill them all off and then you will be always left Indian, for no more will come, for they will be afraid that you will kill them all off, so that they will not come any more of them."⁴⁴

Fellow company member James Holt related that even though Henri changed Chief Eagle's mind, it was almost too late to stop the massacre, saying that the Indians who had gathered a half-mile from the Saints camp were by then "so drunk they were hard to control." They had already moved to the camp and were "in the act of raising their guns to shoot us down" when "the chiefs ran in

among them knocking their guns right and left, and shouted to them to stop” and “a great many guns discharged and the bullets whistled among our wagons, some over and some under,” just missing some of the pioneers. “Our people were greatly frightened, especially our women and children who cried and screamed, thinking we were all going to be massacred.”⁴⁵ One can surmise that this description fit Caroline and her children’s reaction at the time.

Although willing to stop the massacre, Chief Eagle still tried to placate his son-in-law who had instigated the whole thing, as John Sr. continued:

Well the Old Chief said that if they would tell them the ones that had offended them, and he would have them put out of the way. Brenyer then told him which ones it was that he wanted killed.⁴⁶

Of course, the one Brenyer wanted killed was John Sr. But Chief Eagle liked John Sr. and so he devised another strategy that not only saved John Sr.’s life, but in the end really cost him nothing.

The Old Chief came to me and told me that he did not want to kill me, but if I would give him a mare and colt that I had, he would make a treaty with me. So I thought that it was better to let him have them than to endanger myself and family. So I told him that I had done nothing to hurt any one and I could not see why it was that they wanted to kill me. But I told him that I wanted to keep good friends with him, so he could have the mare and colt. He thanked me and told me he would give me a horse and saddle. He done so and they were worth all I gave him.⁴⁷

While Chief Eagle was negotiating with John Sr., Breyner, seeing that his plan to massacre the Mormons was coming to naught, tried to remove Henri’s influence so he could rile the Indians up again. John Sr. explained:

Well all this time a frenchman had Henri in his house giving him whisky to make him drunk and locked themselves in. But he did not get so drunk as the frenchman wanted him to. Brenyer was mad because the Indians had not killed me. He must have revenge on some one, so he pitched his spite on Henri and killed three horses for him.⁴⁸

However, this act of intimidation only caused the Indians to turn against the Frenchman. “Now Henri’s brother-in-law knew of it, so Indian like he went to avenge his brother’s rights, and he shot nine horses and told Brenyner that he had taken three for one.” However, the brother-in-law realized that the process of extracting retribution for Henri had cost him something as well, which, of course, required further *payment*. “But he had wasted his ammunition in killing the horses, and as ammunition was very high up there and hard to get, he must kill three more horses to pay himself.” Perhaps with a sense of glee, John Sr. added, “And Brenyner stood bye and dare not say one word” through the whole process.⁴⁹

Elder Fullmer added that when the Indians came to John Sr.’s tent to negotiate the compromise mentioned before, Captain Emmett nearly derailed the process by leveling his gun to shoot, “but was instantly prevented from firing”

by Henri who was trying to make peace. Henri's wife, through tears and entreaties, also influenced several of the chiefs, including Eagle, to spare the Mormons. Elder Fullmer also related that to help restore peace and confidence with the Church leaders, Henri held a feast for Elders Fullmer and Sherwood, including a "fine fat dog of small size."⁵⁰

In addition to Henri's timely intervention, the Saints felt that their being saved from massacre was nothing short of a miracle from God. Fullmer reflected that even with Henri's help, "in ordinary circumstances these efforts would have proven unavailing but the Lord had compassion on his people and turned the wrath of the Indians aside."⁵¹ Holt concurred, stating "the hand of God seemed to be over us and we escaped by almost a miracle."⁵² Years later, after sharing his account of this episode, John Sr. shared his testimony, acknowledged God's hand in saving them, and expressed his deep gratitude:

So you see how the Lord punishes those that does his servants an injury. They are bound to meet with their deserts no matter in what circumstances they are placed the punishment is bound to overtake them. And the saints of God, if they only live true to their faith and true to their God and obey the councils that are given to them from time to time by those that are set over them, no matter where they go, no matter in what circumstances they are placed, or what trials they have to pass through, the Lord is near unto them and that to bless them. He has truly blessed me in all my journeys and has ever been near me to help and guard me from all evil, designing men. He has delivered me out of their hands, and I feel to thank Him for his tender mercy towards me.⁵³

Second Winter in the Wilderness

Leaving his family in the wilderness was certainly not something that John Sr. wanted to do, but his Church leader had asked him to meet him and he was always willing to do what asked. So to say he and his family felt anxiety for each other's safety, as John Sr. departed for Nauvoo on October 17, 1845, would be an understatement.

From John Sr.'s perspective he was leaving his family among Indians and traders, who could almost instantly turn into deadly enemies, as he had just seen. He knew that sickness could easily strike while he was away. And he knew that his family would face at least some hardship without his help in providing for them. However, he took comfort in the promise the rest of the company made to take care of his family during his absence. Had he known how much hardship his family would face, or the length of time he would be gone, he probably would not have left!

From Caroline's perspective, aside from her children's well-being, she worried about her husband's safety during the trip. To travel more quickly he and his companions would go by canoe down the unpredictable Missouri River, fraught with dangers, and pass through Indian country. Perhaps worst of all,

they would pass through the state of Missouri where she knew John Sr.'s life would not be spared if he were caught.

However, the Lord protected him in this regard and His spirit guided him out of harms way. John Sr. related that just before the canoeing party reached St. Joseph, Missouri, where they had planned to take a steamboat across the state to St. Louis, "there was a feeling came over me that I must not go by St. Jo, for some purpose or other I could not tell." So he had the others put him off on the shore and he proceeded to trek cross-country on foot alone, avoiding settlements and anyone who might recognize him. Of that trip he shared, "I was thirteen days in going across to the Mississippi River. And I had some trials to pass through – for four days I never tasted a bite of food but the Lord was near to bless and comfort me on my journey."

The reason for John Sr.'s inspiration soon became clear. On the outskirts of St. Joseph, the remaining canoe party met an armed mob, who had been tipped off (one would guess by John Sr.'s enemy Breyner) that a canoe carrying John Butler Sr. was coming down from Fort Vermillion. These were men who had been involved in the fight at Gallatin and had gathered, planning to meet John Sr. with "revolvers and bowie knives," cursing and swearing "that they would 'damn soon put an end to him.'"⁵⁴

At Nauvoo John Sr. met with "Brother Brigham [who] wanted me to return to Emmett's Company and take charge of it and bring it back and not let them go any farther." John Sr. was anxious to comply with that directive and even more so to return to his family, but he found himself stuck in Nauvoo. One can't go up river by canoe, so the return trip required going overland and winter had arrived. John Sr. explained that his chances of surviving the trip were very slim, because he "had to go through two hundred miles of wilderness and the snow was very deep and it was an Indian Country."⁵⁵

Of course, his family expected him to return before winter and had no way of knowing of his delay. As winter fully set in, they must have realized that the earliest they could expect to see him would be the following spring. That is, if he was still alive. Emotionally it must have been a very difficult winter for both Caroline and John Sr., not knowing if either was safe or even still alive. For Caroline especially, the coming winter would be the most miserable of her life; she actually came extremely close to losing her life.

Back at Camp Vermillion, Caroline, Charity, and the Butler children faced and survived numerous difficulties. Many were brought on because the company had voted to send John Sr., instead of Emmett, back to Nauvoo. Therefore, Captain Emmett spitefully chose not to assist John Sr.'s family while he was away.

An example of his purposeful neglect of John Sr.'s family is illustrated by the fact that shortly after John Sr.'s departure, the men of the company began building log cabins in preparation for winter. However, Caroline and her children had no one to build them a cabin. "So some of the Brethren spoke to Emmett about it and he said that he was not going to build houses for them, that those that voted for him [John Sr.] to go was the ones to build him a house."

Historian William Hartley described the community's situation that winter.

When autumn came the buffalo herds left, which caused the Butler family and the other settlers "hard times." Men cut and stacked hay for the winter, but 'the stacks caught fire and burned it all.' Snow was deep and clothes were scarce. Buffalo robes were used for beds. Herdsmen kept the livestock in the bottomlands where bushes, pea vines, and grass served as winter feed. Hunters killed some wild game for food, but it was not enough.⁵⁶

As food supplies dwindled, Caroline and her family suffered even more than the others did, because Captain Emmett gave them no sustenance until pressured by others. John Sr. later recorded:

Now when ever I killed any game I always divided with Emmett. It had been voted that the whole camp should throw their stuff together and fare alike when they first started. But they did not all fare alike, for my wife was often without meat and Emmett's folks had killed four fat deer, but the first mite never came to the share of my family. Now this was while I was gone. When I went away they all voted for me to go and they would see that my family did not suffer for want, if there was any [food] in camp. Now Emmett was mad and did not want me to go at all and said after that he did not vote for to help to take care of my family.

The Indians had made the company a present of forty bales of dried buffalo meat, and none of that came to the share of my family.

. . . One of the Brethren asked my wife one day if she had not got some meat from Emmett. It was Brother Potter. He seemed surprised [when] she told him that she had received not the first mite. He then asked her if he had not given her some buffalo meat. She told him that she had not gotten any meat at all. Why, said he, "damn such a man." On that night there was a meeting and every one was to speak their feelings. And Brother Potter got up and spoke his feelings and said that Sister Butler was suffering for the want of some meat and that she had not had any. And Emmett said, "How do you know that she has had no meat?" Why said he, "she is here." And he said to her, "Have you had any meat Sister Butler?" She answered no, she had not seen or tasted of any. Well, said Emmett, "let them that voted for John L Butler to leave his family go to work and take care of them." Well, said he, "if that is the case, we will do it, and she shall have some meat if I have to go and kill the fattest ox in the company—which I will do." But Emmett said that he would give her some buffalo meat. So the next morning he gave her some meat. No one can tell the trials and hardships the women had to pass through.⁵⁷

Henri Saves Caroline's Life Again

Despite Emmett's unwillingness to help, Caroline and her family did have good friends among the neighboring Indians.

To set the stage for the following story, it should be explained that while the pioneers were building their cabins that fall, the men would bind the cut logs together and "snake" them back to the settlement. The children, both Indian and white, loved to ride on the logs as they were pulled along. One day an Indian boy was badly injured while riding the logs and according to the Indians' code of retribution, "the Chief told them that if the boy died that a white child would be taken as a ransom."⁵⁸

Caroline had been surviving on nothing but meat, giving her bread rations to her children. This unbalanced diet, the "heavy work" of caring for her young family, and then nursing an injured Indian baby, made Caroline "dangerously ill" and severe dysentery gradually weakened her to near death.⁵⁹

One day while two women were washing Caroline's "almost deathlike face," Chief Henri came to the door. Henri surveyed the situation and then without explanation took little 9-year-old daughter Keziah away with him. This caused panic in Caroline's eyes as she thought that the little Indian boy must have died and they were now extracting retribution in the form of her little girl!

Here's the story of what happened next as passed down through Keziah's descendants:

One day the Indian Chief came into her [Caroline's] tent and asked for the little girl [Keziah]. He took her by the hand and led her away to the Indian village. Her mother thought the little Indian boy had died and they had taken her little girl instead, but she was too weak to protest. But the kind old chief took her to his wigwam and told her that her mother would die if she didn't get something to eat besides meat. He gave her a bowl of meal and a smaller one of coffee, along with some sugar, and told her to take it home on her head. He told her to make one biscuit a day for her mother and to keep it just for her, and she would soon get well. What joy filled the little camp when little Keziah came trudging home with her precious load. The instructions were followed and the mother returned to health and strength.⁶⁰

Other versions of the story say that Henri instructed Keziah that her mother must not eat any more meat and each day to give her a "cake" of bread made with the flour he gave her. In John Sr.'s autobiography, his version of the story provides a few more details as well:

When my wife was sick, Henri went down with his horse and a small cart to get some provisions. He got two hundred of flour, fifty weight of coffee, and some sugar and tea, and when he came back he came and got one of my little girls and took her away. And sister Packet came and said, "What is he going to do with the child?" My wife rose up in her bed and said, "What is he going to do with my child?" And [she] told sister Packet to watch and see. He took her to his

house and after a while she came out with a pan of flour on her head and a pint of sugar and some tea. And [he] told her to give it to her mother for she needed it to make her well. So Sister Packet went and helped the child to bring it in, for it was about as much as she could carry. My wife was truly thankful for it, for she could not eat the corn and if she did it seemed to throw her back again.⁶¹

With the change in diet Caroline recovered. The little Indian boy apparently survived as well, at least there is no record of any of the white children being taken in payment for him.

Grandmother Squaw

John Sr. mentions another Indian who became a source of comfort and salvation to his family, an elderly woman who took them under her wings:

There was an old squaw that lived there asked my wife if she had no Mother. She told her no that her Mother was dead. She said that she would be a mother to her. So my wife told her that she was willing to, it being the tradition of the tribe. The children always called her 'grandmother' after that.⁶²

Accounts passed down through Caroline's children add some more details about this woman's kindness:

During the winter an old squaw came to see Caroline and told her she had just lost her only daughter. She asked Caroline if she had a mother, and Caroline told her she did not have one alive. The old squaw wanted Caroline to call her 'grandmother.' All winter long she kept the little feet of the children covered with warm buckskin moccasins. They called her "grandmother squaw."⁶³

"Grandmother Squaw" really did play the role of *grandmother* for the seven Butler children, who now ranged from 1½ to 14 years of age, little John Jr. being the youngest, his brother Kenion Taylor the oldest, and six sisters sandwiched in-between. She doted on them, made them gifts, and brought them dried berries and dried buffalo meat "to satisfy their pangs of hunger" that winter.⁶⁴ Grandmother Squaw also played the role of dutiful mother to Caroline, was her regular companion, taught her wilderness skills that would be very beneficial as her pioneer life on the plains continued, and loved her very deeply. Just how deep an attachment of love she developed for Caroline will be seen with the company's departure in the spring.

Father Returns

Fall turned to winter, and Caroline and her children must have known their husband and father wouldn't be coming back before spring. Winter turned to spring and they certainly would have been watching anxiously for his return.

But as the spring days passed by without any communication, they must have worried that he might be dead and not coming back at all.

By the end of April 1846, John Sr. had been gone for almost seven months. One day two men from the company, Brothers Short and Hall, were going across the river. Caroline asked them if she could go across with them and gather some roots for her children. The men said "yes, but they did not want to be bothered with a lot of women" so Caroline went across accompanied by her friend, Grandmother Squaw.

When the men returned to camp, they left the women stranded on the other side of the wide Missouri River. Here they remained for four days and nights with "nothing in the world to eat but roots." The April nights were still very cold, so "they made a fire and gathered up some leaves and made a bed as well as they could." All that time "they called to the folks on the other side of the river" who "heard them" but none were willing to cross the river and bring them back. In addition to the plight of the stranded women, Caroline worried about her "seven small children, John was then a baby" left alone. Finally, the ordeal came to a conclusion on April 25th, as John Sr. wrote:

My wife laid down on the forth day for she was very week and feeble, and she dreamt that I had come back and that I was standing on the other side of the river and as she dreamt she awoke and said that "your Father [has] come. See him." And she looked and sure enough I was standing on the bank of the river with Charity and Phebe in my hands.

With John Sr.'s imminent arrival back in camp, the men who left Caroline stranded on the other side of the river realized the danger they would soon face when this powerful man found out what they had done to his wife, so one quickly hopped in a canoe to retrieve her. John Sr. continues:

Now Hall had seen me in the distance and had put out of the fort and down to the river through the brush and got into the canoe and went across to my wife to bring her across. And when he got there, she said, "is not Mr. Butler come?" He said, "No, he was not," and she said that she could see me standing on the bank on the other side of the river. He said that her eyes were better than his if she could see that far. Why said he, "it is a mile and a half wide here and you can't see that far well."

During the canoe trip back, Hall, knowing that he would have to face John Sr. on the other side, tried to convince Caroline that the reason they hadn't come for them sooner was because of dangerous river conditions.

[They] got into the canoe and they started back. My wife kept her eyes upon me and I went away and my wife said to Hall, they were all gone from the bank. He said, 'don't look at them, but look at the water, here it is very dangerous and if we tip over we all shall be drowned.' My wife said that she guessed that there was no more danger there, than where they had crossed. He said there was, for it boiled up

tremendous. The river had risen the day after they had got over there and the timber came down so that it was dangerous to cross at that time. Well they got to the shore and I was there to receive them.

When John Sr. had first arrived, he immediately spotted Caroline across the Missouri River and was told she was picking artichokes. With her return, and the true story, John Sr. was justifiably furious.

There was both my women, Caroline and Charity. They were both sealed to me before we left Nauvoo. I did not know hardly how to keep my hands off of Hall. I felt like I could tear him to pieces. Brother James Cummings said that they had ought to have their throats cut for serving a lot of women like that. And my wife asked Hall what he had told her that lie for, that Mr. Butler had not come. He said that he thought that she would get so excited that they would be tipped over and all be drowned. My wife asked him if he thought that she had no sense.⁶⁵

As John Sr. continued to find out how his family was mistreated in his absence, he was shocked and his anger continued to mount, especially against Captain Emmett, who luckily for him was gone at the time.

Earlier that spring, John Sr. had helped with the exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo and across part of Iowa. Then he and James Cummings had sped on ahead to reach the Emmett company at Camp Vermillion. The two had been the first Saints from the Nauvoo exodus to reach Council Bluffs (the area where the main body of the church would gather and spend the upcoming winter) before turning north and making an arduous trek along the Missouri River to Fort Vermillion.

John Sr. arrived to find the people at Vermillion, Indians as well as whites, in awful condition and with food in short supply, the Saints had already begun planting crops. Brigham Young had ordered John Sr. to take charge of the Emmett Company, and sent a letter with him instructing the company to move west to Fort Laramie and rendezvous with the main body of the Saints there, and then on to the Rocky Mountains. However, finding the Saints at Vermillion in no condition to make such a journey, John Sr. and Cummings, instead directed the company to move south and join the main body of Saints where they would be crossing the Missouri River at Council Bluffs. This news brought "new life" to the company, who were happy at the thought that they "would soon be with the main body of Saints." That said, John Sr. sensed that the people did not want to leave before Captain Emmett returned, so John Sr. spoke forcefully about not delaying, saying that whether they came or not, he was going to "gather up his effects and go to the Council bluffs as soon as possible."⁶⁶

The rest of the company followed John Sr.'s lead. By this time, James Emmett had pretty much apostatized from the Church, and his wife and family were anxious to move on before he got back. John Sr. later related:

When we got there [Camp Vermillion] we found that Emmett had traded for a squaw and had gone to St Peter's on the Mississippi river. . . . Sister Emmett was alone and I asked her if she wanted to go with us.

She said, "Yes, and be as quick as you can for if Emmett was here I am sure that he would not let me go." Well I told that I would take her with me if she wanted to go whether he was willing or not. Well she said, "Let us go before he comes. I expect him home in two or three days." So we all packed up our things for to go down to the [Missouri] river. We started on our journey.

When Emmett came to us he was as mad as he well could be for he said that he had bought a squaw and he intended to end his days at the Vermillion Fort. So he had to lose his squaw. He traded a horse for [her because] but he could not bring her away from her tribe.⁶⁷

In early May, a buffalo hunt caused many of the Indians to pull away from the Fort Vermillion area and a large group of the warriors crossed the Missouri River on a war party.⁶⁸ The Saints had feared that the Indians would not allow them to leave, so they chose this opportunity to escape without having to confront them.

For Caroline and her children, including her now 2-year-old toddler John Jr., the return of their husband and father, and the departure from their sufferings at Vermillion, was certainly time to rejoice. However, there was one aspect of it that was filled with sadness. They would be leaving a dear friend and benefactor, a doting "grandmother" whom they would never see again, and for an old Indian woman, she was losing her adopted daughter.

When spring came, Grandmother Squaw told Caroline not to leave before she could tell her goodbye, but the call came to break camp and Caroline was not able to see the old squaw. The company traveled about ten miles that day, and after they had gone to bed, Caroline heard a moaning noise. She listened and it seemed to be coming closer and closer. Finally there came the faithful old woman to tell them goodbye. She sat up all night by the low-burning fire and finished a beautiful pair of beaded moccasins for Caroline. In the morning, she gave Caroline a present of a deer pouch or stomach filled with pounded, dried deer meat, and a little bowl of coffee, telling her that just a few spoonfuls of this meat would make a kettle of soup that would save their lives. The old squaw mourned as they pulled away. She had been to them a true friend in need and the Butlers always cherished the memory of Grandmother Squaw.⁶⁹

The going was slow for the pioneers, who dealt with rain and struggled to cross swollen streams and rivers, as they made their way down the east side of the Missouri River to the Council Bluffs area. From there they went another 30 miles to the extreme southwest corner of Iowa near the Missouri border, the location where the Saints from Nauvoo had originally planned to cross the Missouri River. They arrived on May 31, 1846, and joined with other church members that were gathering in the area. However, Brigham Young and the main body of the Saints were still 120 miles east and wouldn't arrive for over two more weeks, by which time a change of plans would move the site of the Missouri River crossing for most of the Church to Council Bluffs.

The Butlers would remain in their temporary encampment for the following month, recuperating and preparing to cross the Missouri River and head west once more.

Polygamous Family

At this time the Butler family was actually converging from two directions. In addition to his family that he had just retrieved from Vermillion, John Sr. had another wife coming from Nauvoo who would soon join them.

Space here does not permit a treatise on the Church's practice of plural marriage in pioneer times. The subject will be touched on later in this book when it more directly relates to John Jr. However, some explanation of his parent's involvement with the practice is warranted.

The principle of eternal marriage was dear to the pioneers' hearts. The temple being erected in Nauvoo would provide the opportunity for man and wife to be "sealed" together for eternity and enjoy God's choicest blessings. However, without some provision being made for them, many women during the pioneer era would be left out of that opportunity. It is clear from his early choices of polygamous wives that John Butler Sr. was viewing polygamy in that light. Of course, some men with less altruistic motives would take advantage of the principle, but here we are only reviewing the doctrine as it relates to the Butlers, and it is abundantly clear that John Sr. viewed the taking on of other wives as a responsibility the Lord required of him.

A year before his death, on July 12, 1843, Joseph Smith dictated a formal revelation he had received authorizing the practice of plural marriage.⁷⁰ However, knowing the controversial nature of the doctrine, he did not teach it openly except to a few trusted colleagues, and only a very few were called on to practice it at that time.

John Sr. recorded in his autobiography that Caroline and her sister Charity Skeen "were both sealed to me before we left Nauvoo" on December 23, 1844. Of this event historian William Hartley explained:

To be taught about celestial marriage and have a second wife sealed to him, John had to be a trusted insider in the eyes of the Twelve. He was one of but a few dozen men so selected. John, Caroline, and Charity became a polygamous family six years before plural marriage was publicly announced as an LDS practice.⁷¹

Neither John Sr.'s autobiography nor Butler family stories record how he, or Caroline, or Charity, reacted to the doctrine of plural marriage. Undoubtedly they did not take the matter lightly; it certainly would have been a matter of much discussion, deep soul searching, and prayer. Their actions indicate that they viewed the doctrine as an opportunity to extend the blessings of an eternal marriage to Charity, who at age 36, single and impaired in speech and hearing, was unlikely to ever be married. It is also extremely likely that John Sr.'s marriage to Charity was in name only, as no children were ever born to them,

and in his later autobiography when talking about Caroline and Charity, he always refers to Caroline as “my wife,” singular, and not “my wives.” An exception to that is when he records that he was sealed to them both.

During the winter of 1845-46, John Sr. served as a fireman and guard at the temple, and undoubtedly plied his blacksmith trade as he helped the Saints prepare to go west the following spring. That December ordinance work began in the Nauvoo Temple and Brigham Young chose John Butler Sr. to be an officiator. That winter John Sr. spent much time in the temple in council with the leading men of the Church and in providing endowment ordinances for the Saints in Nauvoo.

Also during that time, John Sr. took on two additional wives. Historian William Hartley described the circumstances related to that decision:

Common sense suggests that single women in Nauvoo became concerned about having to move into the wilderness using wagons and teams, which men normally handled. Some men, particularly those few dozen authorized to marry plural wives, must have felt some sense of duty toward single women needing assistance. John found himself in an awkward position - a man with no family to move and therefore able to assist someone needing help. Propriety precluded his taking any single women in his wagon and camping with such. Perhaps that is why, during this period of intense preparation to leave, John married again. “While I was in Nauvoo that winter,” he wrote, “I took two more wives and they were sealed to me in the Temple.” On February 6, 1846, Sarah Lancaster was joined to him as his third wife by Brigham Young. John was then thirty-seven and Sarah thirty-nine. In March, Sarah’s mother, seventy-four-year-old Sarah Lancaster, was sealed to John as his fourth wife, a charitable priesthood act of sealing not meant to create a man-and-wife relationship.⁷²

Caroline knew both of these women, as the Lancasters had been backyard neighbors to the Butlers before their departure from Nauvoo. Like Charity before, John Sr. now married two women whose prospects of a marriage to eligible single men were unlikely, a single woman almost 40 years old, and her widowed mother. And like Charity, it is safe to assume that his marriage to at least the 74-year-old widow, Sarah Briant Lancaster, was in name only. John Sr. would have no children with either of the Lancasters. In fact, of the seven polygamous wives that John Sr. would eventually marry, he would have children with only two of them. All of John Sr.’s children would be born to Caroline except three.

By early March, John Sr. and Sarah had left Nauvoo and were moving west with the first exodus of Saints. The elderly Sarah Briant Lancaster decided not to make the journey west, opting instead to live out the remainder of her days with her children in Indiana.

In mid-March, Brigham Young gave John Sr. his instructions regarding the Emmett Company, and John Sr. and Sarah sped forward and joined the vanguard company being led by Bishop George Miller. On March 26, 1846, Brigham

Young instructed John Sr. to leave the company, take James Cummings as a companion, and go speedily to the Emmett Company at Vermillion. It was a request that John Sr. was certainly anxious to comply with. So after making preparations and arrangements for Sarah to continue with the Miller Company, John Sr. left on March 30th.

John Sr. and James embarked on a month long trek across the uncharted prairie of southern Iowa to Council Bluffs and then north to Vermillion. Of the two, John Sr. was the frontiersman, hunter, route finder, and survival expert. Fortunately, Cummings was the chronicler of the trek and left a detailed diary of their very difficult trip.⁷³ The men started out on horseback, but in a freak accident the second night out, John Sr.'s horse died and the two men were forced "to pack all our baggage on the one pony and travel on foot ourselves" for the rest of the trip. They battled through rain, storms, freezing cold, and had to ford swollen streams and rivers, including having to strip down and swim across the freezing Big Sioux River, before finally reaching Vermillion on April 29th, only to find John Sr.'s wife in desperate circumstances as related earlier.

The Butlers and the Emmett Company (now with John Butler Sr. as "President") had been camped near Council Bluffs for two weeks before advance companies of Saints from Nauvoo reached the Missouri River on June 13th. Sarah Lancaster likely joined the Butler family then.⁷⁴ How Caroline reacted to finding that her husband now had another wife is unknown. However, stories passed down through her children indicate that she was not jealous of Sarah because she was John Sr.'s third wife, as much as she was by the fact that Sarah had been able to receive her endowment in the Nauvoo temple, something Caroline dearly had wanted herself. It would be over nine more years before Caroline would be able to receive her own endowment and she always felt bad about that.⁷⁵ For Caroline that blessing would finally be realized on August 21, 1855 in the Endowment House, the Saints' temporary temple in Salt Lake City.

Pawnee Mission

About this time James Emmett rejoined the company, and having left his squaw, expressed repentance yet again and desired fellowship with the Church. John Sr. must have been convinced of Emmett's sincerity, because in a letter he wrote on June 15th to Brigham Young he stated: "Br. Emmett has returned and all is right, as such we recommend him as being in full fellowship in the branch."⁷⁶

John Sr. received orders for his company "to fit ourselves up the best we could, and join Bishop George Miller's Company and travel with him to the west." After ferrying the wagons across the Missouri River, Captain Butler merged his company of about twenty wagons with Miller's company of thirty-two, and they started west on July 9th.⁷⁷

They traveled on the north side of the Platte River for 114 miles, until they reached a Pawnee Indian village and a protestant mission (located near Plumb

Creek by the Loop Fork of the Platte River, about eight miles southwest of present-day Genoa, Nebraska). A month before, Sioux Indians had raided and burned both the Pawnee village and the mission. At the time the Mormons arrived things were still very dangerous at the site. In fact, as they neared the charred site, a Ponca Indian party of some 30 warriors were threatening to attack eight whites who had arrived earlier at the post. The Mormon men rushed forward in the dead of night to save them. About dawn they crept in and quietly surrounded the Indians who were still sleeping. The Indians awoke to the sight of guns pointed at them from all around and quickly sued for peace and left silently “without the shedding of blood.”⁷⁸

In light of the attacks, and the destruction of their prospects (the Pawnee), the protestant missionaries had decided to abandon the mission and struck a deal with the Mormons to haul their belongings back east to the Missouri River in return for the mission’s food supplies. The Mormons were delighted to find around the burned village “several fields of grain ready for harvesting, with potatoes, turnips and sweet corn, as well as a large quantity of wheat, barley and oats already threshed and housed.”⁷⁹ All this was handed over to the Mormons who viewed this food payment as a divine gift “better for us than money.”⁸⁰

On July 22nd seven Mormon wagons headed east, hauling the evacuees’ cargo, while the Butlers and the rest of the company spent about two weeks harvesting and gathering the food in preparation for their planned trek to the Rocky Mountains.

Ponca Camp

By August of 1846, Church leaders had abandoned their plans to have any company proceed to the Rocky Mountains that year, and instead began preparing for a winter stay on the prairie. The main body of Saints would camp near the Missouri River at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and across the river at what would become known as Winter Quarters, now present day Omaha, Nebraska. Brigham Young sent word to George Miller’s advance company that they should proceed west no further and counseled them to remain at the Pawnee mission site, but gave them some latitude adding “use your own judgment with regard to wintering.”

However, Ponca Indians, waiting at the burned village for the Pawnees to return, warned the Mormons that the site would be unsafe as it was in the middle of an Indian war zone involving the Poncas, Pawnees, and Sioux. The Ponca chief invited the company to instead camp at his village where he promised the settlers his protection. The Ponca village was situated due north at the confluence of the Running Water (Niobrara) River with the Missouri, and the chief told them that it was only three or four days away. That may have been true for Indians on horseback, but for wagons pulled by oxen over roadless prairie it was much further. The actual distance was about 95 miles, and it took the company eleven days to make the trip. In hindsight they probably should

have returned to the site of Winter Quarters, which was about the same distance, and where they likely would have had a much less arduous winter.

For little 2-year-old John Jr. and fellow Emmett Company members, their trek that spring and summer of about 300 miles had taken them almost full circle. They now found themselves preparing for another winter stay, only 70 miles due west of where they spent the previous winter encamped with the Sioux at Vermillion.

The wagon train which traveled to the Ponca village consisted of 160-170 wagons and was formed by combining three companies, a company of 50 families put together by Brigham Young, another of 50 families created by Heber C. Kimball, and George Miller's company of 50 families that included the Butler's "Emmett Company." Brigham Young placed George Miller as head of the combined group.

To the Ponca Indians, most of whom had never seen a company of white men before, these Mormon settlers were quite a curiosity. Indian children and women peeked around the dusty, circled wagons, and mounted Indians rode in firing guns, whooping, and yelling, in a form "welcome" that probably was not fully appreciated by scared pioneer mothers and children. Interestingly, in early fall their Ponca Indian hosts left the Mormons alone and departed westward to their winter hunting grounds. The sight of an "Indian Nation" getting up and moving was an interesting one for the Saints to behold.

Over the course of a month's labor, the men built about 110 log cabins surrounding a five or six acre square, thus creating homes for their families as well as a fort. The doors of each house faced into the square and portholes in the back of each house enabled the men to shoot at any potential attackers. The men even quarried rock to make stone chimneys for the houses and one structure served as a meeting room and dance hall.⁸¹ Fort Ponca would serve as John Jr.'s home for the next six months, until after his 3rd birthday.

Persecution and Disease

Fort Ponca would provide safety, but the food supply dwindled and the Butlers would have to endure another hungry winter. But perhaps equally as hard was the persecution and criticism they had to endure from some of their fellow church members. Church leaders had openly condemned James Emmett's endeavors, so other church members at Fort Ponca looked down on those who had been in his group. As John Sr. related in his autobiography: "Now the other companies look down at us in Emmett's Company and throwed out hints and slang such as 'oh, they are not strong Mormons—they belong to Emmett's companies.'"⁸² He then goes on to describe some instances of discrimination. These accusations of unfaithfulness obviously struck the Butlers very sorely, especially because Brigham Young himself had called them to join the Emmett Company.

A year later, when living at Winter Quarters, the Butlers found like sentiment against them there, but Brigham Young stepped in to put an end to it, as John Sr. recorded:

Now there were a great many Mormons there and Brother Brigham with the rest. Now the most of the folks looked down upon us as cold apostates Mormons, and they despised us and threw out insinuations about us and said. "Oh they are not worth our notice, they belong to Emmett's Company, and they are thieves; they drove off cattle that did not belong to them." Well Brother Brigham got to hear about it and he said and told them from the stand that he wanted them to quit their talk for there was good and honest souls in Emmett's Company, and as for John L. Butler he had sent him himself from Nauvoo to Emmett's Company and told him that he wanted him to go and try to bring them back for if they still went on as they were going they would all go to destruction and there was good and honest folks in that company.

Now said he, "I have used John L. Butler for a cane in my hand to bring those people in subjection to the laws and commandments of God." And, said he, "Brother John L. I bless you in the Name of the Lord and may you always obey the counsels that are given to you from time to time. Now brethren and sisters I want to hear no more of this from this time love one another and strive to help one another and do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Union is strength and is from the Lord. Now may God bless you and enable you to love him and keep his commandments and to do the things that is right at all times is my prayer in the name of Jesus Amen."

The Saints had a great deal better feelings towards us and we did not have the slander that we had been hearing.⁸³

The winter of 1846-47 was punctuated with much sickness and death, both at Winter Quarters and among the Saints at Fort Ponca. Unlike the Butlers who had already spent two winters on the prairie wilderness, the Saints from Nauvoo were not accustomed to the rigors of pioneer life and living off dried meat and poor food. John Sr. described that "it was that winter that a disease came into our midst and they called it the black leg. And many died with it and it mostly fell on the [other] two companies, they were well to do, had plenty, and lived on the best."⁸⁴

This disease was actually scurvy and "threatened at one time to depopulate the entire camp."⁸⁵ The Saints needed vegetables to supplement their meager, unbalanced diet. Wild herbs and roots served to diminish the disease and members of the Emmett Company, like the Butlers, who were already adept at gathering such, survived almost unscathed by the disease. John Sr. related that although "the folks in the other company were lying nigh unto death by the dozens, there was only one in our company that had it."

At least twenty-three Ponca Saints died that winter, some of scurvy. Church stalwart Newell Knight, one of the first to join the Church at its inception, also

died at Fort Ponca that winter, from pneumonia brought on by exertions made one cold winter night trying to save the fort from an incredible fire.

Prairie Fire

John Jr.'s second Christmas was an exciting one, but not for any gifts he might have received. The pioneers had been blessed with mild, dry weather that December, but that same weather had left tall yellow prairie grass blanketing the area. For several days before Christmas the settlers had watched distant red lines of prairie fires creeping towards them from 10-12 miles up the Missouri River. Then the evening after Christmas, northwest winds suddenly "blew a perfect gale" sending "mountain high" orange flames spreading "over the prairie as fast as a horse could run" towards Fort Ponca, from which "the whole prairie in sight presented one sheet of blaze." The men quickly attempted to set a back fire around the camp and then about 200 Mormons formed bucket brigades between the river and the fort, tossing "great quantities of water" on the outside walls and haystacks.⁸⁶

Panicked people grabbed what household belongings they could and carried them down to the river for protection. Of prime importance were their gunpowder kegs, which they quickly grabbed out of the houses and put down at the river to keep them from exploding.

John Sr. recorded that in the ensuing chaos one man hurriedly wrapped his sick wife in a blanket and carried her out of harm's way, only to forget later that he had done so: "There he was running about like a crazy man not knowing what to do. 'Ah,' he cried, 'My wife I've lost and she will be burnt up.'" They gathered to search and Caroline eventually found her sitting at the fort gate. Reunited with her husband, she scolded, "don't you know where you sat me down?"⁸⁷

The scene that night was "awful yet grand." As flames neared the fort, panicked cattle and horses ran in all directions, leaping over wagons and fences. Flaming chunks of dried manure, tossed by fire-caused wind gusts, rolled through the corrals and stockyards, setting fire to haystacks, woodpiles, and fences. Smoke became "intensely suffocating," forcing people to move a few rods east to the river, some throwing water in their faces to prevent choking.⁸⁸ Caroline was then seven or eight months pregnant and had a large brood of children to protect, and one can imagine her huddling a terrified almost 3-year-old John Jr. close to her.

By 11:00 p.m. the fire had passed by and all had miraculously survived the blaze. Fellow Company member Joseph Holbrook summarized the aftermath of the fire:

Five [haystacks] were burned, one good wagon [destroyed] . . . and a number more wagons injured. . . . the loss some \$200 or \$300 besides burning up much valuable feed for thirty miles to the west and south and greatly endangering the whole camp and was the cause of a number of deaths afterwards from exposure. In our camp if it had not

been for the cabins being built of green logs our fort must have been burnt and we some two hundred miles to the nearest settlement in the midst of winter without provisions or other necessary comforts of life. We cannot but think it was a narrow escape from almost utter destruction. . . . It was a providential escape.⁸⁹

The weather was pleasant as the Saints awoke the next morning and it would have been a lovely Sunday, except for the fact that “the whole country looks black from last night’s burning.”⁹⁰

James Butler is Born

A little over a month after the devastating prairie fire, and amidst hunger and privation, Caroline gave birth to her 9th child, a son named James, on February 5, 1847 at Fort Ponca. John Jr. and James, three years apart in age, would remain very close both physically and emotionally throughout the remainder of their lives. They’d work together, homestead together, stand by each other in battles, and overall pass through many exciting times together.

On March 25th Brigham Young wrote to the Ponca settlement mercifully canceling earlier orders that they push forward to the Rockies that spring, stating: “We understand that you have not provision as a people, to fit you for this journey, return to this place [Winter Quarters], or somewhere in this vicinity as speedily as your situation will permit” and “prepare yourselves to go at a future day.”

Another reason for the recall was that George Miller, like James Emmett, displayed over and over that he just could not accept the governing authority of the Twelve Apostles. He would shortly apostatize from the Church.⁹¹ Emmett also left the Church for good, but his wife and children remained faithful and eventually crossed the plains to Utah. John Sr. certainly felt sadness as he watched this one time close friend, the man who converted him to Mormonism, in his final departure from the Church: “Emmett did not come to Winter Quarters but kept on till he came to Keg creek. There he stayed with his family. He did not come where the Church was at all but stayed away. He did not come to see any, nor come near us.”⁹²

The company left Fort Ponca on April 10, 1847, leaving behind a substantive fort, homes, corrals, etc. that they had worked hard to build. They took some pleasure in thinking that at least they had left a wonderful gift for the Ponca Indians when they returned from their winter camp. But by that evening a Sioux war party burned the fort to the ground. From their camp three miles away, the Saints watched as fire lit up the sky for miles around indicating the end of six months’ hard labor and suffering.

Winter Quarters

It took ten days for the Ponca Saints to travel the 150 miles to Winter Quarters, where the company dispersed among the other church members settled there. Soon after arriving, the Butlers “fenced a piece of land, grubbed it, and put in about six acres of corn, and raised a crop that summer. . . . We got in our corn but all of it did not ripen. It was put in late.”⁹³

The Butlers had passed through the area almost a year earlier and since then Winter Quarters had grown into a city, albeit a temporary one, of some 800 houses. It was now home to several thousand Saints preparing to cross the plains to Utah. It was Nebraska’s first city and was located in what is now Florence, a suburb of Omaha.

By the time the Butlers arrived in Winter Quarters, Brigham Young and his advance company had already left for Utah and other companies were readying for departure. It would be impossible for the Butlers and other Ponca Saints to acquire the necessary supplies to make the trek that season, so Winter Quarters became John Jr.’s home throughout most of his fourth year of life, while his father worked to support his three wives and eight children ranging in age from fifteen to under a year.

In his autobiography, John Sr. recorded that one of Caroline’s brothers visited the family while at Winter Quarters during the winter of 1847-48. An account passed down through Butler descendants mentions a visit from Caroline’s younger brother Alexander Skeen. Alex told her, “I’ve come to take you away from this damned outfit.” To which, Caroline responded that she was better off than he was and wanted none of his help.⁹⁴

Upon leaving, the brother took Charity, Caroline’s deaf-mute sister and John Sr.’s second wife, home with him, ostensibly to pay a visit to family members and with the understanding that he would afterwards return her. But once he got her to Tennessee, he refused to bring her back.⁹⁵ This would be the last John Jr. would see of his Aunt Charity.

After establishing some of the Saints in the Salt Lake Valley, Brigham Young had returned to Winter Quarters in the fall of 1847 to help organize additional companies for a trek across the plains the following spring. The Butlers wanted to go with him but instead found themselves going *east* not *west*, as John Sr. related:

In the spring [1848] the folks all got ready to start. I was going to, but I had no provisions and scarcely any clothes, and Brother Brigham said to me, “I would not try to go this year John L, but go over the river to Potawatamy and make something to bring your family comfortable.” We then moved over, and several families moved over with us. I got a farm there and worked some at my trade, blacksmithing.⁹⁶

Kanesville, Iowa

The Butler's trek east only consisted of crossing the Missouri River and settling in the Pottawattamie Indian territory on the Iowa side of the river. They weren't alone, either; any of the Saints who were not prepared to make the trek to Utah that spring were required to leave the Omaha Indian lands on which Winter Quarters was situated, bringing that city's two-year existence to an end. So, the Butlers, and thousands like them, crossed the river, settling in and around a new city they named Kanesville, in what is now downtown Council Bluffs. In his autobiography, when referring to the family's location in Iowa, John Sr. never uses the name "Kanesville," but instead uses the more general area term "Pottawattamie," indicating that the family didn't live right in the city itself. Other records indicate that they lived in the Pigeon Creek settlement about 15-20 miles north of Kanesville.⁹⁷

John Jr. spent the next four years of his life near Kanesville, the first period of relative peace and stability since he was born. He undoubtedly learned to work, helping his parents and older siblings on the farm they established. Certainly he enjoyed playing boyhood games in the wide-open countryside among prairie, woods, creeks, and the mighty Missouri River.

John Sr. earned money to help support his large family through his trade as a blacksmith and at times worked in Missouri as a teamster and a cooper (barrel maker).

During the period of 1848-1852, the area was a booming place with thousands of Saints each year streaming from and through Kanesville on their way west to Utah. It served as the Church's eastern capital, a gathering center and outfitting point for LDS wagon trains. Part of the reason Brigham Young had asked John Sr. to move his family there was so he could use his blacksmith skills to help the pioneers prepare for their journeys. The gold rush caused the area to boom even more as potential miners swarmed there to outfit for overland treks to California.

John Sr.'s blacksmith business certainly benefited from the gold rushers. It was during this time in 1850 that he had his last contact with James Emmett, who came to John Sr. and "begged" him to go to California with him as mentioned earlier. It had been almost six long years since their departure from Nauvoo, but unlike Emmett, John Sr. was still determined to remain true to his church and replied simply, "I would not go, for I was going to Great Salt Lake," adding "I would not renounce my religion for gold." Emmett's wife refused to go with him also and she eventually settled in Utah and remarried.⁹⁸

During his stay in Iowa, John Jr. also enjoyed the company of extended family members who located nearby. These included his Grandmother Charity Lowe Butler, and Uncles Edmund Ray, Lorenzo Dow, and James Morgan Butler, as well as Aunt Lucy Butler Allred. Lucy was the first to leave for Utah, going with her husband Reuben in 1849. Edmund died that same spring. Then 69-year-old Grandma Charity Butler died on April 25, 1851 in the North Pigeon

settlement. She had been the only grandma our 7-year-old John Jr. ever knew; it must have been a particularly sad time in his young life.⁹⁹

However, two weeks later, John Jr. was blessed with an addition to his family when his mother gave birth to another son they named Thomas, on May 9, 1851. His birth now completed a trio of young “Butler Brothers” that would be close companions throughout their lives.

Two years earlier on February 3, 1849, Caroline had given birth to a little girl, Lucy Ann, so with Thomas’ birth, John Jr. now had nine living brothers and sisters.

Trek to Utah

In late 1851 Church leaders no longer felt the need of the Kanesville outpost and encouraged all remaining church members to prepare to immigrate to Utah the following spring. That winter the Butlers, and thousands of Saints like them, sold or traded their properties and rigged up wagons and rounded up supplies in preparation for the trek.

An estimated 10,000 Saints went west in 1852, nearly double any previous year’s total, making it the largest emigration year in LDS history. But Church members were only a small part of the unusually heavy westward movement that year, as 50,000 non-Mormons bound for California and another 10,000 heading for Oregon would compete for resources along the way. Travelers were so numerous that wagon trains rarely were out of sight of another train. Cattle feed, buffalo chips, firewood, and buffalo and other wild game became increasingly scarce.¹⁰⁰ With the mass of humanity, disease increased as well, in particular cholera.

About the first of July, the Butlers ferried their wagons across the Missouri River, which was an incredible scene as John Sr. described, “there were folks crossing here, there, and everywhere.”

The Butlers formed a large family of thirteen crossing the plains, consisting of:

	<u>Age</u>
John Lowe Butler I	44
Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler (1 st wife)	40
Sarah Lancaster Butler (3 rd wife)	46
Kenion Taylor Butler	20
Charity Artemesia Butler	18
Keziah Jane Butler	16
Phoebe Melinda Butler	14
Caroline Elizabeth Butler	12
Sarah Adeline Butler	11
John Lowe Butler II	8
James Butler	5
Lucy Ann Butler	3
Thomas Butler	1

According to daughter Charity, they had three oxen-drawn wagons, with John Sr. and wife Caroline driving the first two and Charity in charge of the third, accompanied by "Aunt Sarah Lancaster." Charity also mentioned that later "a homeless young man traveled with the Butler family."¹⁰¹ Oldest son Kenion Taylor, who was called "Taylor" by his family, served as his father's right hand man in just about every way possible throughout the trek.

Once across the Missouri River, Apostle Erastus Snow requested that the Butlers join a wagon train being led by Eli B. Kelsey. With this John Sr.'s obedience was put to the test once more: "I did not care about going in that train but they had counseled me to go in it, so I went."

Perhaps part of John Sr.'s reluctance to join this company stemmed from Elder Kelsey's involvement in a widely publicized accident that occurred earlier that April, the worst tragedy in LDS immigration thus far. In St. Louis, Elder Kelsey had been anxious to get LDS immigrants up the Missouri River to the staging grounds at Kaneshville as soon as possible. But most of the riverboats refused to go up the ice-choked river, so Elder Kelsey had chartered a lesser quality steamboat, the *Saluda* to make the trip. At Lexington, near Independence, Missouri, the *Saluda's* boilers exploded, killing two dozen Latter-day Saint immigrants and injuring many others. The Butlers would see the scars on some of the survivors of this tragedy as they traveled together in the Kelsey wagon train.¹⁰²

Another reason John Sr. probably wasn't thrilled with being assigned this company is that Apostle Erastus Snow had arrived in charge of twenty-eight Saints he had sent from Denmark. These would be the first Scandinavian converts to immigrate to Utah.¹⁰³ Elder Snow had placed them in the Kelsey Company and wanted John Sr., an experienced blacksmith and teamster, to look after them. It wasn't that John Sr. disliked the Danish immigrants, whom he found to be fine people, but he knew that they had no experience living in a wilderness and thus it would fall upon him to help get them across the plains in addition to his own family. Many of the Danish immigrants spoke no English, likely none had ever even seen a covered wagon before, and they had absolutely no experience handling cattle and wagons. One teenage Danish girl commented that she thought the covered wagons "were the most remarkable vehicles I had ever seen."¹⁰⁴ John Sr. and his son soon found themselves playing the role of driving instructors.

There were ten wagons of Danes. . . . but none of them had ever drove an ox team before and they could not get along at all. So they put me Captain over them, and Taylor and myself had a fine job to fix them. They had yoked up their cattle some one way and some another. Some of their bows were too large some too small, and so they had it.

We went to work and fixed up the yokes and bows, and then paired the cattle as well as we could. And then they got along a great deal better, but they were still green about driving. If they had a good ox that would pull, they would make him pull the whole lode, and if they came to a tight place the poor critter would get the whip more than any

other ox in the team. I told them that they must not do so or they would lose half their team dead before they got half way. I told them to make their cattle all pull at once as much as they could, and to whip the ones that would not pull and not the ones that were pulling the whole lode. Well, they learnt how to drive a little better after a while, but it was hard work to get them into it.¹⁰⁵

Estimates say the Kelsey Company included about 100 people and 50 wagons, many of which were hauling freight rather than passengers. John Sr. noted that along with the train were "two or three hundred head of young stock [cattle] and three or four hundred head of sheep." John Sr. later mentioned that included in this herd were two hundred 2-3 year-old heifers owned by Eli Kelsey and Erastus Snow. John Jr. was assigned to look after this cattle, and although only an 8-year-old boy he helped drive 200 head of heifers clear across the plains.¹⁰⁶

The Kelsey train started west on July 11, 1852, and followed the Mormon Trail west along the north side of the Platte River to Fort Laramie, then on the south side of the North Platte River to the site of present day Casper, Wyoming, then along the Sweetwater River to the continental divide at South Pass, and from there passed the Green River to Fort Bridger before crossing through the Wasatch mountains to the Salt Lake Valley.



For the most part their trek went as smoothly as could be expected, except for the fact that their company was one of the last to leave that year and would suffer from fatigue, hunger, and bitter cold towards the end of their journey. But, none of the Butlers died or even got seriously ill while crossing the plains. Nevertheless, John Jr. did witness a frightful scene while trekking along the Platte River, as his father related:

The cholera raged fearfully that season. There were lots that were laid low on the account of it, but we did not have it in our Company so much as they did in others. There was only two died of the dreadful disease and one old lady died with old age. But in other companies there were scores and scores died. The scene was fearful to look upon. The folks were laying here and there. Some dead, some dying, some very sick, and some not knowing when it would be their turn. There were sometimes as many as six and seven buried in one grave, and feather beds and sheets, blankets, pillows, and clothes were left laying in every direction all along the rode. There was considerable California emigration that season, and they died of it by the hundreds.

. . . We went up on the north side of the Platt. Feed was better on that side and it was a more healthy on that side. Somehow or other the folks on that side were not troubled with the cholera half so bad as they were on the South side. We travailed on pretty comfortable but our provisions began to run kind of short, then we did not feel so good.¹⁰⁷

Another fearful aspect of the journey were reports of difficulties with Pawnee and Sioux Indians who were stopping wagon trains and demanding tolls or plundering trains. The Butlers received just such a scare one day when Indians approached their train, but their "daily prayers" were answered as they watched the Indians spread their blankets by the side of the trail and merely required each wagon to pay a toll of food as it passed.¹⁰⁸

However, probably their most frightening experience involved not Indians, but stampeding buffalo:

One day they saw a long heavy dark streak in the west moving toward them. They seemed to be puzzled at first wondering what it could be. . . . As it grew closer it looked like big black waves as the moving buffalo came steadily toward them, making a great dense cloud of dust.

The pioneers were fearful that they would be trampled to death by the buffalo or choked to death with the dust, unless they could escape their path, but it was such a long wide herd it covered such a large area there was no escape.

So the leaders instructed them to circle the wagons, put the children in the center, and for them to kneel down and bend their arms, put their faces down in the bend of one arm, forming a small air pocket for their noses, and pull their aprons and extra clothing up over their heads. The adults were to lean over the children to help protect them

from the dust as much as possible. Then they were to pray they would be saved.

Finally the buffalo reached them, dust and all, but the herd separated and missed the whole wagon train, but left the people choking and feeling they had been buried in dust, but thankful they were saved.¹⁰⁹

After passing Fort Laramie six days earlier the company was forced to stop because of a freak accident. John Sr. described the incident:

One day we were driving along and there was a storm coming up and there was a flash of lightning struck the ground, the man said just a head of his oxen, and they turned out and started to run, with that frightening the other team behind him. And it started and that started some more, so they stampeded and broke four wagons down, some spokes broke out, felleys [rims] broke out, points off from axle trees, and tongues out, reaches [connecting rods] broke, and there it was all smashed up together. And I had the job to fix them all up.¹¹⁰

It took John Sr. a lot of hard work over a blacksmith's hot fire, in late August heat, to put the wagons back together. This repair episode was one of several instances that showed John Sr.'s dislike for Captain Kelsey's stinginess. Two of the wagons John Sr. had repaired were Kelsey's freight wagons; he said, "I fixed them all up and of course I thought he would pay me for fixing his two wagons." But Kelsey refused claiming that John Sr. "was put in the company on purpose to fix up wagons and shoe cattle." To which John Sr. "told him I was put into the company to fix up the wagons and to shoe cattle, but not without pay." John Sr. also explained that he wasn't trying to charge some exorbitant price just because they were in the middle the plains. "I only charged him the same price that I should have charged anyone in the States," which amounted to \$33. What Captain Kelsey expected, according to John Sr., was for him to be given special treatment. "Now I never done a thing for any of the rest [of the company]—setting tire, shoeing cattle, or anything—but what they were glad to pay me for my labor, and I always got my pay from them when the work was done." John Sr. felt that Captain Kelsey had the means to pay and thereby help alleviate some of the suffering his family endured but was simply unwilling to do so. "Well I never got a cent for what I done for him, and he had any amount of goods, and he would not even let my son Taylor have a pair of shoes." In the end, John Sr. shrugged off the bad debt saying, "Well we got along without it and done very well."¹¹¹

In mid-September, the company passed by Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater River. Four years later, suffering handcart pioneers would face freezing and starvation here and a nearby site would forever bear the name of "Martin's Cove." Like those later handcart pioneers, the Butler's Kelsey Company was also coming through this high country dangerously late in the season and were short on food. On September 18th a severe storm struck, bringing snow that reached two feet deep and bitter cold temperatures that fell to zero degrees. But

a day or two later the Butlers rejoiced to meet Utah relief wagons bringing them food and spare animals.

A story is passed down through Butler descendants that demonstrates both mother Caroline's resourcefulness and the importance she placed on her family's cleanliness, as well as the children's hunger as they crossed the plains.

To supply her family with soap to wash with, Caroline would gather what fat and bone marrow she could from dead animals along the way. She'd then cook it with water soaked in cottonwood ashes and make soap. She kept a barrel of this liquid soap in the back of her wagon. One day Caroline made biscuits out of some flour she received from a passing company, perhaps the relief company mentioned before. This was a particularly rare treat for her children, who got one biscuit apiece. To little 11-year-old Sarah Adeline, her biscuit was a special treasure and instead of eating it right away she just held it and looked at it. Unfortunately, while admiring it she accidentally dropped it into the soap barrel. Now for most children, a coating of soap would have marked the end of the biscuit, but this little pioneer fished it out, wiped it off, and ate it anyway.¹¹²

By the time they reached the Green River, John Sr. noted that they were "out of food." Captain Kelsey and Apostle Snow had previously ridden ahead to Salt Lake and rejoined the wagon train at Green River bringing with them some hired men to drive their large herd of loose cattle quickly forward to Salt Lake. Kenion Taylor Butler, who Kelsey knew "was good at hunting cattle or taking care of them," was enlisted as well. It is possible that John Jr., who had been helping drive the herd across the prairie, went with them; however, at age eight it is more likely that he remained with the rest of his family and the train.

Among the men from Salt Lake who would be herding the cattle ahead was one of Brigham Young's hired hands named Joseph Toronto, a young, recently returned missionary. Toronto was shocked to learn that the company didn't have any bread and before leaving told Caroline Butler that when he got back to Salt Lake he would tell Brigham Young to send out some bread to them. Along with his kind-heartedness, John Sr. noted that Toronto was "French and had been brought up pretty well. . . . [but] did not know much about hardships and the trials of hunger. He thought that the folks would all die if they did not have any bread." Nevertheless, as the company continued forward past Fort Bridger and began crossing the Wasatch Mountains, John Sr. found that Toronto had been true to his word:

Well, Joseph Toronto went in and told Brother Brigham that the folks were there starving to death and that he must send them out some food. So Brigham went round to every house and told them that he wanted some bread for the Company. And he went to the bakers and got all the crackers that were in the shop, and got some flour, and loaded up a wagon and started it back to meet us. The women had gone on ahead one morning at the mouth of Echo Canyon and there they met Joseph Toronto. And he said to my wife, "Sister Butler, I have brought you some things to eat." Now there was some smiling faces and some jumping for joy, I can assure you, when they heard this news. My wife

asked him where it was. He said that it would be here directly, and he told her all about how he and Brother Brigham had went and got loves of bread from the folks in the city.¹¹³

When the wagon containing the supplies arrived, Captain Kelsey again acted selfishly, according to John Sr. who wrote:

Brother Kelsey came to me and said, "John L, you divide out the provisions." But, said he, "keep the crackers for ourselves and give them the bread and flour."

But John Sr. ignored the last part of that request:

Now when I went to serve out the provisions, I served out the crackers first and gave all alike. And it pleased me to see the children, how delighted they were to have bread once more. And their little faces brightened up, and it was a pleasure to see them.

But when Captain Kelsey found out what John Sr. had done, he was furious:

Bye and by Kelsey came along, and he was as mad as a wet hen. And he said that if he had known that I had been going to serve out the crackers, that I should not have served them out at all. He said that he told me to keep the crackers for ourselves. "Yes," I said, "I know you did, but I give them to the women and children," and I liked crackers as well as he did and [I said] "so does them dear children." He went off mad.¹¹⁴

Finally on October 16, 1852, the Kelsey wagon train rolled into Great Salt Lake City.

The Butlers final trek across the plains had taken a little over three months, but their journey from Nauvoo had taken eight long years, most of John Jr.'s life thus far. That journey was now over but his pioneer life had only just begun.

Chapter Three

Spanish Fork Youth

Upon their arrival in Utah, the Butler's most pressing concern was centered on finding a suitable location where they could establish a permanent home and farm. This was a task that had to be done quickly so that the family would be in a position to plant crops as soon as possible the following spring. Because the preceding summer had been occupied with their trek across the plains, they had been unable to plant and harvest crops in preparation for winter. Fortunately, John Sr. could earn some means plying his blacksmith trade. Even so the family was facing a very hungry winter, and they knew that without a farm the following one would be no better.

John Sr. looked up his sister, Lucy Butler Allred, who had reached Salt Lake City three years earlier. Then, leaving Caroline and the children in the relative safety of Salt Lake City, he and plural wife Sarah headed south to look for a permanent home.

Palmyra

Because a large parcel of land would be needed to support his substantial family and having little money, John Sr.'s search took him out of the Salt Lake area to the sparsely settled area at the southern end of Utah Lake, where he could still claim land without up-front money. He chose property on the Spanish Fork River, on the southeast side of Utah Lake. The area's first settlers had begun arriving two years earlier and a new community called Palmyra was forming, which consisted of lower and upper settlements about four miles apart along the river. Perhaps adding to Palmyra's appeal, John Sr. found that several fellow southerners from Tennessee had recently settled there including the Berrys, Holts, Paces, and Redds. In late 1852, John Sr. and Sarah parked their wagon near these Tennessee families in Palmyra's upper settlement and with the onset of winter at hand, quickly began building a shelter and arranging a farm.

In December, with a homesite now selected, Caroline and the children started down to join them, but the snow was by then too deep to make the trip. Adding to their troubles, one of the oxen that was needed to help pull the wagon

died, as well as a much needed milk cow. John Sr. related that because of this “they had to stop at the Warm Springs [at Salt Lake City’s north end] for four weeks before they could get down” to Palmyra.¹ By February 1853, Caroline and her children had been able to make the trip and the family was reunited once more. Mild weather then prevailed and they began carving out a home in this new land.

Palmyra, which was pronounced “Palmyree” by the Butlers and many of their neighbors, had an interesting appearance when the Butlers first arrived. Isaac Brockbank Jr., who arrived about the same time as the Butlers, described the town as being “nearly all underground.”

Finding what we thought was a suitable piece, we took our wagon box off and put up a small tent and went to work digging a cellar for a shelter for the winter. We were not long before we had the brush, cane and dirt on for a roof and in that cellar we took up our abode. . . . During that fall, there were a great many settlers came on to the Town Site. Soon there were a great number of cellars dug out and occupied by the settlers. During that winter, the town was nearly all underground though a few persons put up log rooms. Among these Bro, A. K. Thurber had a little log hut about 12 feet square and [Stephen Markham] had 3 little log houses built end to end and occupied by his three wives.²

John Jr.’s sister Charity described the Butler’s first abode in Palmyra as “a little three-sided shanty back of someone’s house.” Hunger was the order of the day for John Jr. and his siblings, who were often “as hungry at the close of a meal as before, the portions were so small.” Often John Jr. was sent out with his siblings “to search for segos and other wild roots for food.”³ Another food source that was a major blessing to the somewhat destitute people of Palmyra was fish. They were fortunate that nearby Utah Lake held an abundance of fish, as did the local streams and river. Likely young John Jr. joined with his neighbors in fishing, not only as an enjoyable pastime, but also as a matter of survival.

Also mitigating the children’s hunger was the resourcefulness of John Jr.’s mother Caroline, who was “a good manager and very thrifty, as a result they always had something to eat.” Caroline seemingly spared no effort in securing what comforts she could for her children. “Many a time she walked five miles to milk a cow to get milk for her family. When flour was scarce she would parch corn, grind it, and put milk over it to feed them.” One story describes a time when Thomas, her little 2-year-old, was sick. He could smell some meat cooking in a nearby house and cried for some. So Caroline traded some of her own handiwork “for a little meat for her baby.”⁴

As the Butler’s began working their farm that first spring in Palmyra, they suffered a heart-wrenching, as well as economic, loss. Heavy snow pack in the mountains quickly melted, causing the Spanish Fork River to flood, and two of the family’s prized oxen drowned. And these were not just any two oxen, they

were Dick and Harry, “the loved animals that had brought them safely across the plains.” Caroline “and the children wept” at the loss of their faithful friends.⁵

At least there was ample water for an important event in John Jr.’s life, his baptism, which took place in June of 1853, likely in a dammed stream nearby or in Utah Lake.

John Jr. and his school-age siblings likely began attending the settlement’s little school-house that year. Among early Palmyra teachers were Emma Ottesen, Silas Hillman, and Albert K. Thurber.⁶ A school in the area still bears the name of Albert K. Thurber and in time the Thurber and Butler families would become substantially intertwined.

Walker War

The Butler’s new home was located on land frequented by local Ute Indians and prized by them for hunting and fishing. For the first six years since the Mormon’s arrival in Utah, there had been no serious conflict between the two parties. However, during the Butler’s first summer in their new home, the first Indian war in Utah erupted. It was called the Walker War, named for the Ute war chief Wakara, and southern Utah Valley where the Butlers lived was one of the areas most affected.

Tensions had already been running high when in July 1853, in nearby Springville, a foolish white man killed an Indian over a dispute about fish, which served as the spark that ignited the conflict. Indians retaliated by killing a guard at nearby Payson. The Butlers and their fellow Palmyrans, being warned of an impending Indian attack, gathered inside the schoolhouse for protection. Despite guards, Indians tried to steal the Palmyrans’ cattle but failed to escape with any, nevertheless a neighbor of the Butlers was shot in the thigh during the fracas. A few days later, two other neighbors, John Berry and Clark Roberts were wounded in a battle at Summit Creek (present-day Santaquin).⁷

Soon a number of skirmishes between whites and Indians were fought in the surrounding area and the territorial militia, called the Nauvoo Legion, was mobilized. Of course, John Jr., only nine years of age, was too young to be called into military service, but his father and older brother Kenion Taylor were.

Dangers from Indian attacks made travel without a strong armed guard extremely perilous. It also made harvesting crops and herding cattle very difficult, requiring armed men to stand guard while others worked the fields. John Jr. may not have been part of the militia, but he was certainly out in harm’s way harvesting and herding. The Butlers, who had arrived in Utah almost destitute the year before, were depending on a good harvest that summer to avoid another very hungry winter. This Indian War could not have come at a worse time for them.

As the summer and fall of 1853 progressed, Indian depredations caused a flurry of fort building in many Mormon settlements and outright abandonment of smaller ones. The Butlers and their neighbors were forced to abandon their homes in the “upper settlement” and with Palmyra’s combined 404 residents,

build a fort in the “lower settlement.” Fort Palmyra would serve as John Jr.’s home during the winter of 1853-54. Fort Palmyra was forty rods (660 feet) square with walls ten feet high, and like many forts in Mormon communities, it consisted of cabins built adjoining each other to create the outer wall and forming a hollow square that served as a corral and stockyard. Some cabins and walls were made of large adobe blocks. Families lacking cabins built dugouts in the ground inside the fort.⁸

While living in Fort Palmyra, Caroline gave birth to her and John Sr.’s last child, Alveretta Farozine, who was born on March 26, 1854. John Jr. now had seven sisters and three living brothers.

Only days after the Butler’s move to Fort Palmyra, the Indians made off with much of the community’s cattle and this resulted in one of the greatest economic hardships suffered by the Palmyra settlers during the Walker War. John Sr. related that “it liked to have broke up the folks—the Indians running off the cattle. They took many of the brethren’s last yoke of cattle and for some of them the last head, and it took them a long time to get any more.”⁹

The Butlers themselves were left with only one cow and John Sr. would report the demise of that solitary cow only a year later. She “had got fat” over the summer, so “the Indians took a fancy to her and killed her and eat her, so there was an end to her.”

The Walker War lasted until mid-1854, when a Mormon-Ute peace council ended hostilities. The Butlers had survived their second winter in Utah, but once again were left almost totally destitute. In the spring of 1854, with diminishing Indian hostilities, the family returned to their farm at the upper settlement. Somehow they had managed to acquire a yoke of working cattle and attended to spring planting. But hopes of a good harvest in the fall wouldn’t feed a starving family in the spring, so John Sr. “sold my last yoke of cattle for bread stuff” and began looking for a way to earn money to buy some desperately needed livestock. With most everyone in the Palmyra area in the same condition as the Butlers, short of livestock and without money, he looked for opportunities out of the area.

I did not know hardly what to go at that summer. At last I bethought me that I would go out to Fort Bridger and take my blacksmith tools and work at my trade. And I made a bargain with John W. Mott that I would give him the first fifty dollars that I earned if he would take the wagon and my tools out there for me. He said he would do it.¹⁰

Fort Bridger would provide ample opportunity for a blacksmith, as numerous wagon trains passed during the summer months. However, local church leaders strongly objected to his going out of the area. So he told them he would put the question to his friend Brigham Young, promising to abide by whatever counsel he gave. President Young gave him God’s blessing but advised “don’t stay at Bridger but go on to Green River and you shall be blessed and prospered.”¹¹

For 10-year-old John Jr., that spring and early summer was spent working the family farm, performing chores at home that were normal for pioneer boys, and with undoubtedly some time left for play and games with friends. However, hunger was an almost ever-present companion as well, as his father related, “they did not have anything to live on, only bread.” They did have the one milk cow, but “she did not give much, and it did not go far among so many,” the family at home then totaling thirteen people. Occasionally they’d get some buttermilk from Stephen Markham, the bishop at Palmyra’s lower settlement, which was considered a real treat.

As Brigham Young had prophesied, the Butlers did in fact prosper that summer. At the trail crossing at Green River, northeast of Fort Bridger, in addition to earning some cash money, John Sr. began buying or trading for spent cattle from wagon trains. These were poor cattle that were too worn out from the long prairie crossing to proceed any further, and John Sr. could get them really cheap. He’d then turned them out on good pasture and bring them back to health. In the end, he was able to return home with some cash and fifteen head of good stock.

In the meantime, after an official peace settlement ended the Walker War, two Indians came and returned some of the Butler’s cattle that had been stolen during the conflict: eleven head of working cattle, two milk cows (that had gone dry), and a yearling. However, the Indians requested payment (one might call it a herding fee) for bringing them back. Caroline gladly paid their fee by giving them two blankets plus the yearling they had just brought back.

Fort Saint Luke

In the fall of 1854, not wanting to have to spend another winter at Fort Palmyra, in the “lower settlement” four miles from their homes, the Butlers along with about 20 other “upper settlement” families began building their own fort. They called it Fort Saint Luke, the reasons for the name having now been lost to history.

Fort Saint Luke was located along the Spanish Fork River just downstream from the upper settlement, on the east side of Main Street in present-day Spanish Fork, between Second and Third South, and fronted on Third South. According to historian William Hartley, Fort Saint Luke “was one of the best fortifications found in any Mormon settlement”¹² and John Jr. took an active role, along with his family, in building it. One can sense pride in their accomplishment in this description of the adobe fort written by his father:

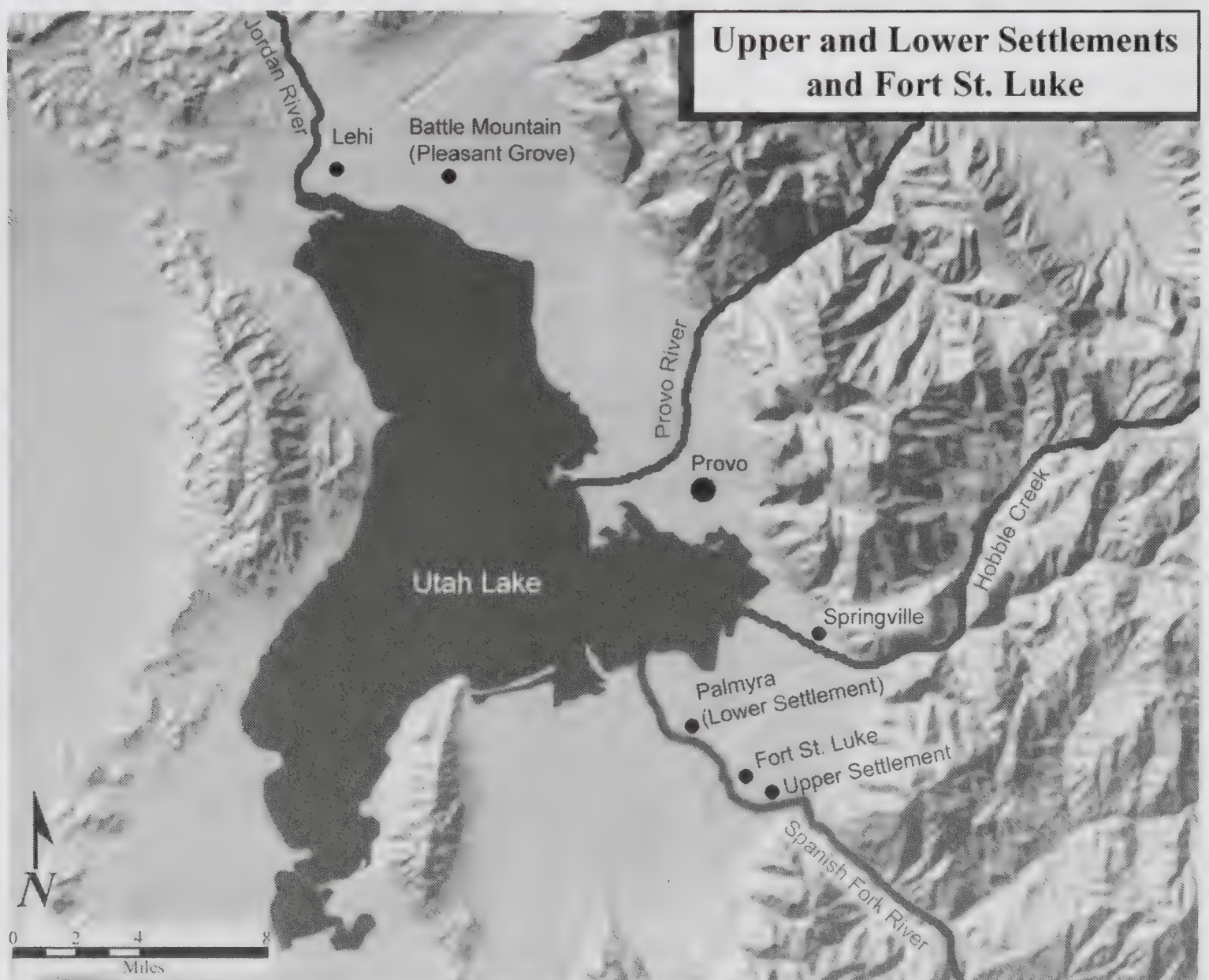
The outside wall was two feet thick and twenty feet high. It was one hundred feet long running north and south and sixty feet wide east and west. There was only one entrance and that was a large gate, large enough to admit a wagon. The gate was made of two inch plank made cross ways double [making it four inches thick] and put together with large stud nails and two folding doors swung on the inside and a large cross piece at the top. This gate faced the south. It was built this way

for a protection against Indians. Our corral was on the outside about sixty feet from the fort. We drove our cattle on the bench and bottom to feed and corralled them at night.¹³

Typical of other Mormon forts, adjoining cabins for each family formed the perimeter walls. Cabin doors and windows faced the center area, and portholes in the rear of each dwelling allowed the occupants to fire on any potential attackers through the fort's perimeter. A community well was located roughly in the center of the fort, with water drawn by means of a log pump. The 16-foot-wide folding gate that John Sr. described was in the middle of the south side.¹⁴ The Butler's blacksmith shop occupied the northwest corner of the fort with their cabin adjoining its south wall. John Jr.'s older brother Kenion Taylor lived in the next cabin south, with his recently married wife Olive Durfee.¹⁵

The Butler family took up two farms here, one on the east side of the river and the other on the county road on the west side.¹⁶

In 1855, with the family situated safely in Fort Saint Luke and spring planting accomplished, John Jr.'s father left for the Fort Bridger/Green River area to ply his blacksmith trade once again among passing wagon trains. This time he took daughters Charity and Keziah with him, as well as second wife Sarah, who was childless. The hope was that the women could earn money cooking, doing laundry, etc., for passing travelers. However, John Sr. "did not meet with so much success that summer as [he] did the summer before." The reason for this was a dramatic decrease in wagon train traffic as the California



Gold Rush waned. Charity and Keziah did well at trading, however, as the few Gold Rushers that did pass traded off valuable merchandise at minimal cost as they were forced to lighten their loads. So the girls came home feeling pretty good about the venture and what they were able to bring back to the family.

Grasshoppers

The Butler's first summer in Utah (1853) included an Indian War, which made harvest difficult. Their second summer (1854) provided a respite from disaster and hunger with their father's success at Green River and the return of some of their cattle by the Indians. But now during their third summer, they would witness a disaster of "biblical proportions," one that would be etched in the annals of Church and Utah history.

The spring and summer of 1855 was marked with unusually dry weather. Drought conditions not only damaged crops but also produced a devastating grasshopper invasion, the worst in Utah ever recorded. Approximately 70 percent of Utah's cereal, vegetable, and fruit crops were destroyed by swarms of Rocky Mountain locusts.¹⁷

This grasshopper invasion should not be confused with the plague of what is now called "Mormon crickets" (which were not true "crickets" but a type of flightless katydid) that attacked the Mormon pioneers' crops during their first year in the Salt Lake Valley, the story of which eventually elevated the California sea gull as the state bird of Utah. The Butlers were still out on the plains during that now famous 1848 pestilence, but were active participants in the perhaps even more impressive grasshopper invasion of 1855.

Eleven-year-old John Jr. personally witnessed and fought against this plague. We gain a good understanding of his view of it through a detailed description written by his father shortly after:

Now the saints had lost all their crops that summer. Their grain had come up splendid and some of it was in the ear, and one day the sun was darkened and there was kind of a mist before the sun. And every one thought it was going to storm. But on observing closely, you could see that the air was thick in small objects or specks about the size of the point of a needle. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. As the day advanced, the objects became plainer and you could see insects flying in all directions. There was so many and so thick that you could not distinguish what they were—whether they were gnats, flies, or what. But about the middle of the afternoon they began to fly lower and lower till they lit. And come to look, they were grasshoppers, and there was not a blade of wheat or oats, barley, corn or any thing that was green that was not literally covered. I have been into a field of grain and counted as many as twenty-seven grasshoppers on one blade of wheat, and there was not a blade in the whole field that did not have or was not covered with the vermin.

They could mow a field of grain in a day so close to the ground that the field would look as if it had been just sown. On any piece where they went they would destroy it and there was no help for nor any way to save it in the world. Some times the whole settlement would turn out—men, women, and children—and try to drive them in the creeks or rivers. And they would drive them in till the water would be right thick with them. And then it would seem as if there would be ten times as many came in their place. You could not stir for them. If you went into a field you could not walk without stepping upon twenty or thirty at every step. There was nothing ever seen to equal it. We have read of the plagues of Egypt. The varmint being piled up in heaps, it was nothing to be compared with these grasshoppers. For they were all through the territory the same and the folks dug ditches for them to jump into and had them half full of water and they would jump and jump and jump into the ditches till the ditch would be full. And then they would crawl over on the ones that were in the ditch there.

I have been trying to give a description of how many there were but I have fell far short of the mark, for no one could begin to tell it, nor no one begin to imagine how they poured down like rain. However they eat every blade of grain and every spear of grass, and the cattle liked to have starved to death. But they all flew up one morning and darkened the skies and all lit in the Salt Lake. There the strength of the salt killed them. Fresh water will not drown them; they might be in the water for twelve hours and if they came along side of a twig they would get out and in an hour they would be as well as ever.¹⁸

John Jr.'s little 6-year-old sister Lucy Ann described helping her family sweep grasshoppers into ditches to kill them and certainly John Jr. himself fought that same fruitless battle. Lucy also described with joy seeing seagulls attack and devour the hoppers, much like they did the "crickets" six years earlier.¹⁹

John Sr.'s account continues with the aftermath of the grasshopper plague and its effect on his family:

When they were gone the wheat and grain sprung up and the folks watered it and cut it for hay. If they had not, some of their cattle would have starved to death that winter, for the feed was all destroyed by the grasshoppers. Now folks had but little grain on hand, not near enough to do them till the next harvest. So they did not know what to do but they began to ration out to themselves first a pound of flour per day, and then half a pound, and so on, to make it last till harvest. I came in from Bridger in the fall and found things in this fix.²⁰

The Barrel of Meal That Didn't Fail

The family truly was in a "fix" as they struggled getting any crop at all that year. With his father away working his blacksmith trade along the trail at Fort Bridger and the older girls with him, and with Kenion Taylor and Phoebe

married and dealing with households of their own, much responsibility landed on eleven-year-old John Jr. But in their dire circumstances they witnessed a miracle. The grasshopper plague seemed to mimic biblical events and so did the accompanying miracle. Handed down from daughter Keziah Jane comes this story:

One evening after the day's work in the field with her boys and girls, Caroline had completed her evening meal and was spinning in the firelight. The younger children had retired, but some of the older ones were busy with needed tasks, when a knock came at the door. A father and his son sought food and shelter. Caroline had little to offer these travelers, but she made them a pone of cornmeal, which she cooked in the skillet over the fire in the fireplace, where she did all of her cooking. She divided the pone between the two visitors and gave them each a bowl of milk. They felt the sweet spirit of the home, and when they were preparing to leave, the father said, "Sister Butler, I am prompted to give you a blessing."

The two men placed their hands upon her head, and among other things they promised her, in the name of the Lord, that *she and her children would never go hungry. The Lord would provide for them always*, the man said.

In later years Caroline testified to the truth of this promise. She said she sometimes scraped the bottom of the meal barrel for the last batch of bread there, mixed it, and baked it. Then, when she couldn't find food anywhere else she went back to the same barrel and scraped up enough meal for another batch of bread. This procedure was repeated many times, she said. The barrel seemed magic. It was almost like the widow's barrel that was blessed by Elijah. (see 1 Kings 17:13-16.)²¹

John Jr.'s mother Caroline was truly an amazing woman and a tremendous example to him. She had many faith-building experiences, partly because she had a reputation for being able to do so many things. Here's another example of how she never shied away from any task, no matter how daunting.

One morning she was out in her shed milking her cow. Her next door neighbor was in his shed on the other side of a willow partition shearing his sheep. She heard a cry and a great deal of excited calling and talking as people gathered around. She left her work and rushed over to find that the ewe the man had been shearing had kicked his hand and the shears had nearly severed



Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler

his thumb from his hand. He was holding it in place with his other hand. By this time Caroline had gained a reputation for being able to do just about anything and so one of the onlookers asked her if she could sew the thumb back on. Now Caroline may have been very capable, but sewing back on a bodily appendage?

With a certain amount of trepidation Caroline responded, "I don't know about these things." But seeing that the man would most certainly lose his thumb otherwise, she told the neighbor, "if you'd like me to, I'll try it."

The man said, "Sister Butler, I'd be eternally grateful to you if you would."

So she got some thread, probably homemade by herself, and boiled it. Then with her little three-cornered buckskin needle she sewed the thumb in place and doped it with turpentine, pine gum, and mutton tallow. She bound the thumb with scorched strips of cotton cloth. For some time after she continued to care for the thumb, dressing the wound many times. Eventually it healed back in place and the man did not lose his thumb.²²

Caroline was, indeed, a clever woman. It is no wonder that her son John Jr., even all of her children, grew up to be so capable and undaunted no matter what they faced in later life.

When John Jr.'s father returned, he noted the conditions his family faced that winter after the grasshopper plague:

It was a hard winter, and I had not made any thing out there [at Fort Bridger] and it was going to go hard with us, I could see, before the next harvest. Wheat was up to four and five dollars per bushel and then you could not get it hardly with begging and praying for it.²³

In addition to the lack of food, that winter was also a severe one with deep snows and cold temperatures. Making matters even worse, the people of Fort Saint Luke were struck with a measles epidemic. The Butler family "were nearly all down with it," John Jr.'s father wrote adding, "there were nine confined to their beds at once and we had a very sick time of it. There was not many escaped from it that did not have it before."²⁴

Nevertheless, the Butlers, who by now had become accustomed to dealing with adversity, managed to all survive this one as well.

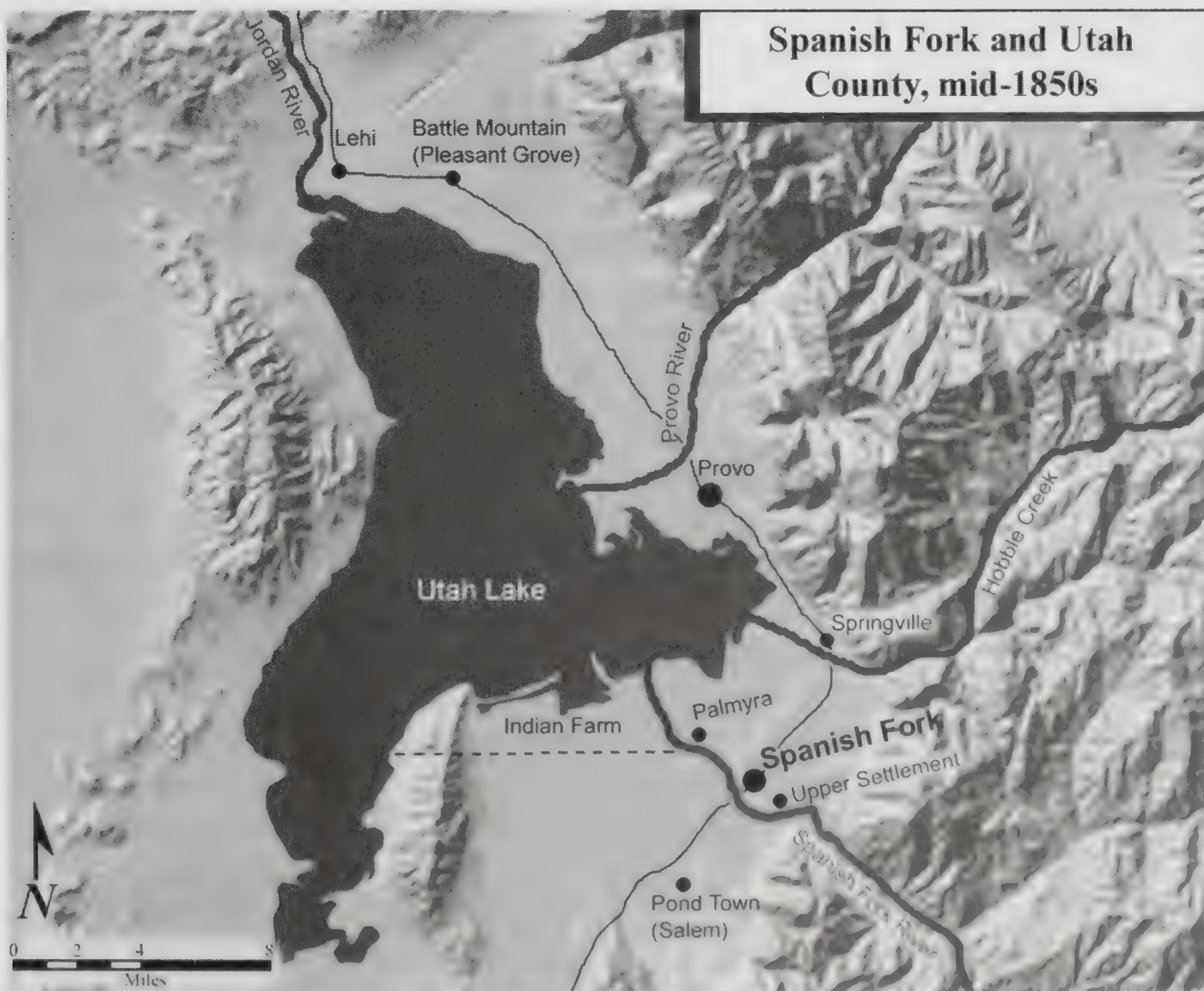
Spanish Fork and the Bishop's Son

In 1855, the Utah Territorial legislature granted the Palmyra-Fort Saint Luke settlement a city charter, allowing it to create a governmental entity called Spanish Fork City. An awkward situation then existed with one "city" but two settlements that were by then viewing themselves separately. The "lower settlement" was viewed distinctly as "Palmyra" by residents of the "upper settlement" who now began building homes and a town around their Fort Saint Luke, using the name Spanish Fork. In short "Spanish Fork City" had two forts only two miles apart serving two groups of settlers that were supposed to be "one" under one city government. With that backdrop it is not hard to see why friction and contention began to brew.

Disturbed at Spanish Fork's lack of unity, Brigham Young acted to merge the settlements in the spring of 1856. He began by releasing both bishops, William Pace of the upper settlement, which by then was using the name "Spanish Fork," and Stephan Markham of the lower settlement, or Palmyra. In their stead he called John Lowe Butler Sr. as bishop of the entire combined settlement of New Spanish Fork Ward. This is why he is commonly recognized as the first bishop of the Spanish Fork that now exists.

As part of his unification effort, President Young gave new Bishop Butler a very difficult first assignment, in that he ordered that the Palmyra settlement be abandoned and that its residents relocate around the townsite being established at Spanish Fork. As one can imagine, this news did not set well with the Palmyra residents, especially when one considers that the Palmyra residents outnumbered those of the "upper settlement" by some four to one! Nevertheless, they obeyed President Young's counsel and Palmyra was abandoned. Although it was certainly difficult to be uprooted and have to make a new home, many likely understood President Young's reasoning. Palmyra was poorly located due to its low and swampy land and alkali soil. He had long felt that the upper settlement was where Palmyra should have been located in the first place.

Twelve-year-old John Jr.'s father was an extremely busy man as he presided over a newly combined ward of some 500-550 members. As a bishop in pioneer Utah, John Jr.'s father was the de-facto leader and most prominent man in this new town then forming. He helped lay out the new city into blocks



and lots, and arranged the equitable division of property, which was even more difficult due to the huge relocation of residents coming from Palmyra. He directed irrigation projects to the new town and surrounding areas, as well as fencing and herding efforts, construction projects for both church and town, and road building, including rerouting Utah's main north-south road so that it passed through Spanish Fork instead of Palmyra. Bishop Butler preached sermons, addressed welfare needs, settled disputes, and performed numerous marriages, blessings, ordinations, and a plethora of other duties. Pretty much anything that happened in the community, Church or otherwise, Bishop Butler had a hand in. It was the role of a pioneer bishop. Through it all he managed to build the unity that Brigham Young had wanted. There were no longer "upper" and "lower" settlements, there was now only Spanish Fork.

The Butler home, being the Bishop's residence, was frequented by church and other dignitaries, both white and Indian. It was also visited by those in need of food or shelter, including the local Indians. Adjacent to Spanish Fork the federal government established a very large farm for the Indians, and Bishop Butler and his family had much involvement with the goings on there. Of course, by this time the Butlers were quite accustomed to having Indian neighbors.

Handcart Rescue

Late 1856 brought another group of needy visitors to the Butler home. The plight of the Martin and Willie handcart companies is well known to anyone even remotely familiar with Church history. Caught late in the year by severe snowstorms on the plains of western Wyoming, more than 200 people perished. Many, many more would have died if Church leaders in Utah had not received news of their plight and immediately acted to recruit rescue parties to go out and save them. As bishop of Spanish Fork Ward, John Jr.'s father organized equipment and men to join the effort, and John Jr.'s older brother, Kenion Taylor, was among those sent on the rescue mission. John Jr.'s father wrote an account of the expedition, which shows the view John Jr. and his family had of this tragedy.

Now the Emigration across the Plains [in 1856] was very late. They [the Martin and Willie handcart companies and Hunt and Hodgett wagon trains] all got caught in the snow. They were strung from Weber River to Fort Bridger and there they was starving and freezing to death. It was dreadful, the accounts. Brother Brigham gave orders in all the settlements to rig up teams to go back and bring the sufferers in. Now the snow was from six to fifteen feet deep and there was no road broke across the mountains at all. Well the word came down to me to rig up six teams and send two men to every team for teamsters, and there were to be four mules or horses to each wagon, and the wagons were to be loaded with horse feed, provisions, clothing, and every comfort of life that could be sent. Now this all was to be done by donation. So I called

the people together and told them the situation of their brethren and sisters, and then we had to rig up teams and send men out for them. This was in December, and it was bitter cold. The snow in the valley here was eighteen inches deep on the level and it was snowing in the mountains all the time. Well, we got them all rigged up, and I never had less trouble getting up such an expedition, for the Saints were willing and on hand to do almost anything.

My son Taylor I sent out with them to superintend the expedition. He drove a wagon as well, and he told me how he found the Saints, and how the road was. He said that there were teams reached nearly from the City to Fort Bridger. They had to have men shoveling out snow and breaking the road, and in some places the snow was up above the wagon bows on each side. And they found the Saints in an awful condition, some with their feet froze, and some with their fingers froze, and they had no food to eat, and he said that he never saw such a sight before, it was dreadful. And he said that they were so overjoyed they did not know what to do hardly. Well, they were all picked up and fed and clothes given to them. When they camped at night there were a whole lot of the boys would break a road to a tree and cut it down for firewood. And when they were coming back, they never saw the sun for six days and it snow all the time, and they had to break the road over again. And in coming down the big Mountain they never locked a wheel but gee-'d off and let the hub of the off wheel drag in the snow and so they came down.

They brought some of the folks down to Spanish Fork and I never saw such objects in my life as they were. There was a young man that George Sevey brought down with him that looked like a shadow. He would reel two and fro when he walked, he was so weak, and his toes were froze. George hired him for a year.²⁵

After the rescue, the handcart emigrants were distributed among the Saints in Utah. Some of these were brought to the Butler home in Spanish Fork, where Caroline and her children did their best to nurse them back to health. In later years, John Jr.'s sister Charity told of one poor victim who cried all night from pain in his leg even to the ends of his toes. This must have remained a vivid memory for Charity, our young John Jr., and the other Butler children, who could see clearly that the sufferer in reality *had no leg* as it had already been amputated but was suffering from phantom pain in a non-existent limb.²⁶

Reformation & More Marriages

For several years, Brigham Young and other general church leaders had noticed a growing laxness among church members in living gospel standards. It seems that the struggle of pioneer life and scratching out a temporal existence was overshadowing spiritual matters, resulting in a slow decay in faithfulness. So in the fall of 1856 the First Presidency of the Church initiated a "reformation." Historian William Hartley wrote that "Mormon leaders started

fanning Utah pioneers' spiritual coals to red-hot intensity" and described this *reformation* as "a crusade to generate deeper spirituality, firmer commitments to teachings and commandments, repentance for past wrongs, better social behavior, and, ultimately, a people worthy to merit God's blessing and protection."²⁷

Part of the reformation was a call for the Saints to recommit themselves to live gospel standards and to formalize that covenant by being rebaptized. As a bishop, John Jr.'s father was called to be at the forefront of this effort. It was his job to teach the principles the First Presidency was laying out to the people of Spanish Fork, and to set an example by being rebaptized. Bishop Butler approached this assignment with zeal and went to work rebaptizing and reorganizing the church in Spanish Fork, and as he later wrote, "began to feel the blessings of God poured out upon us." He later recorded some of what the reformation entailed and the effect it had on the people of Spanish Fork:

The reformation was going on first rate. Brother Brigham and counselors made a catechism or code of laws for the Saints to go by, and all the Bishops had to get the people one by one by themselves and ask them these questions that were on the code of laws. And if the people had broken any of these laws, they were told to do so no more and they were all forgiven for what they had done. All their former sins were to be remembered against them no more. This made the people feel good and we held our meetings and they felt free to pray or speak their feelings. . . . Every family held family meetings and they spoke or prayed just as they were led. All were rejoicing and happy and every thing went on just as it ought to. . . .

I set my family in order and told them to attend to their secret prayers and ask God to bless them and enable them to do what was right. I went down to the City [Salt Lake City] several times and received instructions how to do and how to be enabled to build up the kingdom.²⁸

The principle of plural wives had been taught for several years, but up to this time few had been willing to practice it. With the reformation came the reinforcement that plural marriage was a principle divinely appointed for the Church at that time, and a renewed call was made for worthy men to live it. Once again, as bishop, John Jr.'s father was expected to lead by example and so, in March of 1857, he went to Salt Lake City where he was sealed to three additional wives by Heber C. Kimball of the First Presidency.

The three new wives of 48-year-old John Sr. included: Ann Harrow, a 62-year-old widow from Cheshire, England, Lovisa Hamilton, nineteen, who was born in Illinois, and Esther Ogden, age seventeen and also from Cheshire, England.

Once again John Sr.'s choice of wives is indicative of his obedience to Church doctrine and his primary motivation to provide women with a husband and a home. Of course, he would have no children with the elderly Ann Hughes Harrow. Esther Ogden only remained his wife for a few months before

becoming dissatisfied. Without reluctance, John Sr. granted her request for divorce and she returned to Salt Lake City. Of the three, only Lovisa Hamilton would bear a child for John Sr. and that would be a daughter named Lovisa Patience Butler, born on December 24, 1858.

On September 8, 1857, John Sr. married one last time, to 26-year-old Henrietta Seaton Blythe. Henrietta would give birth to two of John Sr.'s children, a daughter Isabella Elizabeth on June 11, 1858 and a son John William on August 11, 1860. With these new additions to the family, John Jr. would end up with 13 living siblings, seven full sisters and three full brothers, and two half sisters and one half brother.

Bishop Butler now had a total of five wives to provide for in Spanish Fork: Caroline Skeen, Sarah Lancaster, Ann Hughes Harrow, Lovisa Hamilton, and Henrietta Seaton Blythe. One can expect that at times there was some tension in a family such as this. That said, later events would show that Caroline's children had been taught to feel a sense of loyalty and responsibility to their father's other wives.

John Sr.'s marriages were not the only ones occurring in the Butler family at this time. In the short space of about three years, all six of John Jr.'s older siblings were married. Mentioned earlier was older brother Kenion Taylor's marriage to Olive Durfee in 1854. That same year Phoebe Malinda married local resident George W. Sevy.

In 1855, a man by the name of Hamilton Wallace asked oldest sister Charity Artemesia to be his wife. However, this marriage was a little different in that Wallace was considerably older and already had one wife, plus they would initially be making their home in the far away Mormon colony at San Bernardino, California. John Sr.'s reaction to this proposal shows that while the Butlers believed that plural marriage was divinely appointed, they did not take the principle lightly, nor did they consider it appropriate in every case.

[Wallace] asked me for my daughter Charity. He had one wife then. Well, I did not know what to say hardly. I asked him if he had got my daughter's consent. He said that he had. He told me that he was going back to San Bernardino to settle up his business there, and he wanted to take Charity with him and said that it would be a nice trip for her. He was pretty well to do, and I went and asked my daughter Charity if she wanted to be his wife and to go with him. She said yes. Now this was the first of my girls that went into plurality, and so I talked to her and told her that I hoped that she was not running into it without knowing what she was doing. But I knew that she understood the principle and if she got a good man that she would do very well.²⁹

Charity's mother Caroline was less diplomatic and stated outright that she "did not much like their getting married for she thought that Wallace was not the man for Charity." Keziah Jane "had a good cry. She did not know what to make of it, her sister going off to California with Wallace." Caroline and Keziah were not the only ones against this marriage; it also caused "quite a stir with the boys" in the area who decided they'd take care of Wallace by running

his “carriage down to the slough” and sink it. However, when they found only Charity asleep in the carriage and Wallace nowhere around they left her alone. Nevertheless the threat remained, so John Sr. “had to place a guard over [Wallace’s] mules or the boys would have run them off, and they would be no where to be found for a week or two.” In the end, “Father Morley came down and married them” and the two “started on their journey” to San Bernardino.³⁰ However, that does not end the story because two years later young John Jr. would be sent to retrieve his sister. But we’ll come to that later.

The next marriage joined Keziah Jane with a young man from a prominent local family named Lemuel Redd, on January 2, 1856. A year later Sarah Adeline became the second wife of Spanish Fork resident Philo Allen on March 9, 1857, the same day John Sr. was married to his three additional wives mentioned earlier.

Finally, Caroline Elizabeth became a plural wife to her father’s second counselor in the Spanish Fork Ward Bishopric, in April of 1857. Their marriage didn’t last long, as Caroline “and the first wife could not agree at all with one another, and she thought that they were better apart.” Caroline Elizabeth moved in with her mother in Spanish Fork, then possibly with her married brother Kenion Taylor, before dying early at age 26.³¹

So in the spring of 1857, at age thirteen, John Jr. quickly became the oldest child in his parent’s home. Little did he realize that in only three short years his leadership role in the family would become even more pronounced and he would have to be the *man of the house*.

The Utah War

In 1857 another circumstance caused an even greater upheaval in the Spanish Fork community, as well as all of Utah. James Buchanan, recently elected president of the United States, acting on nothing but rumors from anti-Mormons and without any investigation as to their validity, sent the might of the U.S. Army across the plains to Utah to quell a non-existent Mormon rebellion. His actions would rank as one of the most foolhardy acts of any U.S. president, and history would nickname the affair “Buchanan’s Blunder.” Before it was over Buchanan would suffer nationwide ridicule, even among members of his own political party. John Jr.’s father viewed Buchanan as simply prideful, writing that “he was determined to do *some great thing*, while he was in the presidential chair.” Perhaps the “greatest thing” he could think of, that didn’t require any real gumption or perceived risk, was attack Utah!

Ironically, the man Buchanan placed in charge of this army was Albert Sidney Johnston, who in less than four short years would himself be fighting *against* the United States in a *real* rebellion as a renown confederate general in the Civil War.

Space does not permit a treatise of the “Utah War.”³² It is mentioned here only to show the affect it had on the life of the subject of this book.

This was a tense time for John Jr., who at age thirteen was now just coming of an age to understand the implications of war and help in his community's preparations for it. This was actually the third time the Butler family had been attacked or threatened by armies mobilized by the very government of which they were citizens. John Jr. was certainly aware of the stories of bloodshed in Missouri and the militia of Illinois called out against his birthplace, Nauvoo. John Jr.'s father was a major in the territorial militia – the Nauvoo Legion – which now in an interesting twist of fate was being mobilized to defend against an approaching enemy force, the United States Army.

It was a tense summer and winter as the Army approached, and then stalled in Wyoming. With many of the men training for military duty, an added workload fell on John Jr. who dealt with harvest, herding the family's and community's cattle, and many other responsibilities.

Spanish Fork was also greatly affected by a tremendous influx of Saints who evacuated towns in northern Utah and fled south, leaving Salt Lake and other cities desolate. As the "Bishop's son," John Jr. certainly had a role in helping these refugees with needed food, shelter, and accommodations for their livestock.

Johnston's Army being stalled in Wyoming over the winter gave U.S. government emissaries time and opportunity to collect facts and clear up misrepresentations made by anti-Mormons in Washington. This enabled a peaceful resolution of the affair by June of 1858. Nevertheless, a number of the Saints who had "moved south" during the conflict simply remained in the Spanish Fork area, which expanded the population dramatically, adding to the workload of Bishop Butler and his family.

A Dangerous Trip

The "Utah War" caused disruptions to many Mormon communities much greater than those experienced at Spanish Fork. With the army approaching, Church leaders had recalled missionaries from all over the world and requested that Mormon pioneers in many far away colonies abandon their settlements and return home to Utah. One of those settlements was San Bernardino, California, where Charity had been living with her husband Hamilton Wallace. But when the call came to return to Utah, Wallace refused, as Charity's daughter Lydia Adaline later explained:

Mr. Wallace, who was becoming very rich there, loved his gold more than his religion and declined to return, while Mother, true to her faith and the call of the Prophet, returned to Utah. Brother Wallace was a good man who loved his wife and baby and provided for them liberally, but his faith was not strong enough to leave his property and prospects in California. He therefore remained in California, but he provided means for Mother's return home and for the purchase of a home in Utah.³³

John Sr. was not at all happy with Wallace, noting that he did not fulfill what he had agreed when he first asked to marry Charity:

My daughter Charity obtained a bill of divorcement from her husband, Mr. Wallace. He had taken her to California and had not used her altogether right, so she would not live with him any longer, for instead of his coming back as he represented to me, he stayed there and did not sell out or make any preparation to come at all.³⁴

Charity and her 1-year-old daughter Caroline made the arduous trip across the desert to Utah, with other faithful church members who evacuated San Bernardino, stopping at the recently formed settlement at Beaver, Utah.

However, Charity was several months pregnant with her second child and her father did not want her living alone so far away from any family members, especially when it came time to give birth. So he fitted out a covered wagon and a yoke of oxen and sent his young 14-year-old son John Jr. on a family mission to retrieve her. By this time in his life John Jr. must have proven himself capable and dependable, and shown reasonable ability in managing teams, in order for his father to entrust so young a boy with a 150-mile journey through mostly wilderness to bring back his pregnant daughter and little granddaughter. In addition, arrangements were made for John Jr. to travel together with a neighbor who was also headed to Beaver.

In Beaver, Charity's effects were loaded into the wagon and they started on the return journey to Spanish Fork, with a man in another wagon leading the way. It was late 1858 and winter was already upon them. For some reason, a day or two out from Beaver, the other party left them, perhaps because John Jr.'s oxen, already tired from the trip down, couldn't keep up with the other wagon. A blinding snowstorm arose as they plodded along into the night. Bitterly cold winds and snow bit into young John Jr.'s face as he valiantly pressed forward seeking some safety from the storm. It became so intensely cold that John Jr.'s sister feared that he would freeze to death before he could stop driving. He became drowsy but Charity, fearful he wouldn't wake up if allowed to fall asleep, worked to keep him awake. The storm was so bitter that the oxen tried to turn their heads back. Eventually they stopped for the night and Charity, her baby, and little brother John Jr. huddled together as best they could to keep warm. The oxen, hungry from having no opportunity to feed during the previous day, gnawed the wagon tongue nearly in two during the night. Once again, John Jr.'s short life looked like it was about to end before a book could be written about him. However, salvation came when a man rode by on horseback through the still raging storm and happened upon them. George Parkinson, of Beaver, was amazed to find this lone wagon out in the middle of nowhere in such a storm, with no one but a pregnant woman, her baby and little brother. He took them to the nearest place for shelter, and when weather permitted, back to Beaver where he made necessary repairs to their wagon. He then saw them off on their journey again, this time in company with a group of other wagons. All in all, the journey was hard and ended up taking several weeks to complete, but John Jr. did keep the trust his father had placed in him and brought his dear sister back safely to Spanish Fork.

Upon her return, Charity was made comfortable in her father's home and on February 27, 1859 gave birth to a son she named Hamilton Monroe Wallace, after his father. Charity eventually met up with an "old beau" named Amos Thornton. The Butlers and Thorntons had been close friends back in Nauvoo. Once her divorce was final, Charity married Amos on October 18, 1862, becoming his second wife, and enjoyed a happy marriage pioneering in the town of Pinto in southern Utah.³⁵

His Father's Death

In 1858, the Butlers went into partnership with Archibald Gardner, one of Salt Lake Valley's leading millers, in opening a saw mill and a shingle mill. Brother Gardner had been among those who had "moved south" during the Utah War turmoil and remained in Spanish Fork. Helping operate the mill gave John Jr. valuable experience for a like venture he would later undertake with his younger brothers in southern Utah.

John Jr. began shouldering many of the family duties of his father, because by the spring of 1859 Bishop Butler's health was in serious decline. John Sr. had already begun writing a short history of his life, when on May 20, 1859, feeling he was near death he recorded:

My health is very poor at this time and has been for near two years, on the decline. I shall make a short account of my life up to the present, that my wives & children can have my testimony to look at after I am gone behind the veil, but if I recover from the present affliction I will write more on the same subject hereafter.³⁶

He then closed his short history with a few paragraphs summarizing events in his life from 1835 to 1844.

However, his life was spared for another eleven months, during which time he kept his promise to "write more" and penned a significant autobiography of tremendous value to his numerous posterity, and through which he fulfilled his desire that "my wives & children can have my testimony to look at after I am gone behind the veil."

Almost continually sick during much of his final year, it does not appear that John Sr. was able to do much other than write his history, at the end of which he summarized the onset of his illness and his days since.

I went down to the City and the first day I was taken sick and spit blood, and I have not been well since and have been confined to my bed off and on since that time. Now I am getting worse all the time. I fear that I have seen my best days.³⁷

During that final year, he tried as best he could to attend to the affairs of his bishopric, but found that he had to pass much of that burden to others.

I have had the palpitation of the heart very bad lately and I do not have the health that I used to have. I feel myself gradually wasting

away. I have to lay up some times I am so sick and my mind is so full that I cannot attend to my duties. And I have to put my counselors to work and do what I cannot do my self.³⁸

Actually, John Sr. was following advice given to him by his friend and church leader, Brigham Young. On March 26, 1860, two weeks before John Sr. died, President Young sent his friend a kind letter, and seeking to relieve his concerns about his “duty,” he included the following:

Owing to the state of your health I have thought it best for you to roll the burden of all the business affairs of your Ward upon br. Thurber your First Counselor. This will free your mind from much care, and at the same time afford you ample opportunity to counsel and direct in your Bishopric, so far as your health may permit.³⁹

Shortly before his death, John Sr. called his children to him to give them his last admonition. This incident left an indelible impression on young John Jr., who would recount to his own children that his father “bore a most wonderful testimony of the truthfulness of the Restored Church of Jesus Christ” and that “the greatest desire of his heart was that his children and children’s children would be and remain faithful.” The younger John recalled that his father was so emphatic while delivering this plea that he “paced the floor and his face turned blue with anxiety over his children.”⁴⁰

John Lowe Butler Sr., died on April 10, 1860. The exact cause of death is uncertain, however, his mention of “heart palpitations” indicates possible heart disease, as does John Jr.’s description of him turning “blue.” Damage caused by rheumatic fever he suffered in his youth could have contributed. Daughter Keziah Jane told her children that the “inflammatory rheumatism” he suffered in his younger years had been cured with his baptism into the Church so that “for the rest of his life he was free from this affliction” until his last year. Then it made a comeback and “with it came leaking of the heart and dropsy.”⁴¹ Connecting the two diseases, a Dr. Quentin Harris, in discussion with historian William Hartley, postulated that John Sr.’s boyhood rheumatic fever could have been related to rheumatic heart disease.⁴²

Regardless of the cause, John Sr. died relatively young, only two days past his fifty-second birthday. It would prove to be another way in which his namesake son would follow in his footsteps.

We do not have an exact record of the powerful testimony John Sr. bore to his children before his death, the one that made such a lasting impression on John Jr., but the words he wrote as he closed his autobiography give us a good idea of what he might have said:

I can say that I have done my best to help to role forth the Kingdom of God. I have seen and been through many trials and close places, and my family have suffered from want, and I have always felt to give God praise for all things which came unto us for our good.

And I can bare my Testimony to this work. I know that it is the Kingdom of God, for the Lord has blessed me with the knowledge there

of. I have seen the sick healed under the power of the Priesthood, and I have seen the power of God displayed in many places. And I have always felt to do my best in all things that I have had to do. And my prayer is that all of us who are in the Kingdom of God may be led to do what is right in the sight of God at all times, is the prayer of your Humble Servant. Amen.⁴³

Becoming a Man Early

The Butler children “all idealized their father to an unusual degree.” His faith was strong and unwavering, even in the face of the harshest situations. Until his last illness he had always been strong, powerful, capable, and the family provider. They felt safe with him around, like he could take on the world. He was also gentle and kind with them, pleasant to be with, and “had a good sense of humor.”⁴⁴ John Jr. would emulate all of these attributes of his father, and eventually his children would say the same about him. But for now, as the oldest son living at home, 16-year-old John Jr. had to assume that father-figure role for his seven younger siblings. And some of those siblings were still very young, one was not even born yet, as his half-brother John William Butler wouldn’t be born until four months after his father’s death. Later events would demonstrate that John Jr. remained mindful of his little brother John William and kept a close connection with him.

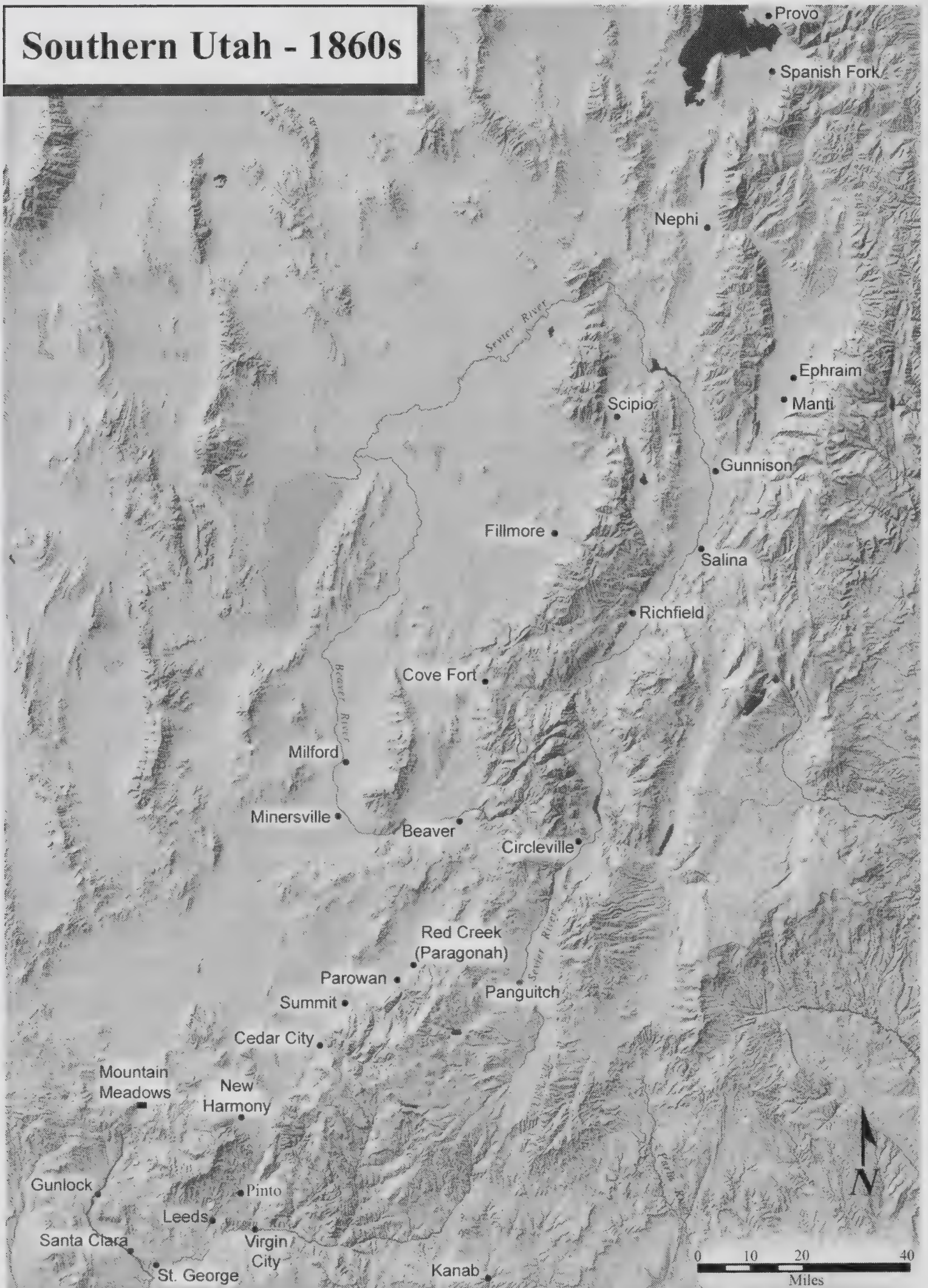
With his father’s death, John Jr. had a substantial enterprise to deal with. The family was operating two farms, the sawmill, shingle mill, and recently the Gardner-Butler milling partnership had added a grist (flour) mill. Of course, John Jr.’s older brother, Kenion Taylor, who lived nearby, was certainly involved in these operations as well. One can imagine that these two oldest Butler brothers worked together considerably, as well as 13-year-old James, and even little 9-year-old Thomas, at times.

In addition to his own mother, John Jr. also felt responsibility for his father’s other wives. Young Lovisa Hamilton and Henrietta Blythe would both remarry within a few years, but the older Sarah Lancaster and Ann Hughes (who the Butler children referred to as “Grandma” instead of the customary polygamous term “Aunt”) would remain widows for the rest of their lives.⁴⁵ One task that young John Jr. took upon himself was to build a home for them.⁴⁶ This effort took him to the mountains where he cut logs from stands of timber. His daughter Mary shared an interesting story that happened while John Jr. was engaged in this building project.

One day, while hauling logs, his wagon became stuck in the muddy road. A man, who was a tailor by trade, came along, but refused to help him. So father had to unload all the logs, pull the wagon out, then load up again. About four miles further along the road, he met the tailor with his wagon stuck in the mud. He asked my father to help him get his wagon out, and promised to make him a fine suit of clothes. Father said he would help him on one condition: that he would promise

never to refuse anyone help again. When father met this man ten years later, he told father he had never forgotten the best lesson he'd ever had; and he had learned it from a boy of sixteen.⁴⁷

John Jr. may have been just a *boy* of sixteen but he was already acting like a *man*!



Chapter Four

Southern Utah Pioneer

In 1861, several Spanish Fork neighbors were called to help establish New Harmony, twenty miles southwest of Cedar City, in southern Utah. This group included two of John's married sisters, Phoebe and Keziah, and their families. After sister Charity's marriage to Amos Thornton in 1862, she also moved to southern Utah, to the town of Pinto. His sisters' move to southern Utah likely influenced young John's decision to move his mother and younger siblings south.

Permanent settlements in southern Utah began in 1851 with the "Iron Mission." Mormon explorers and missionaries first traversed the southern route to California in 1847. This route led down the center of Utah, roughly in the same direction as the present day highway, Interstate 15. A little north of present day Parowan, it intersected with the old "Spanish Trail" coming over the mountains from the northeast. In the vicinity of present day Cedar City, the path veered from the course now followed by I-15, instead going west through a then lush pasture, later named Mountain Meadows. It then turned south again and dropped down off the "Rim of the Great Basin" into the Santa Clara River valley and the desert beyond. The route then passed near Las Vegas, Nevada, on to San Bernardino, California, and from there to the Pacific Ocean in southern California. As these first Mormon explorers passed through southern Utah, they reported "immense quantities of rich iron ore."¹ Brigham Young, intending to establish a corridor of Mormon communities between the Salt Lake Valley and southern California, began by calling a number of families to settle in the vicinity of these iron deposits, to hopefully produce locally the much needed metal. In addition, the General Assembly of the provisional state of Deseret acted to create the governmental unit of "Iron County" almost a full year before any permanent settlements even existed within its boundaries.

The "Iron Mission" was organized with Apostle George A. Smith at its head. He led the initial group of settlers south where they established themselves in the Little Salt Lake Valley and founded the town of Parowan in early 1851. Parowan would become known as "The Mother Town" because numerous other settlements would be spearheaded and branch out from there.

Paragonah

One of these settlements was known as Red Creek, only two miles northeast of Parowan. It sat at the mouth of Red Creek Canyon, at the base of beautiful red hills and towering mountains rising above 10,000 feet on its east, and the Little Salt Lake Valley and desert hills and plains on its west. Later, the town would be renamed Paragonah, pronounced “Pa-ra-goon-ah” by the local Paiute Indians. Discrepancies exist as to the exact meaning of the name, some claiming it means “many watering holes, springs or marshes” while others say it means “red water” or “warm water.” In any case, it has something to do with water, and there was certainly abundant water there.

Red Creek was very appropriately named because the water was, well, *red*. An old Daughters of the Utah Pioneers lesson pamphlet from January 1948, contained this interesting description of Red Creek, the water, and the effect it had on the settlement:

Other pioneer settlements may have been settled near streams noted for their purity of content, medicinal values, and volume of flow for irrigation and culinary purposes; but this town . . . boasted of a stream that was colored. Especially at flood time, the raging waters of the creek became a maddened torrent of red, cutting washes deep and perilous in the valley floor and leaving behind added sedimentation of iron for which the county was named. The very adobes of the homes give a pink cast in the sunlight as they retain, after nearly a century, the crimson mineral of the soil and water. Fences, barns, and all wooden outbuildings have been stained this color.

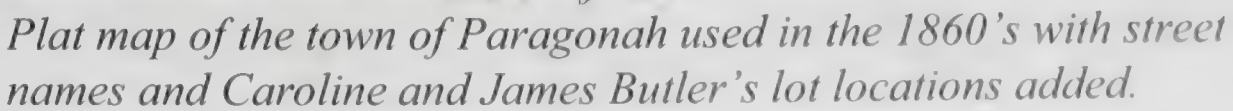
One of the amazing phenomena of the weekly washday in this settlement, before filtration of water was inaugurated, was the utterly pure whiteness of the hand-scrubbed clothing, which had been laundered in the red water. The water bags, canvas filters and coolers, all were red as though dipped in a dye, but the water was clean and refreshing when it reached the table.

Perhaps few converts could boast of such baptismal water as this Red Creek, for places in the stream were temporarily dammed for baptismal ceremonies in early days.²

People from nearby Parowan began staking out farms in the Red Creek area beginning in 1851, but Indian concerns kept the settlers from building homes there for the first few years. In the late 1850's they built a fort there and about 1860 a town site was selected and measured off. The year 1862 saw homes being built on the new town site and a prosperous little community began to form.³ The Butlers were among the first settlers of this new town.

John, along with his mother and younger siblings moved to Red Creek sometime between his father's death in 1860 and their eventual move to Panguitch in 1864.⁴ Establishing the exact year they moved south has proven impossible; however, we do have some clues. In particular, Alva Retta Robinson Dixon, daughter of John's youngest sister Alveretta Farozine, wrote

County records indicate that Caroline Butler owned a lot occupying the northwest corner of Center Street and East Second Street in Paragonah.⁸ Family records indicate that they built a small log house on it, which according to granddaughter Alva Retta Robinson Dixon, was still standing in 1976.⁹



First Settlement of Panguitch

On June 12, 1852, a little over a year after settlers first arrived at Parowan, John C. L. Smith led a party of seven men on an expedition to explore the valleys over the mountains to the east of Parowan. They traveled some 336 miles through rough and mostly roadless terrain in only twelve days. In the process, they followed part of the Old Spanish Trail at least part of the way up Little Creek Canyon to the divide and then crossed over into Panguitch Valley. They were the first Mormons to see this valley. Here they found plentiful water and ample land for farming. They reported that it was “good country for timber” and that the area was ideal for any wishing “to go into the lumber trade.”¹⁰ As they continued up to the headwaters of the Sevier River, John C. L. Smith noted in a report printed shortly after in the *Deseret News*: “There can be a good wagon road got from the Sevier country, to this point. There are plenty of hops and timber, and some handsome places for settlements in the narrow but fertile bottom of the stream.”¹¹

John C. L. Smith was a young man, only 29 at the time. Nevertheless, he had already been called to preside over all the settlements in Iron and Washington counties, a huge geographic area covering a quarter of the present state of Utah. He was the Stake President, the Church and de-facto community leader over all of extreme southern Utah. Also, in less than nine months he would become the father of John Butler’s future wife, and interestingly it was his exploration of the Panguitch Valley that would eventually lead to his own daughter’s settling there right after her marriage.

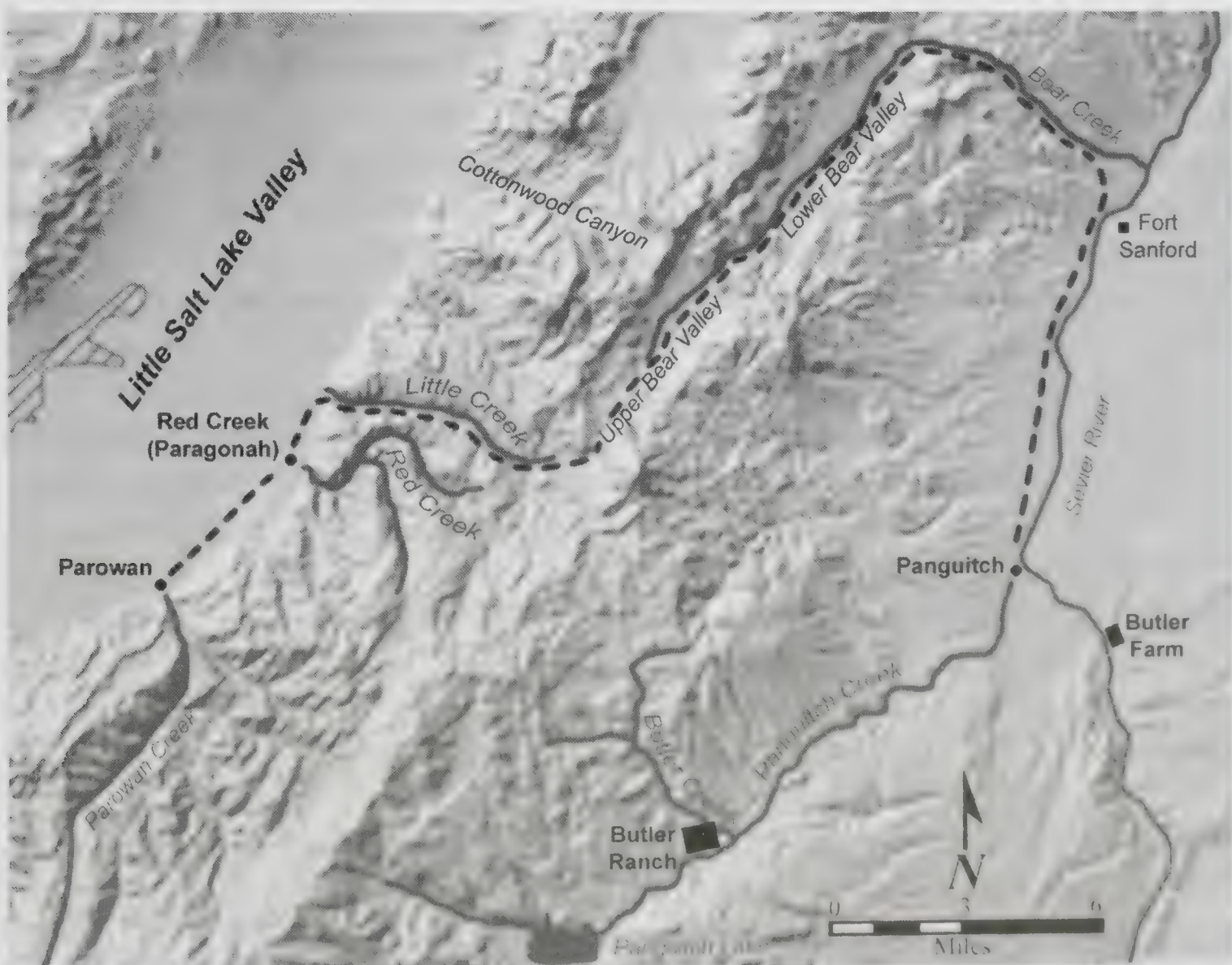
In March of 1864, a group of 54 families, mostly from Parowan, Red Creek (Paragonah), and Beaver, formed the first party of pioneers to settle what is now the Panguitch Valley. The pioneers were led by Jens Neilson (who would become the community’s first bishop), and 20-year-old John Butler, his mother Caroline, and younger siblings James, Lucy, Thomas, and Alveretta, were among them. They began just north of Paragonah at the mouth of Little Creek Canyon, and hacked a road east up the canyon to the mountain divide and then proceeded down the other side through Upper and Lower Bear Valleys, some of the most rugged mountain valleys in the state.¹² They arrived in the Panguitch Valley on March 16th and 17th, and found it to be a V-shaped valley, about 25 miles long, through which the Sevier River passed flowing north.¹³

They founded their settlement at the confluence of the Sevier River and Panguitch Creek, and initially named their town Fairview. Shortly after, the name was changed to Panguitch, which is derived from a local Indian word meaning “fish” or “big fish.” Panguitch Creek drained Panguitch Lake, a large natural reservoir of clear water, 18 miles southwest of the town. In the early days both the lake, and the creek flowing from it, contained large quantities of trout. Panguitch Creek also provided ample water for the pioneers’ crops. Land east and south of town was divided into 40-acre fields and they immediately began constructing a canal (later called the South Field Ditch) to draw irrigation water from Panguitch Creek.¹⁴ That canal is still in use today.

Planting that first spring proceeded slowly because only one out of every three families had a yoke of oxen.¹⁵ The Butlers, having come with livestock from Spanish Fork to Paragonah only shortly before, likely were among the families with teams of their own, but certainly would have shared them with the others.

Adding to the shortage of teams for planting was the fact that some had to be employed in hauling logs to the town site for building purposes. Edward Dalton, a prominent surveyor from Parowan, proceeded to lay out the town and parcel off lots. His name is found on many of the Butler family's deed records.

Hastily built "brush shanties and cellars" served as shelters for the families until they could build more substantial homes, as fears from increasingly hostile Indians turned their attention to building a fort.¹⁶ Their fort stood on the square in what is now the east part of Panguitch, which the High School and District School would later occupy. Once again, it was a typical Mormon fort with houses facing the center and portholes out of the back walls. It was a wood fort with a guard house in the center and stockade in the northwest corner. On the southwest corner was a 18 x 20 foot meeting house built of hewn logs, with a large stone fireplace in the north end providing both heat and light (with the aid of tallow candles). Each side of the building contained two windows and a door, and a floor made of smoothed split logs fitted tightly together formed a good stout surface to dance on. The building wasn't large, but it was the pride of their little community and served for church meetings, public gatherings, parties, dances, etc. The fort was never entirely finished but it did provide a measure of protection.¹⁷



Quilt Walker

The pioneers found fertile soil and plenty of water for crops, but at an elevation of over 6,600 feet, Panguitch would forever be at the mercy of short growing seasons and harsh winters. The Butlers later related that during their first year in Panguitch the wheat they planted froze before being fully ready to harvest and what they did manage to harvest “made very poor flour.”¹⁸

Making matters worse, that first winter (1864-65) was extremely cold, and with deep snows the people quickly found themselves trapped in their isolated valley, short on supplies. With no flour mills closer than Gunnison, 115 miles to the north, and Parowan, 40 miles west over the terrible Bear Valley/Little Creek road (that even today is impassible for about six months each year), even their meager wheat harvest couldn’t be turned into useful flour. The women at first ground some wheat using coffee mills. When the little coffee mills wore out, they resorted to using stones like they had seen the Indian women use. Often they simply gave up on trying to make flour and just boiled the wheat. The few fish the men caught and occasional wild game they could kill provided some relief, but it was not enough to satisfy the hungry community.

With their community facing possible starvation, 20-year-old John Butler along with six other men, volunteered to make a heroic winter crossing of the mountains to go to Parowan for flour. They took only one light wagon pulled by two yoke of oxen, hoping to break enough of a road through the heavy snow to get them through. However, at the head of Bear Valley the snow became so heavy that breaking the trail any further was impossible.

Ready to give up and turn back, the men formed a circle to pray kneeling on a quilt they had spread on top of the snow to shield their legs from the cold. They prayed for their lives to be spared and that somehow they could get food for their starving families. When they finished praying, inspiration flashed as the men realized that the quilt they were kneeling on had kept them from sinking in the deep snow, and they found that by laying quilts in front of them they could walk across the snow without sinking. So they proceeded across the divide, laying quilts in front of them as they walked, the last man picking up the quilt behind him and moving to the front, thereby proceeding forward in “leap-frog” fashion until they crossed down the other side of the mountains and on to Parowan.¹⁹ Fellow “Quilt Walker,” Alex Matheson shared the group’s sentiments, “we decided if we had faith as big as a mustard seed we could make it and bring flour to our starving families.”²⁰

The people of Parowan kindly received the little rescue party and provided them with flour and transportation as far back as wagon travel was possible. Then the men crossed the snowy mountainous divide, “quilt walking” as they had done before. The return trip was made



harder with the added weight of the flour they each carried, nevertheless, they finally made it back to the wagon and oxen they had left behind and “on home with thankfulness to the Lord of His goodness.”

Their worried families greeted them with much joy, and as Alex Matheson related, “the whole settlement welcomed us, because we had been gone longer than expected. There had been prayers, tears, and fears, which turned to rejoicing and cheers.”²¹ Children in particular, “laughed and cried for joy to be privileged to eat real bread.”²² John had provided his family with needed flour, the price of which was one of their cows; however, his mother Caroline shared and provided their neighbors with loaves of bread.²³

Now, almost 150 years later, the heroic effort of John and his fellow “Quilt Walkers” that first winter is still remembered. A large multi-day festival is held annually commemorating the event. It is a grand celebration with food, crafts, reenactments by “quilt walking” children, theatrical presentations, and of course, numerous quilt displays, classes, and events.²⁴ Standing on the corner of Panguitch’s main intersection at Center Street (Highway 89) and 200 East is a monument with a plaque telling the story, upon which is inscribed the name of John Butler. Even a highway, State Route 143, known as “Utah’s Patchwork Parkway” was so named in part to pay “specific and reverent homage to the participants of the historic Quilt Walk.”²⁵

The Black Hawk War

The Mormon pioneers at Panguitch were not the only ones who were starving during that bitter winter. The bands of local Paiute Indians surrounding them also struggled and like many whites would rather steal than starve. Church President Brigham Young preached that feeding the Indians was cheaper in the long run than fighting them, and for several years had been promoting that policy in Mormon settlements.

The Panguitch settlers, or at least the Butlers, viewed the Indians around them as their neighbors, not enemies. Demonstrating that view John later told his children that even during the Indian battles he participated in, “he never did pull a trigger on the Indians—he just tried to scare them into surrendering stolen property.”²⁶ To John, killing one of these Indians would be like killing a neighbor, possibly someone he even knew by name. So how could he?

Nevertheless, frustration with settlers occupying more and more of their land increased tension among the Indian population in Utah. In 1865 a brilliant Ute chief named Antonga, called Black Hawk by the whites, forged a war alliance among most of the bands throughout the territory, even including the Navajos who came raiding from the south. Black Hawk’s and other bands began raiding Mormon communities, mostly to steal livestock, but would kill whoever tried to stop them. Even typically friendly Indians got caught up in the depredations and at times were brought into conflict with those who shortly before had been considered neighbors and friends.

The Black Hawk War would be the longest, deadliest, and most costly conflict between Indians and Mormon pioneers, and although the brunt of it would hit central Utah, battles would occur around the Panguitch and Parowan communities as well. On March 21, 1865, a company in the territorial militia was organized to help protect Panguitch, with John Louder elected as captain.²⁷ John and James Butler were part of this unit.

Four days earlier, the residents of Panguitch who had all survived that difficult first winter, celebrated with a huge party commemorating the one year anniversary of their arrival.²⁸

Building projects proceeded that year, with homes, fences, and corrals going up, along with continued work on their fort. In addition, that spring they built a large schoolhouse, 20 x 30 feet in size, with a large fireplace in the west end. The building was constructed of hewn logs, including the floor. It served as a church and recreation center as well as for school purposes.²⁹

Building, farming, and especially herding activities were difficult that year, as Indian hostilities required the workers to move about under heavy guard, and the people had to move into the fort for protection. Nevertheless, they managed a better harvest that year and passed an easier winter than the one before.

In early 1866, a military outpost was built on the east side of the Sevier River, about six miles north of Panguitch near Lowder Spring, to guard travelers along the Old Spanish Trail. Fort Sanford was a stockade style fort built with juniper posts set vertically to form eight-foot high walls enclosing five acres of good pasture where livestock could be protected. A deep ditch was dug around the perimeter to prevent attackers from scaling the walls. An incident beginning at this fort would precipitate the only historic battle fought near Panguitch, a battle in which John and James Butler played significant roles.

On April 22, 1866, a skirmish outside Fort Sanford with two Indians on express from Black Hawk's band caused a soldier to be wounded, an Indian killed, and the second Indian wounded as he escaped to safety. Interestingly, the two men wounded in the skirmish, William West, the white man, and Shegump, the Indian, would become good friends after the war.³⁰

Two days later, Captain Louder was ordered to take some fifteen men, including John and James Butler, to the Paiute Indian camp on Panguitch Creek. He was to take the Indians there prisoners and hold them at Panguitch until they received further orders.

As mentioned earlier, these Indians were neighbors of the Mormon settlers, they had previously traded with one another, and even knew some by name. They had no desire to cause a battle with them, so on approaching the Indian camp they "thought it best to divide the party, so as not to excite the Indians"³¹ and come in at intervals rather than en masse as an armed force.

The company entered the camp without any fighting, but trouble commenced when Captain Louder demanded the Indians' guns. One of the Paiutes was nicknamed Old Doctor Bill by the whites due to his white hair, dignified appearance, and some pretensions to medicine man status.³² He became incensed and very excited at the demand, glaring at the militiamen,

shaking his head and insisting that he could not find his gun. Old Doctor Bill became even more angry when the militiamen found the weapon hidden in some brush behind his wigwam.

At this juncture, another Indian (either named "Red Lake" or from Red Lake) came up to Louder and presented a gun to him pretending to surrender it, but in the process turned the muzzle towards him. Louder quickly caught the gun with his left hand, thrusting it aside, and the two began to fight for possession of it.

Meanwhile Old Doctor Bill had turned warrior too, and quickly grabbed a bow and shot an arrow into a group of whites, which buried itself into the side of James Butler. The other men began firing at Old Bill, severing three fingers from his hand as he was drawing another arrow. The old warrior then fled through high sagebrush, dodging bullets as he went, with the white men in hot pursuit. One bullet hit him bringing him down. He rose again, but a white horseman overtook him and smashed a rifle barrel down on his head, destroying the gun and killing the Indian.

In the meantime, Captain Louder was still fighting with "the Red Lake Indian" in a death struggle for control of the gun. Despite his wound young James Butler, only a teenager at the time, was first to come to his aid. With the arrow still sticking out of his side, he rushed to his captain's aid and fired his double-barreled gun, killing the brave.

One can imagine John's horror as he saw his younger brother laying bleeding with an arrow lodged in his side. Captain Louder quickly sent John to Panguitch to fetch a wagon to carry James back to town. Undoubtedly, John made that trip with breakneck speed.

Back in Panguitch, "two men laid hold of that arrow" sticking out of James's side, "but they couldn't pull it out" according to William Ashworth. "We were afraid the sinew lashings that held the arrowhead to the shaft would loosen and leave the head inside him," he continued. Eventually, "with three men working at it," enlarging the wound and loosening it enough, they finally managed to pull it out.³³

One can only imagine the pain James went through during this process, as well as the emotional anguish John endured in seeing him go through it! In the end, James survived and made a full recovery.

In the absence of the Butlers, the remaining militiamen at the Indian camp buried the two Indian braves killed during the conflict and guarded and cared for the Indians as prisoners "for a considerable time" until orders came to free them.³⁴

With the Black Hawk War raging and increased fears of Indian attacks, especially after the recent skirmishes raised the potential for reprisals, the decision was made to abandon the town of Panguitch. At the end of May 1866, after two years of hard work, poverty, and hardship, the pioneers packed their wagons, leaving behind crops in the ground, new homes, corrals, and the unfinished fort with all its buildings, as well as their recently dashed hopes and dreams. Jesse N. Smith, a militiaman from Parowan who helped with the

evacuation, gave a poignant description of the sorrowful scene as the Butlers and their neighbors abandoned their Panguitch homes:

It was interesting to note the changing emotion of the people as they left their homes and commenced the difficult and dangerous march. The young mother turned involuntarily to seek out with tearful eyes the roof that had sheltered her infant's cradle. Nor could the husband pass unmoved by the broad acres redeemed from the desert by his toil, now putting forth the young crop, a crop that should never know a harvest . . . The lot of these settlers had been one of peculiar hardship. They came out here that they might farm their own lands and no longer work land in shares for their more fortunate brethren. Many had expended nearly all their little property in opening their farms; . . . It was hard to thus give up all for which they had toiled and suffered. What wonder the women wept at the parting. What wonder strong men turned away to hide their swimming eyes.³⁵

The community members dispersed to Parowan, Paragonah, Beaver, or farther north. Most of the discouraged little band would never return to Panguitch. But the Butlers would be an exception.

Through the remainder of the Black Hawk War the Butlers would make Paragonah their home once more. During their absence, the Indians left the deserted town of Panguitch remarkably undisturbed. A military expedition passed through Panguitch in late August, about three months after the settlers left. Lieutenant Joseph Fish, who happened to be the uncle of John Butler's future wife, described the eerily vacant ghost town:

In the afternoon we traveled nearly to Panguitch where we camped, taking great precaution in selecting a place where we could not be successfully attacked by Indians. On the morning of the 24th we passed through the deserted town of Panguitch, the houses were the same as when the people left them, they had not been disturbed by the Indians. The recent rains had made things grow very fast, and the grass in the streets was a foot high. The grain looked fine, almost ready to harvest. It looked lonesome and desolate to see such good prospects for a crop and not a white man in the valley. However, a company came over from Parowan soon after and harvested much of the grain. We helped ourselves to a few potatoes but could not carry many.³⁶

It would be safe to suppose that John was among the group that "came over" later that summer "and harvested much of the grain" from Panguitch fields. Farming and herding activities around Paragonah also likely occupied much of his summer and fall, as would building projects on the family's home there.

The Little Creek Raid

Throughout 1866 and 1867, Indian bands, including Black Hawk's, continued raiding communities through much of central and southern Utah. Their principal targets were large cattle herds, which they would try to run off into their mountain strongholds, and if possible, on to Colorado or New Mexico where they were marketed with the help of white outlaws.³⁷

By the summer of 1867, people of Parowan and Paragonah were very concerned that the community's livestock would soon fall prey to Indian raids. On the 30th of June they held a meeting to discuss plans to protect them. The people were very much divided, even among Church leaders. Stake President William Dame called for a plan to herd the stock during the day, but then corral them at night. His counselor in the stake presidency, Jesse N. Smith, and Jesse's brother, Silas S. Smith, who was the bishop at Paragonah, felt that trying to corral such a large number of animals each night wasn't feasible, and instead proposed a plan to leave the stock out on the range, but have armed guards with them day and night. The discussion became contentious, but ultimately the Smith brothers' plan was adopted. Nevertheless, President Dame maintained his disapproval and predicted bloodshed would be the result. In the end, the Stake President would be proven right.

Livestock owners in the two towns pooled their cattle into one herd and agreed to pay, in proportion to the cattle they owned, four guards to watch over them.³⁸ On July 3rd, William Lefever, John Louder, Joseph Fish, and James Butler began duty as herd guards, earning \$4 a day for the rather hazardous job. John's younger brother James must have recovered from his arrow wound by then. The men rode among and around the massive cattle herd, out on the bottom land northwest of Paragonah, keeping the livestock in a position to view them easily and always looking for signs of Indians. To avoid a surprise attack, the men changed their campsite every night after dark so the Indians couldn't tell where they were during the night.

Things went smoothly until July 21st. That day James Butler and John Louder went up to Paragonah to get provisions. Joseph Fish and William Lefever scouted around north of the herd several miles and waited until almost dark, about 9:00 p.m., before heading back to their secret camp, so "not to be observed." Just then a number of what they at first thought were loose horses passed not far from them going at a full run towards the herd. They soon realized that the horses had Indian riders. They followed the Indians and by the time they arrived, found that the stock were being gathered and were already starting to be driven toward the mouth of Little Creek Canyon. It happened so quickly that at first they thought Louder and Butler might have seen the Indians approaching, got help, and were actually driving them to safety. But that seemed too improbable, so Joseph Fish made a dangerous move to determine for sure who was driving the herd. Lying down on the side of his horse, so as not to be seen, he rode into the front of the herd. Then reigning in his horse, fell back among the stock, drifting back among the dust and dark until he was within a

few feet of those “who were whipping up the back of the herd.” He was so close to them that he could hear them talking and it was at that point that he knew for sure they were Indians. He noted that about 15 raiders were then herding the cattle, but that many of the Indians were still out gathering stock.

Little did Joseph Fish realize that this Indian raid was being led by none other than Black Hawk himself. The famed Ute chief saw this large combined cattle herd as a major prize and had come with a party of about 90 warriors, which he divided into three groups of 30 each.³⁹ In the dark that night, the Mormons would have no clue who they were really fighting and how many there were. The few Mormon militiamen that gathered to repel the raid would be vastly outnumbered.

After ascertaining which direction they were taking the herd, Joseph pressed his horse faster until he exited the front of the herd, then meeting up with Lefever once more, they “rode on to Paragonah as fast as we could to notify the people of the raid.”

Meanwhile, Louder and Butler, upon returning with their provisions, had encountered a number of Indians driving a small herd of cattle. They fired on the thieves, and supposing that Fish and Lefever had been killed, hurried back to Paragonah and raised the alarm.

By the time Fish and Lefever arrived, they found the townspeople already mourning their death and a small party of men had already formed and was almost ready to start out to rescue the herd.⁴⁰

The four guards, along with seven other “Paragonah Boys,” then started towards the mouth of Little Creek Canyon (about 1½ miles northeast of town) to head off the Indians. This eleven-man group, which included the three Butler brothers, John, James, and even 16-year-old Thomas, executed an extremely daring tactic to stop the Indians who vastly outnumbered them. According to Joseph Fish:

As we neared the spot, we heard the Indians and the herd coming. We at once crossed the creek and charged on the herd and its drivers, going at full speed. We fired at every object that we thought to be an Indian and in the direction where we could hear anything that resembled a movement of an Indian. At the same time we gave such a terrific yell that it would put the demons of the lower regions to shame. This had the desired effect of stampeding the cattle, and we followed after, turning them back to the bottom again. The Indians, however, left the cattle and gained the foothills in the darkness. They never returned our fire. We followed the stock on a full run for about three miles, we then checked up to see if we had lost any of our men, and found to our joy that not a man was missing or hurt. We then rode about, looking for other parties of Indians that we know were in the valley.⁴¹

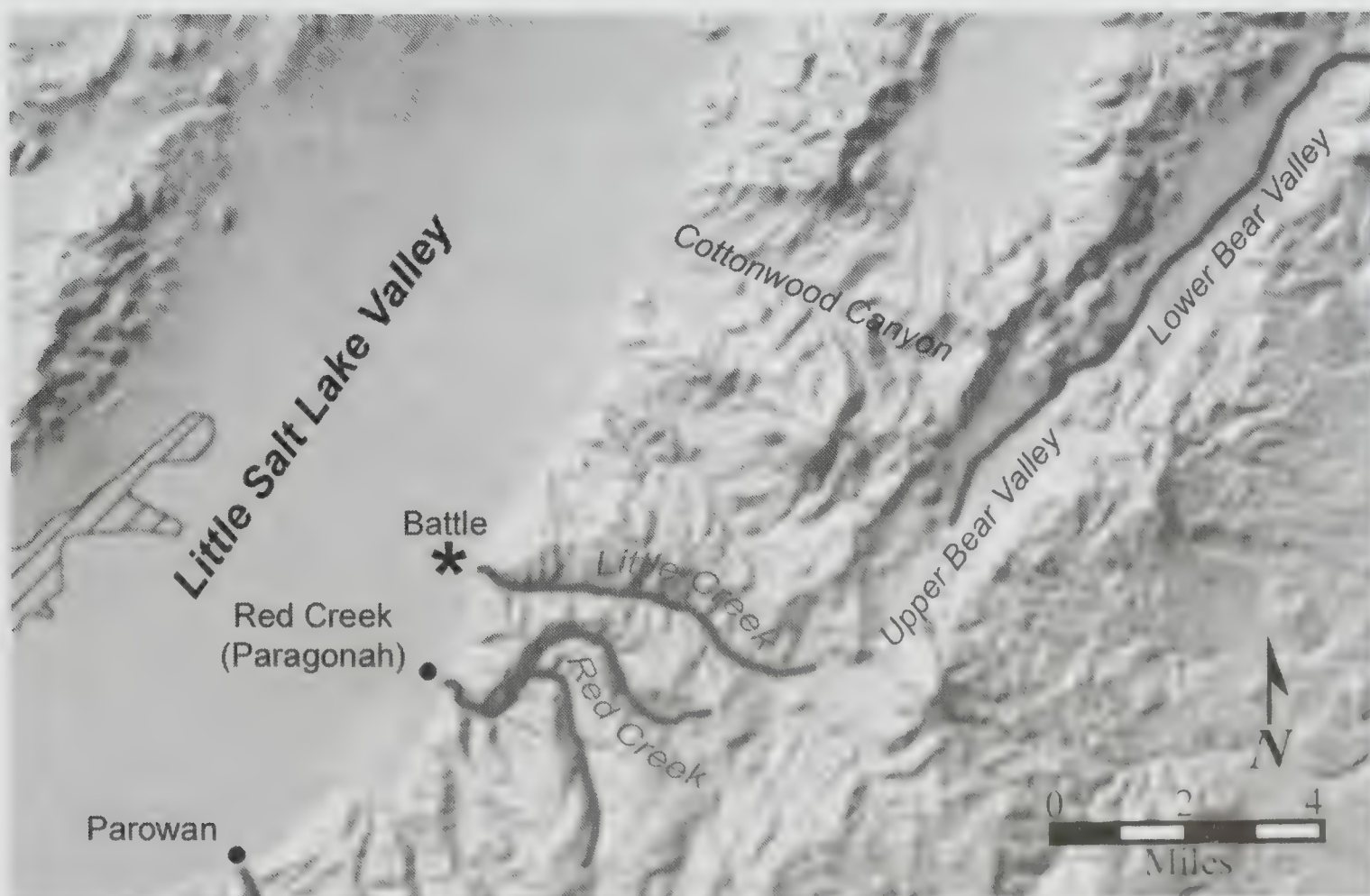
Meanwhile, when the alarm was first sounded in Paragonah, George Taylor rode to Parowan to get additional help. Along the way he noted “coyote howls” from Indians all over the valley and wondered how long it would be before he lost his scalp. After being admitted through the gate of the fort at Parowan he

began shouting, "Fight is on with the Indians at mouth of Little Creek Canyon, and Joe Fish has been killed!" Of course, they'd all find out later that Joseph Fish's "death was greatly exaggerated" as Mark Twain liked to say.

Soon Edward Dalton, captain of the militia, was heading a force from Parowan to Little Creek. On the way, they met the eleven Paragonah Boys who were by then heading back to town after chasing the Indians into the canyon and driving the stock out to safety.

Captain Dalton now divided the little militia, leaving part to guard the mouth of Little Creek Canyon. He then led 16 men, including young Thomas Butler,⁴² around to the north and then east up Cottonwood Canyon, to intercept the Indians they thought might pass up out of Little Creek Canyon, over the divide, and east through Bear Valley. At the head of Cottonwood Canyon, where it intersects a natural pass between Upper and Lower Bear Valley, they "caught unawares" part of Black Hawk's force who were resting easily, not anticipating that the whites would make such a long round about move. After a short skirmish, the Indians fled into the hills, leaving not only the stolen cattle and horses, but also their own saddles, robes, blankets, ropes, and horses as well. The militiamen not only recovered their own livestock, but came away with considerable spoils of war as well.⁴³

Meanwhile, as they saw Dalton's force leave, the Indians at Little Creek "thought they had the best of us" (the small contingent of about 15 militiamen left to guard the mouth of the canyon, which included John and James Butler).⁴⁴ During the night the Indians proceeded to gather several small herds and tried to get them into the mountains, but each time were repulsed by the Butler brothers and others. In total that night the Indians had gathered some 700 head of cattle and horses. Had the Indians been successful in getting away with them, it would



have been the largest single raid of the war,⁴⁵ but in the end they did not succeed in getting away with a single animal.

Several of the Indians had taken up favorable positions behind high rocks and trees at the mouth of the canyon. All the latter part of the night they kept up a constant fire on the Mormons, who had taken position behind a large boulder just out of the canyon.⁴⁶ It was so dark that John and his fellow militiamen couldn't tell where the Indians were until they fired and they could see the flash of their guns. All night it was a dangerous game of watching for a muzzle flash and then returning fire at it.

The fire from their guns could plainly be seen by the people in town, "many of whom got on the roofs of their houses in order to get a better view of the fight."⁴⁷ One can imagine an extremely anxious mother, Caroline Butler, hearing the roar of gunfire and watching flashes from muzzle blasts, just hoping and praying that one of those didn't mark the end of one of her sons!

Just before daylight the Indians drew off further into the canyon and the battle paused for a time.

As soon as it was light, the men commenced to look for signs, to see if the Indians had managed to get any cattle past them into the canyon during the night. Tracks indicated that they had managed to get a few by and so the militiamen started into the canyon in pursuit. They had only gone a short distance when they stopped to consult together regarding a plan of action, knowing that the Indians were not far ahead and probably waiting to ambush them. Little did they know just how close the Indians really were, as Joseph Fish explained:

We all halted and as we got close together for consultation, the Indians opened fire on us from ambush in the rocks and ledges about forty yards distant on both sides of the canyon. The ambush came sooner than we expected and the balls came among us like hail stones. As the Indians were above us we could not reach them, so we made a hasty retreat of 150 or 200 yards to the mouth of the canyon just out of range of their guns, where we found to our great joy that there was not a man missing. Two horses were hit and one or two of our saddles had bullet holes in them. Allen Miller was struck on his revolver by a ball which bruised his hip and left it black and blue. Several bullets came so close to my head that they appeared to brush my hair. There were probably twenty-five Indians, judging from the firing of the first volley.⁴⁸

We can not be sure, but this might have been the occasion when John had a horse shot out from under him. His daughter Olive related that he "fought in the Indian wars" and "on one occasion he had a horse shot out from under him." Later he also found a bullet in his saddle. He had noticed a sore forming on his horse's back and upon investigation found a bullet lodged on the underside of the saddle. He saw that the bullet had gone down the back of the saddle missing his "seat" by only two inches.⁴⁹ That would have been an awkward war wound for sure!

Considering the Indians' advantageous position in the canyon and their vastly greater numbers, it truly was a miracle that none of the militiamen were even wounded in this battle.

Not to be deterred, as soon as the men reached the open ground at the mouth of the canyon and "found that all were present," they dismounted and began to advance up the sides of the canyon. The militiamen "pressed upon the savages so close that they retreated back to the next ledge of rocks," according to Fish, who also noted there were only "about fifteen of us in this party." They were greatly outnumbered and a counterattack by the Indians was probably imminent, but just at this moment additional reinforcements came up from Parowan. Part of the company that had gone up Cottonwood Canyon the night before returned as well. Now, as this combined force pushed forward, "the Indians kept falling back from one ledge to another, on both sides of the canyon, and soon disappeared."

The battle had lasted most of the previous night, all of the morning, and it was "about noon before the firing ceased."

The fight was now over and the Indians had been driven off, not only without getting a single animal, but they had lost "about 50 of their own saddle horses," saddles, and other equipment in the process. These were later sold to help pay the expenses the settlers incurred in having to hire livestock guards.

There is no way of knowing how many Indians died in the battle; the settlers believed probably only two or three. Miraculously, none of the militiamen died, or were even seriously wounded.

That afternoon all of the stock was gathered and corralled. The next day the men stood as nervous guards over their herd and found arrows in some of the animals. They "were quite fatigued since [they] had little rest for about three days." Nevertheless, the men had to stay ready for another attack they thought might come at any time, keeping their "horse, saddle, and arms where [they could] get them and be off on ten minutes warning day or night."

At Little Creek the Ute Indians had "met a smashing defeat" and history would record it as "a complete Mormon victory." The bravery of Paragonah's little band of militiamen was heralded throughout the state, and their heroic success "pleased Brigham Young very much." In reality, the Church President was overjoyed and exclaimed, "a few such affairs as this, [will] probably induce [the Indians] to come to terms!" Actually, this one "such affair" had already "induced the Indians to come to terms." John and his brothers didn't realize it at the time, but their victory at Little Creek had "stopped Black Hawk cold." The battle marked his last raid of the war, as less than three weeks later he showed up at the Uintah Indian reservation and told the whites he was ready to make peace and promised to work with other Indian leaders to stop the fighting.⁵⁰

It is difficult to place an exact ending date to the Black Hawk War. As mentioned, Black Hawk himself stopped fighting in 1867, but it would be a full year later before he and other chiefs signed a formal peace treaty. Even then, bands beyond his control continued making intermittent raids until 1872. It

wouldn't be until the early 1870's before a sense of security would again be felt among the Mormon pioneers of southern Utah.

In particular, Navajo raiders coming from the southeast would be southern Utah's main problem. Daniel Pendleton, one of John's fellow militiamen, noted this as he summarized the aftermath of the Little Creek battle: "This was the last big Indian raid with the Utes—only an occasional loss of a few animals later. Our main trouble now was with the Navajos."⁵¹

Navajo Raids

It is impossible to determine now, just how many actions against Navajo raiders John Butler was involved in. However, there are at least three in which he is named as a participant by fellow militiamen.

Heber Benson wrote that in mid-December 1868, a large band of Navajo Indians rounded up cattle, horses, and mules in the north part of the Little Salt Lake Valley and drove them east through Bear Valley, then south along the Sevier River heading for the abandoned town of Panguitch.⁵²

John and Thomas Butler joined a company of about 25 men, led by Morgan Richards, that started out from Parowan at about 10 o'clock at night in pursuit. Being early winter, there was already about 14 inches of snow in the hills as they rode through the night to Panguitch. It must have been somewhat of a homecoming for John and Thomas, as the company camped for the remainder of the night in the vacant meeting house they helped build a few years before.

The next morning, the company divided into two parties to search for the Indians. In the end, the effort proved fruitless. One group came upon the Navajos' trail and found that they had headed toward Panguitch Lake, with what they estimated were some 75-100 head of livestock, but could not apprehend them. The two groups reunited once more at Upper Bear Valley and returned home empty handed.

Joseph Fish wrote that on October 31, 1869, Navajo Indians made a raid on Kanarraville (about 30 miles south of Parowan) and "drove off quite a number of animals." Mormons from Kanarraville pursued the raiders and managed to get part of their livestock back. Meanwhile, part of the Indians came up to Cedar City (about 13 miles south of Parowan), gathered up some more stock, including some freight teams, and crossed east over the mountains by Johnson's Fort and on to the upper Sevier River valley.⁵³

A party of Parowan "Minute Men" was mustered and proceeded east across the mountains, going by way of Panguitch Lake, to the Sevier River in an attempt to cut off the Indians' escape. They managed to overtake one party of Indians and recovered about 30 head of horses.

Upon this party's return, the people of Paragonah and Parowan held a meeting to consider what they should do to protect their stock from the increasingly brazen Navajo raiders. In reality, they didn't come up with much of a plan, just "to look after our stock as best we could" and simply "watch the passes where stock could be driven out of the valley." Another more

devastating raid two months later would show that they really should have come up with a better plan.

On New Year's Day, 1870, John, Thomas, and possibly James Butler were called out of a dance, as the alarm was given that the Navajos were in the process of another raid.⁵⁴ The Indians had snuck by the line of Mormon settlements in the Little Salt Lake Valley and unbeknownst to the settlers had spent a day or two gathering up stock in the west mountains. They managed to gather a substantial herd of some 500-600 head of livestock, mostly horses, and struck east to make their escape, putting a damper on the Butler brothers' New Year's party.

The militiamen started up Parowan Canyon, attempting to quickly cut across the mountains to intercept the Indians, but heavy snows forced them to turn back and circle around to the north and then proceed east across the mountains using the lower Little Creek Canyon/Bear Valley route. They came upon one Indian, who for some reason had been left behind or had gone off on his own. The Indian fought with the white men, who were forced to kill him. Another "Indian" was captured, but he turned out to be a Mexican, who had been a captive slave among the Navajos for some time and apparently used this opportunity to escape to freedom. In the deep snow, the men lost or were unable to find the Indians' trail, and being a hastily organized group with little provisions for an extended search, returned to Parowan.

On January 3rd, a company of about 25 men were "fitted up" and prepared to search for and try to intercept the Indians, who they assumed would be making their way southeast towards the Paria River country on the edge of the Navajo homeland. Late in the day, Captain Edward Dalton led the company up Parowan Canyon, arriving at "Hogs Back" near the head of the canyon about dark. It was a miserable journey, as they fought through deep snow up over the high mountain divide in the dark, stopping and resting for "about an hour" and eating "a midnight supper in the snow." They made their way past Panguitch Lake (which sits at an elevation of about 8,500 feet) through "snow up to our horse's bellies." Finally, about daybreak they made it to the Sevier River. They followed the Sevier upstream heading south a little way, before turning east towards Upper Kanab and the mountain source of the Kanab River. They found the snow quite deep once more and had to rotate taking the lead, "breaking the road, as a horse could not stand it long . . . going in the lead." By the time the men finally reached Upper Kanab at about 11:00 p.m. on January 4th, their condition was extreme, as Joseph Fish related:

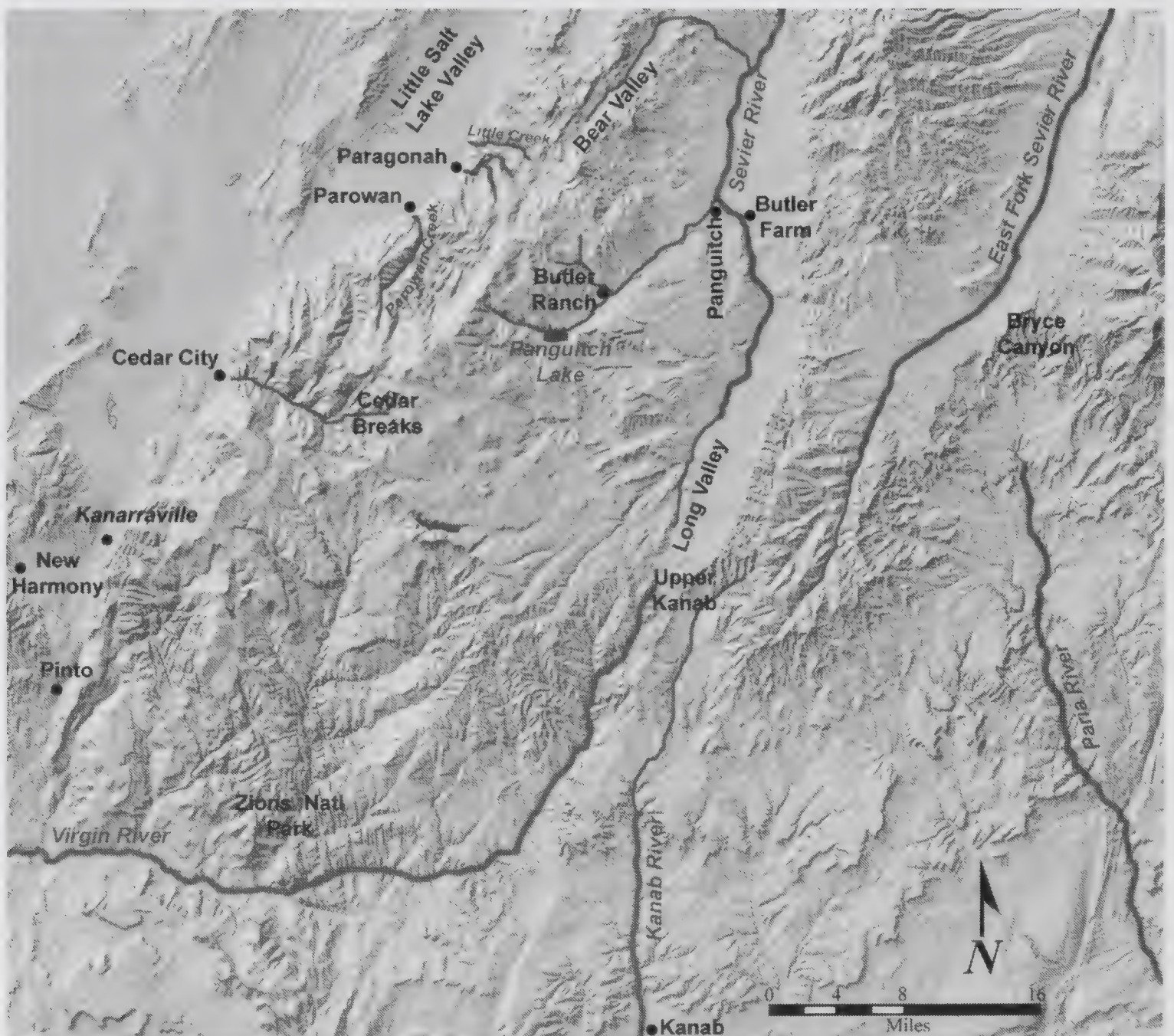
Our march had been terribly hard and trying. Being in the snow so long had its effect, some had their feet, ears, and cheeks frosted, and some of our best and strongest men actually fell from their horses from exhaustion. They had to be helped on and cared for, so in this condition we camped until morning.⁵⁵

The next morning, the men arose early and started their march to the southeast towards the Paria country. However, after a few miles they realized that the Indians had not gone that direction after all. Their harrowing trek to the

southeast had been in vain, they had been going in the wrong direction. The Indians must have taken a more northerly route than expected. So they decided to retrace their steps to the Sevier River and follow it north to find where the Indians' trail crossed. At midnight they stopped for the night, about seven miles above the abandoned town of Panguitch.

At daylight the next morning (the 6th), they began looking for signs as they continued their march north, keeping near the east mountains and passing Panguitch on their left. Helping them as guide was a friendly Piede Indian chief the Mormons nicknamed "Panguitch John."⁵⁶ About the middle of the afternoon they struck the Navajos' trail.

While Captain Edward Dalton, and one or two others, rode up the mouth of the canyon to determine how many had passed and how old the trail was, the remainder of the company rode down to the river and camped until they decided what to do. Before reaching the river, some of the boys reported seeing Indians to the southwest, so a portion of the company started in pursuit. It turned out to be a false alarm, but the move had divided the company and it would be about 9:00 p.m. that night before the company was reunited again. This forced them to wait until daybreak, before pursuing the Indian trail they had found into the canyon.



About 3:00 a.m. (January 7th), they started out on the Indian trail. Before leaving, they first sent six of their men home. Through the extremity of this winter campaign these men had become sick, "some of them quite serious, and I hardly knew whether some would live through the night," according to Joseph Fish.

The remainder of the company pursued the Indian trail through the dark early morning hours, but as the sun *rose*, their spirits *fell*, as Joseph Fish recounted:

About sunrise there came up such a dense fog that we could hardly see our way, it was extremely cold and the men and horses were covered with frost and looked as white as snow. We followed the trail over the range of mountains into the valley of the east Fork of the Sevier. The road was terribly rough and in places almost impossible.

We arrived at the valley of the east Fork a little before sunset where we stopped a short time to rest. We had found some signs all along and thought that the Indians could not have been very far ahead of us. Judging from the trail we thought there must have been 500 or 600 horses and cattle, mostly horses.⁵⁷

As the sun was setting they rested a moment "eating the last crumbs of [their] provisions." As they looked forward, "they could see the valley ahead was covered deep with snow" and now they "were without a mouthful of anything to eat." If they continued forward they would not only face a possible Indian ambush but the possibility of starvation, their horses giving out, and freezing to death. Most of the men were already getting sick from exhaustion and exposure.

Captain Dalton said he thought it would be unwise to continue on and called for a vote. It was a huge decision as much of the community's livestock, and therefore livelihood, would be lost unless these men could recover them. Even so, all but three voted with the captain to return home. The decision called Captain Dalton's courage into question, as Charles Adams related:

Some thought Edward Dalton was showing the white feather, but most of us knew different. There never was a braver man, but when he had an intuition, he knew enough to stick to it. It was better to lose the cattle and horses than the lives of any of his men.⁵⁸

Even Joseph Fish, who felt "rather disappointed" and was among the three who voted against him, later admitted that the decision was right. "It probably was as well, for it was a cold trip and in our exhausted condition it is probable that some of us would have perished."

In addition, Heber Benson's account states that it was later learned that the Indians had prepared to ambush their pursuers, and that Captain Dalton's decision spared his party from "annihilation from hordes of ambushed Redmen."⁵⁹

They made their way back far enough to camp once more along the Sevier River, on the night of the 8th. Starting very early the next morning they arrived

back home to Paragonah about dark. However, there would be no rest for our half-frozen men, because upon entering the valley they saw what they thought were Indian signal fires to the west. Fearing that more Indians had gathered stock, they divided up their company and went to guard the passes to the east. "It was very cold and we suffered much as we did not dare to make a fire for fear we would be discovered," Joseph Fish related, adding, "we spent a most miserable night standing around with the bridle reins in our hands."

At daybreak on the 10th they searched about and found no signs of any Indians and were finally able to return home. The Butler boys were extremely exhausted, hungry, and half-frozen. They had been on the march for seven days, traveling much of the time during the night, trudging through deep snow in the dead of winter, and they had been in the saddle for thirty-six hours straight before finally reaching the comfort of home once again. One can imagine mother Caroline's anxiety as she worried about her sons for that entire week and now saw what they had gone through.

This last major Navajo raid decimated Parowan and Paragonah's cattle herds. What remained of their stock was gathered up and a guard was kept over it day and night, and "watched very closely." "Many of the brethren lost quite heavily," according to Joseph Fish, who himself had "lost everything."⁶⁰

The Butlers likely lost some of their stock, but apparently did not lose as much as some others. They still had the resources to make a new start in Panguitch a little over a year later, where they would become prosperous with cattle, sheep, and horses.

Livestock, Mining, & Making Money

Aside from his participation in the Indian raids just discussed, we have little information about John's activities between 1866 when he left Panguitch, and the spring of 1871, when he returned, and what information we do have is sketchy. It is obvious, by the fact that he was available for the several campaigns against the Indians, that he spent much time ranching in the Parowan and Paragonah area, and that this is where he called home. We also know that he and his brothers James and Thomas had some cattle, horses, and sheep.

In addition, we know that somehow these three brothers managed to amass a substantial amount of money. Money that would be used to buy equipment for a shingle mill and saw mill, as well as purchase some very expensive horses that we'll discuss later in another chapter.

Family lore suggests that they got rich as gold miners in California, and one son states that John often spoke of Sutters Mill.⁶¹ However, I have been unable to find any facts to substantiate this and the timeframe involved is considerably later than California's gold rush era. Nevertheless, we do find information showing that John was involved in mining during this time. A census list shows a John Butler living in Bingham Canyon, Salt Lake County, on September 9, 1870. The age is off by four years, but the place of birth in Illinois makes it

highly probable that this is our John Butler. That record lists John's occupation as "miner."⁶²

Events later in his life make it clear that John gained experience with, and knowledge of, mining, and in particular gold prospecting. Undoubtedly, he gained some of this knowledge during the 1866 to 1871 window of time, perhaps in the gold fields of California, as some family lore suggests, and certainly some came in the mining communities of Utah. In any case, he made some substantial money during this time.

Resettlement of Panguitch

With Indian troubles now diminished, Church leaders felt that Panguitch could be resettled. President Brigham Young called John's brother-in-law, George Sevy to lead the effort.⁶³ John's sister Phoebe and George had been living at New Harmony, about 40 miles south of Paragonah, since leaving Spanish Fork nine years earlier. In early 1871, George ran the following notice in the *Deseret News* asking for volunteers to settle in Panguitch:

All those who wish to go with me to resettle Panguitch Valley, will meet me at Red Creek on the 4th day of March, 1871 and we will go over the mountain in Company to settle that country.⁶⁴

To avoid confusion I have been using the name "Paragonah" when referring to the Butler's town throughout this book, however it should be remembered that its early name was "Red Creek." So they gathered at Paragonah.

With George and Phoebe's family leading the company, it is easy to see why John and his family would take this opportunity to move back to their Panguitch home and property.

The Butlers who returned to Panguitch included: Mother Caroline, now age 59, and her unmarried children, John, age 27, James, age 24, Thomas, age 19, and Alvaretta, age 17. A few months after abandoning Panguitch, Lucy Ann had married Joseph Barton on October 9, 1866 and would remain with him in Paragonah.

John's older sister, Sarah Adeline, her husband Philo Allen, and their family of small children, would soon join John in Panguitch as well.

John and his brothers were part of an initial company of about 25 men and only two women, their mother Caroline and George Sevy's 2nd wife, Margaret Imlay.⁶⁵ This group had little difficulty getting over the mountains using the normal Little Creek Canyon/Bear Valley route, and reached the Panguitch Valley in mid-March 1871, "where they found no snow and the ground dry and dusty."

They also found the town, dwellings, and farms in remarkably good condition. They were amazed that during the intervening five years of Indian war that "the Indians had not bothered anything" and that even some of their crops were still standing.⁶⁶

During 1871, approximately 120 men, most with families, joined the Panguitch settlement.⁶⁷ Of the original Panguitch settlers, only about half a dozen families had returned. In fairness it was decided that they should have their property back, or a chance to sell it. Of course, that benefited John and his family greatly. During this first year, however, their property would be shared with the newcomers while they were still in the process of clearing land and establishing farms and homes of their own.

Crops were sparse that first harvest. So to help make it last through the winter, the townspeople agreed to place all their wheat into the hands of John's sister Phoebe, the wife of the community's newly appointed bishop, George Sevy. Phoebe then boiled the wheat and distributed it as needed to members of the community. They supplemented their meager food supply with wild game, fish, occasionally butchered cattle, and by sending men on horseback over the mountains to Parowan for flour.

With the cooperative movement (which began in the late 1860's) being pushed by Church leadership, during that first fall of resettlement the residents of Panguitch established the Panguitch Cooperative Mercantile and Manufacturing Institution, and a cooperative store was soon built. Like most cooperative institutions in Utah, theirs was patterned after the Zions Cooperative Mercantile Association in Salt Lake City. With brother-in-law and bishop, George Sevy elected as the organization's president, John and his fellow Butler brothers became active participants.

The Butler Brothers

In Panguitch, John, James, and Thomas engaged in a number of different enterprises and united their efforts in a partnership. They became known as "The Butler Brothers."

The Butler Brothers were well-known throughout southern Utah and were an imposing group of men to see. A photo of Thomas, James, and John, taken together in about 1868,⁶⁸ looks like it was the model for stereotypical wild west men used in countless western movies. They sit as a tough-looking group with long trench coats, vests, boots, and short ties. Adding to this wild west image is the pearl white handle of a revolver that can be seen poking out from under John's coat. Cool expressions grace their faces and piercing eyes give the impression of utmost confidence, suggesting that there is no one bad enough or tough enough to even consider taking them on!

They were a formidable group. At 6 feet 2 inches tall, John was considered a very tall man in the 1800's. In addition, his physique was not that of a skinny beanpole but husky. Nor was he fat, he was just plain big! And his brothers all shared the same build. With one look, men quickly saw that these were the kind of guys they would not want to tangle with, whereas women saw them as ruggedly handsome.

Their older brother, Kenion Taylor, was also a big man, standing 6 feet 4 inches tall. He, along with younger brothers John Jr., James, and Thomas, were

described as “all over six feet tall, ram-rod straight, and had piercing black eyes,” and “the four of them together made a sight that always called for a second look.”⁶⁹

All four brothers had an emotionally close and loving relationship all their lives; however, Kenion Taylor lived in Spanish Fork, almost 200 miles north. Therefore, unless stated otherwise, when reference is made to the “Butler Brothers,” we will be talking about

the three younger brothers John, James, and Thomas, who lived close together throughout most of their lives and who worked together in partnership. We use it as their business name.

In Panguitch the Butler Brothers were engaged in several business endeavors. They owned a 150-acre farm on the Sevier River about three miles southeast of the town of Panguitch, at an elevation of 6,600 feet. It was on this farm that they built year-round homes. On today’s maps it can be found roughly where Butler Wash intersects with the Sevier River.⁷⁰ This Butler Wash⁷¹ should not be confused with the Butler Wash (sometimes called Butler Gulch) that intersects with the San Juan River in the southeast corner of Utah, that is named after our John Butler. We’ll get to that in a later chapter.



Thomas, James, and John Butler – about 1868



Looking south along the Sevier River Valley towards the Butler Brothers’ farm in the distance, which sits about where the trees (center-right) are located before the Sevier River (right) enters the canyon. (Photo taken September 3, 2009)

They also had a 340-acre ranch roughly eleven miles southwest of town, near Panguitch Lake, where Panguitch Creek and the appropriately named Butler Creek come together.⁷² Refer to the map on page 75 for Butler farm and ranch locations.

In looking for this ranch, the author drove south from the town of Panguitch on Highway 143 towards Panguitch Lake. About eleven miles into that journey I noticed off to my right by far the most gorgeous piece of property I had seen anywhere in Panguitch Valley. It was late fall, the typically dry brown time of year, and yet here was beautiful green pasture land with lush grass, nestled among gentle hills with a lovely mountain backdrop, and with large well-flowing creeks passing through it all. I thought to myself, how were the Butlers lucky enough to own the best piece of ranch land in the area? Then it dawned on me, John and his brothers were the first settlers in this area and having the pick of any land they wanted, of course they would pick this lush area with two substantial creeks!

The Butler Brothers had “a lot of horses, and a big band of sheep,”⁷³ and this property served as a base for their sheep, cattle, and horse ranching operation during the summer months. It had plenty of water, pasture, and access to miles of additional grazing land. But at an elevation of about 7800 feet, winters would be too severe to use it as a year-round home for their families, so their permanent homes were on the Sevier River farm.

On the ranch they also built a sawmill and a shingle mill, on Panguitch Creek, less than a mile upstream from where their brother-in-law George Sevy operated a sawmill as well.⁷⁴



The Butler Brothers' ranch at the shingle mill site on Panguitch Creek looking west over their ranch land. Butler Creek is seen in the distance coming in through the draw and then passing in front of the hill on the right before emptying into Panguitch Creek.

(Photo taken September 3, 2009)

Local sawmills capitalized on the abundant timber in the surrounding mountains. With their operation, Panguitch settlers were able to build homes and structures using frame construction with slat siding, instead of log cabins.

The Butler Brothers' shingle mill was a huge benefit also, enabling roofs to be built of wood shake shingles, rather than simply covered in grass and mud. Wives and children no longer had to endure dirty drips from their ceilings as they slept, during heavy rains.

Wood shingles have now largely been replaced with more modern roofing materials, to the point that many future readers may not even know what they are, and almost certainly would have no clue how they were made during the 1870's. Back then the operation of a shingle mill first began with logs being sawn into rounds the length of the intended shingles. The bark was peeled off, and the log "round" was split with the grain of the wood into blocks the width of a shingle. These blocks were then packed tightly into a large box or chest, usually the size of a small room. A boiler was fired and steam was fed into the "box," usually all night. The next morning the blocks were ready to be split into shingles, each block being squared up into the mill, which contained a thin wedge "knife." Each time the knife came down, a shingle was split off the end of the block. The operation of the mill would make people in today's safety conscious society just cringe, as it was extremely dangerous, especially to the individual handling the block. Accounts of shingle mill operators with missing fingers are numerous. For instance, one such operator in nearby Parowan, Orson O. Orton had a reputation for being "as quick as scat," but in time "all but his little fingers went the way of the shingles."⁷⁵ Perhaps slower, John and his brothers managed to retain all their fingers.

The Butler Brothers also had a large freight operation. In addition to providing building materials to Panguitch, they freighted their bundles of shingles and other lumber products to Leeds, Silver Reef Mines, and other mining camps to the south and west that were gobbling up building materials. Panguitch settlers also began producing thousands of pounds of butter and cheese, much of which was shipped abroad.⁷⁶

These enterprises not only provided work for the Butlers but also enabled them to employ men both summer and winter. As for division of responsibility within the Butler Brothers partnership, John managed the lumber business, including the saw and shingle mills, James superintended the farm, and "Thomas rode the range and was a wonderful sheep, cattle, and horseman."⁷⁷ Of course they often worked together when their combined efforts were needed.

John's brother James also kept colonies of bees. Because of his work with bees and honey, his future wife used to call him "Honey Jim" during their courtship. After their marriage, she would sometimes substitute this with "Beeswax Jim," depending on her mood. James was characterized "as a sweet, quiet, and gentle man." He had lots of friends and was known by many of them as "Honey Jim" throughout his life. Children in the neighborhood were always on the lookout for swarms of bees that he could collect.⁷⁸

Panguitch began to flourish and become a thriving community. In addition to the South Field Ditch that the first settlers of Panguitch built to draw irrigation water from Panguitch Creek, the second group of settlers also built canals and began irrigating out of the Sevier River, and even built a dam on it in 1873. With additional irrigation systems, farming operations expanded. James and Samuel Henrie moved a grist mill (flour mill) from Panaca, Nevada, and set it up on Dickenson Hill, using Panguitch Creek for power. Also with the Butlers' and other lumber mills in operation, a school, various businesses, and the community's cooperative store were built, in addition to homes that were now springing up outside the fort. A tannery was built, taking advantage of the settlers' growing cattle herds, to produce leather. The future seat of Garfield County was taking shape.⁷⁹

With all of this, the Butler Brothers were becoming quite prosperous, however as of yet, none of the three had found a wife. But that was about to change, because in 1871, the same year the Butlers returned to Panguitch, John began to court the lovely Nancy Franzetta Smith.

For two years, their courtship would be a long-distance one, because young Miss Smith lived in Parowan, some 40 miles away.

During their 1866-71 absence from Panguitch during the Black Hawk war, the Butler Brothers lived in Parowan at the home of Mary Ann Leach Adams for one winter to go to school.⁸⁰ Perhaps this was the occasion when John met Nancy Franzetta. In any case, he certainly had met and developed an attraction to her before resettling in Panguitch.

Chapter Five

Nancy Franzetta Smith

Nancy Franzetta Smith was born on March 4, 1853 at Parowan, Iron County, Utah, to John Calvin Lazelle and Sarah Fish Smith. “Etta” or “Ettie,” as she was commonly called, was born only two years after the founding of this first town in southern Utah, and she was born into one of its most prominent families. Her father, although still a very young man, was the Stake President, the Church and community leader over the entire southern portion of Utah.¹

Her Parents

Etta’s father, John C. L. Smith was born on September 8, 1822 in New Salem, Franklin County, Massachusetts.²

John never knew his father, Calvin Smith, because he died almost seven months before John was born. Calvin Smith had been a bright well-educated young doctor with a promising future. He was born on October 22, 1796 at Colrain, Massachusetts to David Smith (a major in the Revolutionary War) and Martha Thompson. Calvin’s mother died when he was twelve and his father when he was twenty, so Calvin’s son John would never know any ancestors from his father’s side. Calvin married Nancy Mason Lazelle on August 1, 1821. The couple was just beginning their life together when six months later on February 13, 1822, Calvin was found dead on a ditch bank in a field about a half mile from their Colrain home. He had died of an apparent heart attack at the young age of only 25 years. Calvin’s unborn son would inherit many of his attributes, including a young death.³

Nancy found herself a young widow, who may or may not have known that she was two months pregnant with her departed husband’s only child. She was 26, having been born on November 28, 1795 to John and Lydia Lazelle in New Salem, Massachusetts. Like her husband, Nancy’s father was also a doctor. Also like her husband, her father had recently passed away, having died the previous October.

It is likely that after her husband’s death, Nancy returned to her mother’s at New Salem. In any case, that is where she gave birth to her first son. She gave him a long name, one that memorialized the men in her life that had just died—”John,” after her father, “Calvin,” after her husband, “Lazelle,” her father’s surname, and “Smith,” her husband’s surname. John was christened on November 4, 1822 at New Salem. Because he was a fatherless and grand-fatherless minor under 14 years of age, Alpheus Hardin, minister of the church to which Nancy belonged, was appointed his legal guardian.⁴

For 3½ years Nancy raised her little son as a single mother, until she married Samuel Ruggles Aiken on April 16, 1826. John’s new stepfather was a 22-year-old from Hardwick, Worchester, Massachusetts. He was born on October 28, 1803 to John Aiken Jr. and Sarah Ruggles.⁵

Samuel was a well-educated school teacher, with a reputation of “strong moral character,” and his stepson John grew up with a solid ethical and educational foundation. John became bright, articulate, confident, and energetic. His future life’s endeavors would also include the vocation of school teacher.

As he grew up, John’s family increased to include two half-brothers and two half-sisters, all born in New Salem or nearby:⁶

Samuel Ruggles Aiken Jr.	January 7, 1827
Benjamin Burke Aiken	February 29, 1828
Nancy Lazelle Aiken	August 1833
Fanny Mason Aiken	March 8, 1836

John’s mother Nancy, and his stepfather Samuel, were both very religious and had participated with various churches and religious movements. Samuel, in particular, had studied religion substantially, but “became disgusted with all the different sects with which [he] became acquainted, differing” with each on at least “some points of doctrine” in which they did not agree with the Bible. As he put it, “I often thought and sometimes said, that I could form a creed more consistent with reason of scripture than any I had become acquainted with. Finally, I had little or no confidence in any sect or denomination whatever.”⁷

Back in the spring of 1824, before his marriage to Nancy, Samuel had taught school for a year in Springfield, New York. There he had heard rumors “that a lad in western New York had found a New Bible,” but had “thought no more of it.”⁸ That is until October of 1840 when Elias Harris, the “presiding elder” of the nearby Wendell, Massachusetts, branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, called at their home.

John’s mother Nancy had been sick “for more than half the year” and had been attended by two physicians, until they gave up on her declaring “they had done all that medicine could accomplish.” Nancy was also “somewhat agitated with Millerism.”⁹ In 1840, “Millerism” was causing a tremendous religious uproar across the nation, particularly in New England where William Miller was preaching that Christ’s second coming would occur extremely shortly, “on or before 1843.”¹⁰ Nancy, therefore, regularly asked visiting ministers their views on the subject. So upon Elder Harris’s arrival, “as was her usual custom,”

Nancy “inquired of him his opinion concerning the end of the world.” As Samuel related, Nancy was amazed at Elder Harris’s response:

He then opened and expounded the scriptures with such spirit and confidence and astonished those that heard him, and entirely banished Miller’s end of the world in the mind of my wife. We believed the doctrine so much that my wife was healed by the power of faith without the laying on of the hands, so she was enabled to resume her labors, and continued to regain her strength until she was well.¹¹

Over the winter this new religion weighed on the minds of 18-year-old John and his parents. In the spring of 1841, Samuel wrote to Elder Harris, inviting him to come to New Salem and preach, which Elder Harris did occasionally. On July 18, 1841, Samuel and Nancy were baptized and became the first members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in New Salem, Massachusetts. John joined the Church at the same time, or shortly after, that same year.

On September 5, 1841, John’s stepfather was ordained an Elder and was appointed to preside over the New Salem Branch of the Church when it was organized, on September 27, 1841, by Elder Winslow Farr, a missionary serving in the area at the time.¹² On March 1, 1842, 19-year-old John C. L. Smith was ordained to the office of Priest in the Church’s Aaronic Priesthood. A year and a half later, in August 1843, before leaving New Salem forever, John would be issued a certificate recommending him to other branches of the Church as a member in good standing and a holder of the office of Priest. The certificate would be signed by Branch President Samuel R. Aiken, John’s stepfather.¹³

For two years Samuel Aiken presided over the Church in New Salem, preaching in the branch and surrounding area, distributing tracts, making “appointments for those elders that visited the branch from Nauvoo,” and baptizing new converts. Undoubtedly John, as a Priest, aided his stepfather and branch president in these efforts. He certainly gained experience and ability as a dynamic speaker.¹⁴

In the fall of 1843, John left Massachusetts and the area where his family had lived ever since his forebears disembarked from the Mayflower, over 220 years earlier.¹⁵ He traveled to Nauvoo, Illinois, to be with his fellow Saints at the seat of his newfound religion. Of his journey, John’s stepfather, Samuel wrote: “Left New Salem on the 4th of October 1843 arriving at Brother Thomas Butterfield’s in the city of Nauvoo after a journey of twelve weeks, upon December 25, 1843. Saw and received council from Joseph, the Prophet and Seer on the 28th of December 1843.”¹⁶ John’s mother and younger half siblings traveled with Samuel; likely John did as well, although it is possible that he came a month or so earlier on his own.

Where exactly Samuel Aiken and his immediate family lived in Nauvoo is unknown, because he didn’t own property in Nauvoo, but rented a home from James Allred.¹⁷ However, John C. L. Smith did own property in Nauvoo, as a deed dated February 19, 1844, shows that he purchased a lot there.¹⁸ This lot was located on the southeast corner of Knight and Page streets, and was a rectangle running 49½ feet east along Knight Street and 181 feet south along

Page Street. It was kitty-corner to the Nauvoo Legion drilling ground and was just one block east of the Nauvoo Temple under construction. Interestingly, he bought this lot only a week and a half before the birth of his future son-in-law, John Lowe Butler II, and it was located just a block south of the Butler home, so the Butler family would have been his neighbors. Whether or not John ever built a house on his lot is unknown.

John C. L. Smith was just beginning to get established in Nauvoo when the Prophet Joseph Smith was martyred. Instead of building a new life in Nauvoo as he had planned, John soon found himself preparing to make that new life even further west, in the wilderness of the Rocky Mountains.

In the midst of all the turmoil in Nauvoo preceding the exodus, John somehow met and fell in love with a very beautiful young girl from Quebec, Canada, named Sarah Fish.

Sarah's grandparents, Joseph Fish and Sally Spear, had been the first settlers to pioneer in Stanstead County, Quebec, shortly after the Revolutionary War. They had no intention of leaving the United States, but simply didn't know they had traveled 15 miles north of the Vermont-Canada border when they made their home at what would soon be the town of Hatley. It was here they gave birth to their youngest son Horace on January 6, 1799.¹⁹

Sarah's other grandparents, Jeremiah Leavitt and Sarah Shannon, moved to the Hatley area from New Hampshire about the year 1800. Roughly five years after their move to Canada their 10th and last child, Hannah, was born on December 26, 1805 at St. Johnsbury, Vermont about 60 miles south of their Hatley home. The joy of Hannah's birth was quickly marred with tragedy, when her father Jeremiah became sick and died shortly after in early 1806.²⁰

Growing up as relative neighbors, in what was then termed "Lower Canada," it was easy for Horace Fish and Hannah Leavitt to meet and fall in love. The two were married on March 18, 1824 and they soon had two daughters, Julia born on July 18, 1825 and Sarah born on October 24, 1828.

Young Sarah spent her childhood surrounded by a close-knit extended family on both her Fish and Leavitt sides. Her grandparents had asked her father (being their youngest son) to live with them after his marriage, which he did for some time before building a frame house for himself and clearing off a piece of land for a farm. Sarah's father, Horace, was very industrious and handy, as her brother Joseph later explained:

[Horace] built a sawmill which he ran himself. Being naturally of a mechanical turn, he did all his own work, such as making and repairing carts and wagons (carts were used at this time more than wagons), copper ware, including tubs and pails, also shoes, etc. He was very industrious, clearing land or tending the mill during the day, and making or mending shoes or copper ware during the evenings. By this continued toil he was soon in very fair circumstances.²¹

Sarah's family had been prospering quite well in Hatley, but when she was eight years old something happened that would change everything. During 1835-36 several elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints visited

Canada and baptized a number of persons in the Hatley neighborhood, including many of the extended Leavitt family. Sarah's mother was baptized in 1836, but her father, who "had never belonged to any religious denomination," did not join the Church at this time. Nevertheless, Horace was willing to sacrifice his native home, and all that he had built up in Hatley, to allow his wife to join with the Saints of this new church.²²

On July 20, 1837, Sarah's family joined with a large number of their neighbors, most of whom were Hannah's Leavitt relatives, and left Hatley to begin their trek to join the main body of Church members. The Fish family then consisted of three little girls, including Sarah's baby sister, Betsy Jane, who had been born the previous summer on August 9, 1836.²³

Some of the party traveled by water up the Great Lakes to Illinois, but Sarah's family and their group traveled by land along the southern shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie and across to Illinois. They reached Joillet, Illinois on September 19, 1837, and then made temporary homes about twelve miles south of Joillet, in a locale they called Twelve Mile Grove. Their stay here became extended with the turmoil surrounding the persecution and eventual expulsion of Church members from Missouri.

While they waited for a new headquarters of the Church to be established, the Fish family and their company built homes and began farms at Twelve Mile Grove. This sparsely settled area provided an abundance of wild game and the fertile soil soon yielded a nice livelihood. Here Horace was baptized and joined the church in September 1839. We have no record of Sarah's baptism but she likely became a member of the Church sometime between her mother's baptism in 1836 and her father's in 1839. Also it was here that Sarah's brother, Joseph, was born on June 27, 1840. Joseph would eventually become a tremendous historian and writer, and we owe him a debt of gratitude for much of the historical information we now possess regarding the Fish and Leavitt families during the pioneer era.

For three years the Fish family lived at Twelve Mile Grove in an increasingly prosperous condition, only to leave "this favored spot" and their home and farm once more to join with the Saints at Nauvoo in September of 1840.

At Nauvoo, Horace bought a lot about a mile east of the temple site, and began building a house and establishing a home once more. By this time their means were substantially depleted, so they rented a piece of land from Bishop Edward Hunter and cultivated it for shares.

In addition to building a home for themselves, Horace also worked considerably on the Nauvoo temple. He and his family were involved in many other aspects of community life in helping Nauvoo grow from almost nothing into a grand city in four short years.

But then the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and continued threats from mob violence, shattered their dreams, and the Fish family prepared once again to leave yet another home.

In early 1846, Nauvoo was a flurry of activity, as most of the residents sold homes and property for what little they could and prepared for the long trek across the plains to the Rocky Mountains. It was during this time of turmoil that 17-year-old Sarah decided to marry 23-year-old John C. L. Smith. The impending exodus from Nauvoo likely rushed their courtship a little, as it would be more practical for them to travel across the plains together as a married couple.

Therefore, only eleven days before their departure, John and Sarah were married on May 12, 1846 in the Nauvoo Temple, although they were not sealed at that time. Sarah's younger brother Joseph wrote that just before leaving Nauvoo, the Fish family had the opportunity "to take a farewell view of the temple" they helped build. Perhaps the occasion of that "farewell view" was John and Sarah's marriage. In any case, Joseph states that "we all went through it, looking at each room" and that their guide was Franklin D. Richards, who "conducted [them] through" carrying "Anna Maria in his arms."

Little 4-year-old Anna Maria was the newest addition to the Fish family, having been born in Nauvoo on May 14, 1842. Horace and Hannah's family would become complete two years later with the birth of their last son, Franklin Richards Fish, on April 12, 1848 at Council Point, Iowa.

Before leaving Nauvoo, John was ordained to the office of Seventy in the Melchezidek Priesthood²⁴ and on February 6, 1846, he and Sarah²⁵ had received their Endowment ordinances in the Nauvoo Temple.

To help finance their journey, John and Sarah braided palm-leaf hats from a small bundle of palm leaf John had acquired. These "they sold for a trifle" but still were "thus able to get a few things for the trip." Somehow John also managed to get a yoke of two-year-old white steers. This was the only team he'd have crossing the plains but they would serve him well, not only across the plains but during their later moves in Utah as well.²⁶

John worked closely with his new father-in-law, Horace Fish, during their exodus from Nauvoo. Being extremely handy, Horace made his own wagon to haul his family's few belongings west. However, he had been unable to sell his property before leaving, and couldn't buy a team to pull his wagon. Nevertheless, with mob violence increasing, Horace felt he couldn't wait any longer, so he borrowed a team to pull his wagon down to the Mississippi River and crossed to the Iowa side on May 23, 1846. Their trip west had begun, well kind of, because as the Fish family's wagon was pulled off the ferry, they had no team to move it any further.

The newlyweds, John and Sarah, crossed the Mississippi as well. Likely they used their team of little white steers to help maneuver Horace's wagon into a suitable camping spot.

They lived for quite some time in almost destitute condition camped a short distance from the Mississippi River in Iowa. Making matters worse, John and his father-in-law, Horace, both became sick with "chills and fever," which Nancy Franzetta called "typhoid," stating that it was the result of "bad drinking water." Whatever the nature of the illness, they were sick a long time.

During this time they could hear the fighting going on in Nauvoo, as the mob forced the remaining Saints from their homes. Horace later went back to Nauvoo and finally managed to sell his property. He only got a small amount, but was glad to get anything he could. As he looked over his house one last time, he counted eleven bullet holes in the door.

Horace hired a team to move his wagon 15 miles further west and the family camped along the Des Moines River, about 4 miles below the town of Farmington, during the winter of 1846-47.

Sarah later boasted that it was she who built her and John's first home. They had built a bowery, or shelter, with four poles, and a top covered with willows and leaves. But with John sick with chills and fever, it fell to young Sarah to build a more weather-resistant house. So she made up a bed for her husband in one corner of the bowery and proceeded to build a sod house out of the little bowery. Sarah passed this description of the building project down through her granddaughter, Olive Butler Smith:

She took a shovel and an ax and cut pieces of sod from near the creek, laid them on a calf hide, or a deer hide, and drug it up to the bowery and placed them one on top of another – first on the sides of John C. L.'s bed, then she put them on the other side until all four walls were built up. There were no windows, only a door in front. She did not use as large a pieces as men did.²⁷

Apparently John was pretty handy with a gun, because even while deathly sick he was able to provide somewhat for his family, as Sarah's brother Joseph related:

While my brother-in-law was sick and hardly able to sit up, some prairie chickens lit near the cabin. Managing to get his gun and resting it against a stool, since he was not able to hold it up, he shot one, and this gave us another meal.²⁸

John recovered slowly, and he and Horace found work in the Farmington area to prepare for their continued journey. Horace worked for a local minister who owned a mill nearby. The minister and his family were friendly to them, but mob violence and threatened violence prevailed in the area. John and Horace heard accounts of other Mormons in the area being whipped, hung, and shot. Sarah's brother Joseph recorded that "several times during the winter we were told that we were to be driven out, and we lived in constant fear of being mobbed. On several occasions my father and brother-in-law [John C. L. Smith] sat up nearly all night running bullets, with their guns ready for defense, but something kept the mob from coming as they had threatened."

Finally, after nearly a year of fear, poverty, and sickness, Horace was able to purchase a yoke of oxen to haul his wagon. Horace's family, along with John and Sarah, who still had their little yoke of white steers, left Farmington on May 8, 1847, and trekked across southern Iowa, arriving at Council Point on May 23rd. Council Point was about four miles from Council Bluffs, or Kanessville, as it was called at that time.

They were too late and ill prepared to make the journey across the plains to Salt Lake that year, so they made homes at Council Point. John taught school there during the winter of 1847-48.

Horace and his family would remain here until 1850. However, John and Sarah were anxious to be gathered with the Saints in Utah and “started for the valley of the Great Salt Lake” in the spring of 1848.²⁹

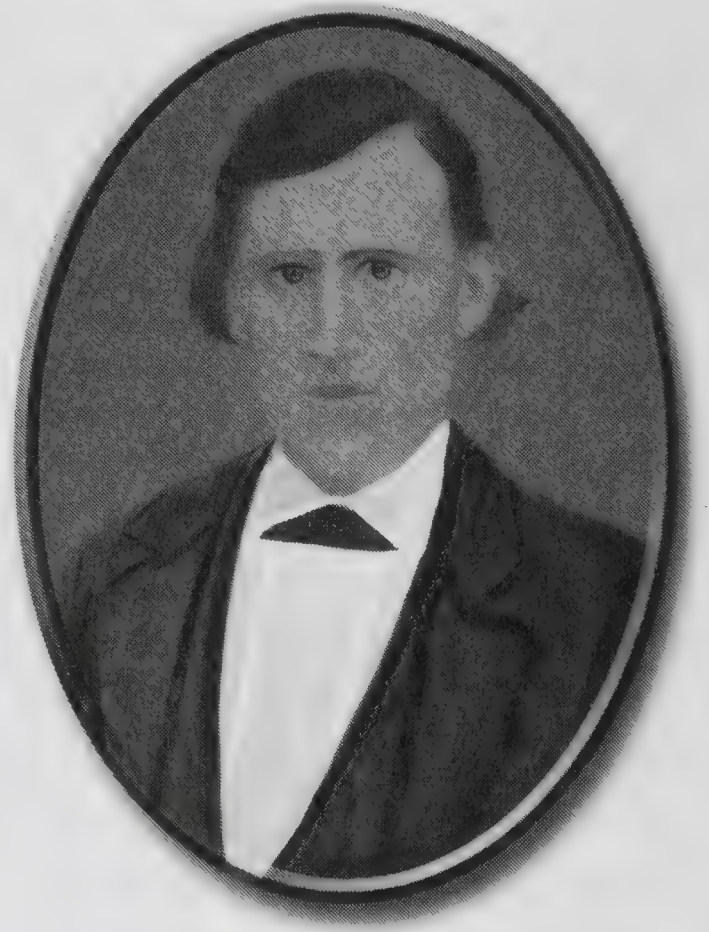
They had only “a scanty outfit” pulled by their little white steers, but apparently made the trip okay. Upon their arrival in Utah in late September 1848, John and Sarah made their home in Centerville, about 12 miles north of Great Salt Lake City. Here John taught school and farmed. He was also an astute businessman and became quite successful in trading with California gold rush emigrants, who began passing through the area in the summer of 1849.

John then liberally sent his father-in-law, Horace Fish, aid in fitting out for their journey west, which they began in June of 1850 as part of the Milo Andrus Company. With the Fish family’s arrival in Utah that fall, John persuaded Horace to settle at Centerville and divided his 50-acre farm with him.³⁰

However, their time in Centerville would be short lived. In the fall of 1850 the “Iron Mission” was being organized to establish the first settlement in Southern Utah and develop iron production there, and John C. L. Smith was called to be part of that mission.

As mentioned earlier, Apostle George A. Smith led the mission party south in December of 1850, and founded Parowan in early 1851. However, John C. L. Smith was not part of that group. He had been contracted to teach school in Centerville over the winter of 1850-51 and couldn’t leave until completing that obligation the following spring.³¹

In addition, Sarah was pregnant with their second child, Sarah Jane, who was born at Centerville on March 16, 1851. Their first child, Horace Calvin, had been born at Centerville two years previously on March 25, 1849.



John Calvin Lazelle Smith

(from a old tintype that was painted over in color.)



Sarah Fish Smith

As soon as school was out that spring, John and his little family started south to fulfill the mission call. Unfortunately, like during their exodus from Nauvoo, John became seriously ill again. Much of the burden of the trip fell upon Sarah, who drove the team and wagon most of the way, with little 3-year-old Horace Calvin sitting on the seat beside her and her baby Sarah Jane on her lap, while her husband occupied a bed in the wagon.³² Their team of white steers that had carried them from Nauvoo through Iowa, and then across the plains to Salt Lake, proved faithful once again and they arrived safely at Parowan during the night of May 8, 1851.³³ It was here that Etta would be born two years later and where she would be raised throughout her childhood and youth.

Etta's Parowan Home

Etta's father quickly became a well-respected leader in the new community and a man with a reputation for hard work and service. The pioneers were engaged in a number of community building projects. They began construction on a fort, which was originally named Fort Louisa. This fort was 56 rods square (924 feet), enclosed by walls that eventually reached twelve feet high and were seven feet thick at the base and three feet wide at the top. There were four gates, one located on each end of the north and south walls (see the drawing below). Water was brought under the wall at the southeast corner through a rock culvert and a flume and ran west then northwest before exiting out through another culvert to the fields.

Land along the inside of the fort walls was divided into 92 lots, each 33 x 66 feet in size. Initially the backs of the houses, and ten-foot tall pickets filling the spaces in between, formed the walls of the fort while the main walls were still under construction. The home and building lots surrounded an inner 10-acre



Drawing of the Old Fort at Parowan, Utah, built in 1852

square called the Public Corral, with a 66-foot wide street separating the building lots from the corral. A 66-foot square in the southeast corner of the corral was reserved for a “Liberty Pole” and assembly area. For several years the pioneers herded their stock all over the valley during the day and then corralled them inside the fort each night. Later, this Public Corral was turned into the Public Square, to accommodate church, parks, and other community structures, which purpose it continues to serve in Parowan today.

On a double-sized lot in the northwest corner of the fort was a bastion to command the fort, and on a like-sized lot in the southeast corner they built a log council house. This is where Etta would attend parties, dances, theatre, meetings, and other community events, as well as church and school during her childhood and early youth. The main building was 22 x 44 feet, with two recesses twelve feet deep and sixteen feet long on the east and west sides. As the name denotes, the “Old Log Council House” was built of hewn logs and timber. It was built as a bastion large enough to hold the whole colony in case of Indian attack, with portholes at every corner. Fortunately it never had to be used that way. The main auditorium had a stage on the north end, where the Parowan Dramatic Association performed plays as early as 1851. The main auditorium also had canvas curtains that when drawn could partition it into five classrooms. The east and west recesses were used for classrooms as well. In addition, a large attic classroom was built above the main auditorium, with access provided by outside steps on the north side of the building.

In 1867 the “Old Rock Church” (which now houses a DUP museum) was built in the center of the old fort’s Public Square. It began serving the community’s needs, and the Old Log Council House was torn down. This Rock Church was the pride of Parowan and here Etta would attend church and other functions during her teenage years.

In the spring of 1851, along with the fort and other community construction projects then underway, the settlers also built a large bowery just west of the Log Council House. This bowery was 54 x 77 feet in size and 15 feet high in the center and contained a large platform at the south end. The roof consisted of thin poles about a foot apart, with boughs covering them. The south and west walls were covered as well, giving some protection from the occasionally strong southwesterly winds. During much of Etta’s childhood and youth, the “Old Bowery” served as a nice shady cool place for large meetings and events, and President Brigham Young and other dignitaries spoke and were entertained here many times as they passed through town.

Homes built on their respective lots all faced the Public Corral, or inner square, of the fort. Lots created with the original survey were tiny, a necessity considering the entire town was intended to fit within the walls of the fort. In December of 1852, a new survey was made which extended each lot by 330 feet outside the walls of the original fort. The resulting 33 x 396 foot lots were certainly extremely long and narrow, but they at least enabled each family some room for a garden and some fruit trees in back of their houses. During the

Walker Indian war in 1854 the townspeople began expanding the fort with a “mud wall” built around the whole of the then existing town.³⁴

Etta’s father, John C. L. Smith, secured a lot on the south side of the fort near the east gate, in what was described as “just about the nicest and most prominent spot in town.” Their next door neighbor, just west, was Apostle George A. Smith and next to him his cousin Jesse N. Smith built his home. So the homes of these three “Smiths” all sat in a row, although John C. L. was not related to the other two. All three of these “Smiths” would be leaders of the church and community, as well as good friends.

John C. L. was very, very industrious in all he set his hand to, and built a large lovely home out of red adobe brick, which stood as one of the nicest houses in Parowan for many years. After his death, it became known as the McGregor home for over half a century, until it was torn down when it was determined that a new highway would cut through the east half of the house. It was located on the southwest corner of what is now Main Street and 100 South, in Parowan. The site is easily found because a monument erected by the Sons of the Utah Pioneers is located there, commemorating the rescue of John C. Fremont that occurred there. It also sits across the street, and a little to the east, of the Old Rock Church museum and just a little east of the Jesse N. Smith home, which has recently been restored as a historic site.



Parowan’s “Old Rock Church” built in 1867. Now a DUP Museum.

The John Calvin Lazelle Smith home was a two-story structure, containing two bedrooms upstairs and a kitchen and living room on the lower level. It was a “warm comfortable home” as each room was provided with its own fireplace. One of the bedrooms included a large closet on one side of the fireplace, and each bedroom had a dormer window built out on the north side of the house. From inside the house, the bedrooms were accessed via a stairway that began with two steps in the living room, followed by a door, and then the remainder of the staircase. Along the north, or front side, was a long porch extending the full length of the home, with a roof extending out from the house to overshadow it. Four windows looked out from the lower story rooms onto the porch. A front door, which later contained a panel of glass, provided access from the center of the porch. On the west side an exterior flight of stairs provided additional access to the west bedroom, through an upper story door. Large iron letters, at least twelve inches tall, were embedded in the adobe brick on the front of the house forming the builder’s initials “J C L S.” One wonders if the letters weren’t made at the “Iron Works” John was in charge of.

Grandchildren who visited the home remembered trees around the house and in the backyard, as well as homemade carpet made by Sarah that adorned the living room.³⁵ Granddaughter Wanda McGregor Snow described the woman’s touch Sarah applied inside and out:

Lilac bushes were planted and they were a riot of color in just a few years. Sarah loved beauty and her flower garden stretched from the



The home built by John C.L. Smith in the early 1850's.

From an oil painting by Bart W. Mortensen. Courtesy of the Mortensen family.

porch to the picket fence. On one side of the path were ribbon grass, stocks and hollyhocks that I loved to walk among when a child. Her home was carpeted with a rag carpet that she had woven. It extended up the twisting stairs.³⁶

This is the home in which Nancy Franzetta was likely born, and in which she was certainly raised the first twenty years of her life.

Stake President, Explorer, Community & Business Leader

In addition to working on his house, the fort, and other community projects, Etta's father, John C. L. Smith, was also a major player in many, if not most, of the economic and industrial enterprises in the area. He accumulated farm land on the south and west of Parowan, was the town's postmaster,³⁷ worked as a local attorney,³⁸ and was general manager of the "Iron Works" project at Cedar City, the main purpose of the "Iron Mission" to which he had been called. Later, when the Deseret Iron Company was created to give the Iron Works a more formal organization, John was placed in charge of operations as the company's general superintendent. He was a substantial stockholder in the company as well.³⁹ Also, in partnership with George A. Smith, he built a sawmill and a grist (flour) mill. The grist mill in particular was an amazing endeavor at the time, consisting of a four-story structure built within Fort Parowan's "mud wall."⁴⁰ A historical monument, about a block east of the John C. L. Smith home site, now marks the site of this grist mill.

It is truly amazing when one considers that John C. L. Smith accomplished all of these things in the short span of only 4 ½ years that he lived in Iron County! Even more amazing was the fact that at his death he left his family no debt; his home, mills, etc., he had paid for in full! Sarah would be well provided for with a steady income from the enterprises her young husband had established. In particular, for almost a half century after his death, she would receive rent from the grist mill.

Although a hereditary heart problem would cut his life short, John C. L. Smith had a reputation among his community as the hardest of workers. During community harvesting efforts, he was known as "the fastest man on the scythe" and "he could get out a head of the others and cut the widest swath of anyone."⁴¹ In reality, he was so industrious, involved in so many endeavors, and such a tireless worker that many, including his friend Apostle George A. Smith, speculated that it was "overwork" that caused his early death.⁴²

John was exceptionally tall, especially for the mid-1800's, standing 6 feet 4 inches, with a slender build. In addition to his work prowess, "he was an exceptionally good man in all around sport. He could outrun, out jump, and out wrestle any of those who would compete with him."⁴³

John was also very intelligent, well-educated, and as has been described, possessed considerable business acumen. At the same time, he was humble, kind, and personable. William R. Palmer, a later president of Parowan Stake, described him as "one of the gentlest, kindest men one could find. As a public

servant, it was his great desire to serve the people and do it well,” adding, “he was a large man, and a born leader. Everyone loved him.”⁴⁴ Fellow explorer Priddy Meeks said, “a good man he was too, and was much respected.”⁴⁵ Etta’s younger half brother, Joseph McGregor, would later write of his mother’s first husband, stating that he “was loved and highly respected” in the community.⁴⁶

In contrast with her father, “a tall, slender man with narrow face and blue eyes,”⁴⁷ Etta’s mother Sarah was described as a short “slight built woman” with “snappy black eyes”⁴⁸ that “had a twinkle in them”⁴⁹ and “rather small in stature. She was dainty, and very quick moving. She liked things very nice. She was very pretty. Her hobbies were knitting her husband’s sox. She was a good mother, and she was a good church worker.”⁵⁰ “Her hair was almost black” and even at her death at age 77, “her hair looked as if it had no gray in it.”⁵¹ Etta’s daughter Carrie described Sarah using terms echoed by many of her other grandchildren, “Sarah Fish Smith was a little ‘French Canadian’, very prim, with pointed nose, dark eyes, aristocratic.”⁵²

Etta grew into the perfect combination of her parents. She became tall and slender like her father, but at the same time shared her mother’s dark eyes and pretty complexion. Noting the contrast between her and her mother, Etta’s children would state that they “came in two different sizes. Mother was tall and very slender and her mother was very small.”⁵³ Etta had very dark hair that was “wavy and very long, almost three feet.”⁵⁴

A year after Etta’s family arrived in Parowan, Church President Brigham Young visited the area. At 4:00 p.m. on May 12, 1852 he held a meeting in Parowan’s Log Council House, at which time he created a “Stake of Zion,” formally organizing the Church in southern Utah. Brigham called John C. L. Smith to serve as stake president. He was ordained a high priest and “appointed to preside over all the settlements in Iron and Washington counties.” John Steele was called to serve as President Smith’s 1st Counselor and Henry Lunt, 2nd Counselor. In typical Mormon fashion a ball was held in the Council House that evening to celebrate.⁵⁵

Etta’s father served in this capacity until May of 1854, when the stake was divided and a temporary stake at Cedar City was formed. From that time, until his death a year and a half later, John continued to serve as President of the Parowan Stake (which included Parowan and Paragonah), with John Steele and James H. Martineau as counselors initially. Later, John Steele was sent on a mission to Las Vegas and Jesse N. Smith was appointed to replace him.⁵⁶

Although a refined educated man, John C. L. Smith was also something of a frontiersman. He led a number of expeditions to explore the relatively unknown and vast area of southern Utah, looking for road access and potential settlement sites. Among these expeditions, he visited Panguitch Lake and formed relationships with local Indian chiefs there, and only a month after his appointment as stake president, he was the first to pass through the Panguitch Valley, as mentioned earlier. He was involved in a number of exciting adventures as part of these expeditions and they served to not only demonstrate his courage and fortitude, but also his strong leadership skills and faith.

In addition to the exploring expeditions he undertook after his call as stake president in 1852, John C. L. Smith also made a trip back to Centerville where he “held out great inducements” to his father-in-law, Horace Fish, “to move south and join him in his labors at Parowan, in Iron County.” So Horace, Hannah, and their family, moved to Parowan as well, arriving on April 30, 1853, only two months after Nancy Franzetta’s birth on March 4th. So Etta grew up in close companionship with her Fish grandparents and uncles and aunts.⁵⁷ Much of Etta’s extended Leavitt family moved to Southern Utah as well.

Colonel John C. Fremont Rescue

When Etta was not quite a year old, her family became major participants in one of the most oft-told events in Parowan history.

On the cold winter evening of February 7, 1854, John and Sarah were sitting cozily by their living room fireplace enjoying the evening together. Sarah was reading aloud when they heard someone outside calling faintly for help. With the Indian conflict known as the Walker War then ongoing, John worried that it might be an Indian trick, so he blew out the light before going outside to investigate. He was shocked to find a lone, white stranger in a snowdrift near his house. The man seemed barely alive, weak from hunger, cold, and exhaustion. John helped the almost frozen man into his house, where Sarah began nursing him. They became even more surprised to find that the man was none other than Colonel John C. Fremont.⁵⁸

John C. Fremont had been Governor of California and a U.S. Senator, but more notably he was a famous explorer. In fact, it was his 1843-44 exploration of the Great Salt Lake Valley that had greatly influenced the Mormon migration to Utah in the first place. Maps he created during that, and later expeditions were the primary ones relied on by Mormon colonizers. His exploration of the Old Spanish Trail, and maps he made of that route through southern Utah, had a major influence in the location of the settlement of Parowan three years earlier. In other words, without Fremont’s maps, Parowan may not have existed, and without Parowan and the Smith family now living there, Fremont would have most certainly died in the snow that night, or shortly thereafter.

As an explorer Fremont’s judgment was at times somewhat reckless. He “tended to favor dangerous winter mountain crossing that cost the lives of some of his men” for the sake of expediency. A few years earlier, on another expedition trying to cross the southern Colorado Rockies during the winter of 1848-49, ten members of his party died from cold, starvation, and exhaustion, and two others were killed by Ute Indians. Like a cat with seemingly “nine lives” somehow Fremont had managed to survive that disaster. Now in early 1854, another party he led was on the brink of a similar fate. However, even in the face of poor planning and judgment, tenacity and incredible luck seemed to always save the day for Fremont.



John C. Fremont

Fremont's current predicament actually began in Paris, France. There he learned that the U.S. government had made an appropriation for a survey of a railroad route west from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. Anxious to gain the advantage of establishing that route, and sure he knew of the most effective passage, he had immediately rushed home and organized an expedition at his own expense. But before crossing the Green River in late December their food supplies were already exhausted. As the party continued, one by one their horses were eaten, so that by the time they reached the Sevier River they had lived on nothing but horsemeat for fifty days. With their horses gone, they were left with the choice of going forward on foot, or caching all their supplies except for their winter clothes and riding their pack mules. They chose the latter, but with no knowledge of any settlement even existing in southern Utah, let alone anywhere near them, their situation looked hopeless.

For three days Fremont and his company of ten whites, and oddly enough twelve Delaware Indians, wandered in the mountains northwest of the future site of Panguitch, traversing that rough country with snow "up to the bellies of the pack mules" and temperatures below zero. By now, none of the men had shoes. Some wrapped rawhide around their feet, while others had worn-out stockings and moccasins. Their only rations consisted of dried horsemeat; in fact, the last 48 hours before their rescue they were without food of any kind.

In this desperate condition the party entered a defile through the mountains that is now known as Fremont Pass. Here they were surprised to find wagon wheel ruts in a dry streambed, and their previously hopeless spirits were raised by the possibility that a settlement might exist somewhere in the vicinity. The wheel ruts led them to a plain at Buckhorn Flat. Leaving his men, Fremont headed out on foot southwest down the Little Salt Lake Valley in search of help. After trekking about 5 miles he came upon what must have seemed like a mirage to this freezing, starving man – Parowan.

Once again Colonel Fremont's luck was exemplified by the fact that the house he happened upon was that of the community's stake president. Upon hearing of the plight of Fremont's starving men, President Smith immediately organized a search party to find and rescue them. Their situation indeed was truly desperate; in fact, before Fremont even reached the Smith home, one of his men, Oliver Fuller, had already died. However, President Smith's search party found and retrieved the remaining twenty-one survivors. By the morning of the 9th all of the totally exhausted men were in various Parowan homes, being nursed back to health.

Of his rescuers' kindness Fremont wrote: "The Mormons treated us very kindly . . . The Mormons saved me and mine from death by starvation."

In the Smith home, Sarah had tenderly cared for Colonel Fremont as though he were one of her own family, even giving up her own bed for him to recuperate in. As he comfortably rested by the fire with food in his belly once more, he said, "I wish my wife could know that I am here safe and sound with friends."

Fremont's wife, Jessie Benton Fremont, was living with her father in Washington D.C. while her husband was away on this expedition. She recorded an interesting experience she had as well during this trying time. She hadn't heard from her husband in some time and became increasingly worried about him. She told her father that she knew something was wrong and she felt that her husband was starving. One night she couldn't even eat dinner, telling her father that she "couldn't eat while John was starving." A few nights later, on that fateful February 7th, she found herself kneeling by her father, likely praying for her husband, when she heard a voice say "Jessie" and she felt reassured that her husband was now safe. Almost two months later she received a letter from her husband. As she tore open the envelope her eyes caught in horror some words in the middle of the letter, "nearly starved to death." As she read on her husband related: "We owe our lives to these good Mormons, who not only cared for us for two weeks, but gave us food and new horses to continue our journey." As she compared notes she found that it was on that very day, February 7th, that she had heard him call to her, reassuring her that he was well.

On February 21, 1854, provided with food and new horses by the people of Parowan, Fremont continued his journey to California with the members of his party who were able to travel. The sickest and weakest remained at Parowan for several more months. Some needing special care were taken by wagon to Salt Lake City.

Interestingly, only two years later, the Mormons in Parowan felt betrayed by John C. Fremont, who as a U.S. presidential candidate opposed to slavery also vowed to destroy polygamy in Utah. It was he who added the phrase "twin relics of barbarism" to his platform, which would be used for years as a rallying cry for anti-Mormons bent on eradicating Mormon interests in Utah. Ironically, Mormons in Utah Territory could not register their disapproval of Fremont's position because they were not allowed to vote; however, he lost to hapless James Buchanan anyway. Although as mentioned earlier, Buchanan was no friend of the Mormons either. Had Fremont won, at least he might have felt some degree of indebtedness to the people who had saved his life! Hmm, maybe.

Of course, Fremont wasn't the first or the last person to be boarded with the Smiths. As the home of the stake president, Etta's family regularly provided lodging for persons passing through the area, especially church or community dignitaries traveling to or from southern Utah.

Death of her Father

When Etta was two years old she received a little brother, named John Lazelle Smith, who was born on July 8, 1855 in Parowan. Later that fall, they had a picture taken of the John C. L. Smith family, including all four of his children. Unfortunately, our little Etta's head is entirely blacked out in the picture; all that can be seen of her is her little hand and part of her body. However, it was extremely fortunate that they had the picture taken when they

did, because they would never have another chance. By the following year, two of the six family members pictured would be dead.

In the fall of 1855, John C. L. Smith was called to attend the U.S. Court at Fillmore, then the capitol of Utah Territory. There he became quite ill, but recovering some, had managed to get home. But once home, he became seriously ill from heart trouble, and eventually pneumonia as well. In those days little could be done for heart disease, and after a two-month-long struggle, he died on the night of December 30, 1855 at 10:40 p.m. His funeral was held on New Year's Day, 1856.⁵⁹

The death of Etta's father shocked all of southern Utah. He was deeply mourned by the settlers there and also by the leading brethren of the Church. Shortly after hearing of John's death, Apostle George A. Smith wrote:

Brother Wilford, an emigrant from Australia, came in from Parowan last evening with letters and the melancholy news of the death of Elder John C. L. Smith, the president of the Stake. He was a good man and has gone to rest, but his loss will be severely felt in that part of the country. . . . This exceptional young man was only 33 years of age at the time of his death, and yet he was well known for his aggressiveness and leadership. Perhaps it was overwork that caused him to have a heart attack in the fall of 1855. From this illness he died on December 30, 1855, and was mourned by all the people of his district as a good and diligent man.⁶⁰



*The John C. L. Smith family shortly before John's death in late 1855
Left to right: Horace Calvin, John, Sarah holding John Lazelle, Sarah Jane,
Nancy Franzetta.*

President Smith “was loved and respected by all who knew him.” His counselor in the stake presidency, James H. Martineau closed the obituary he wrote for him with these words:

[John C. L. Smith] was energetic and faithful in the discharge of his duties and was always true and steadfast in the cause of righteousness. He received and obeyed the law of consecration with gladness and died in full faith in all the principles of the gospel, as taught in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and in the hope of a glorious resurrection.⁶¹

Although not quite 3 years old at the time of his death, daughter Nancy Franzetta Smith gained those same attributes her father possessed.

But tragedy was not over for the Smith family. Only seven months after her father’s death, Etta’s baby brother John Lazelle died as well. Etta’s only other full brother, Horace Calvin, would die at the age of 27. Therefore, in Etta’s family tree, three consecutive generations of Smith men all died at age 33 or younger!

Baby John Lazelle was buried in the same plot as his father, in Parowan Cemetery. Horace Calvin was buried only a few feet away, as were John C. L. Smith’s in-laws, Horace and Hannah Fish, with whom John had always been close in life.

William Campbell McGregor

Sarah now found herself a young 27-year-old widow, left alone to raise four children, all under 7 years old. Fortunately, John had left her in pretty good financial condition. She had farmland, shares in the Iron Works, and part ownership in a sawmill and the grist mill, which she held free of debt. To help raise her family, she received rent in the form of cash and flour from the grist mill for many years. In addition, she had a nice home, also fully paid for, where she could take in boarders and earn additional income.⁶² One of Sarah’s boarders was a 23-year-old Scottish immigrant by the name of William Campbell McGregor.⁶³

William was born in Glasgow, Scotland on April 11, 1833, to Alexander and Elizabeth Campbell McGregor, the 8th of their 9 children. At age seventeen William heard some Mormon missionaries preach, and believing their testimony, was baptized by Peter MacFarlane on September 1, 1850 at Greenock, where the family was then residing. William’s father and other family members joined the Church about the same time. For three years William served faithfully in the Church, and worked hard to earn enough money to make the trip to Utah, which he did in 1854. A few months after arriving in the Salt Lake Valley, he was sent to Parowan.

After arriving in Parowan in the spring of 1855, William initially worked helping to build the fort wall, after which he was employed as a logger in the nearby mountains. As a young boy, William had contracted a serious infection

in both of his eyes, which left him completely blind in one eye and with marginal sight in the other. However, this handicap did not slow him down, nor did he ever complain or use it as an excuse for special treatment. He quickly gained a reputation around Parowan as a hard and skillful worker. Even with bad eyesight, he joined the local militia and at times put his life in harm's way participating in actions against the Indians. William's integrity quickly became apparent to all around. For instance, even though he was but a raw youth with no experience as a logger, his employer soon began paying him wages as if he were an expert woodsman. Explaining his reasoning to another employee, Mr. Stewart stated: "I know that this young man [William McGregor] is inexperienced, but I pay him more than I do you because he is absolutely dependable and I know that he will do his level best in any place and at any time irrespective of whether I am present or not."⁶⁴

On April 28, 1857, William and the widow Sarah were married in Parowan, Utah.

Sarah's good judgment in regards to men is truly amazing. Earlier, as a 17-year-old girl, she had married a poor young man with seemingly little prospects, during the turmoil of the Nauvoo exodus. Yet in a few short years that man had gone from nothing to a key community and business leader, even a stake president, one of only about 20 such leaders at the time. Now recently widowed, she was still young and extremely beautiful, and she had money and property to boot. Sarah could have chosen just about anyone, yet she chose a young, lone, poor Scottish immigrant, five years her younger, even blind in one eye! Did she realize then that this young man would soon become one of the most well-respected men in Parowan?

During the course of his life William McGregor would serve as alderman, postmaster, school trustee, probate judge, county selectman, president of the Parowan United Mercantile and Manufacturing Company, President of the 69th Quorum of Seventy, two church missions (one to his native Scotland), bishop, and finally as church patriarch.

But most important of all, William McGregor was a kind and good father. He was Etta's stepfather, the only father she would ever really remember, and he raised her and John C. L. Smith's other children, as if they were his own. Yes, Sarah demonstrated incredible judgment when it came to men!

Over the coming years, William and Sarah added six children to Etta's family, all of which were born in Parowan:

Adelbert Fish McGregor	April 4, 1858
Ellen Elnora McGregor	August 6, 1860
William Campbell McGregor	January 5, 1863
Julia Hannah McGregor	June 18, 1865
Joseph Franklin McGregor	August 16, 1868
Donald Alpine McGregor	April 9, 1876

Etta's siblings were all well-educated and respected. Her two youngest brothers, Joseph and Donald, became medical doctors, which is fitting considering that their mother served for many years as a midwife and nurse.⁶⁵

Etta grew up in a very kind and loving home, and she was taught kindness, charity, and service by the example of her parents. Sarah's children and grandchildren remember "how kind [Sarah] was," one of her children stating that "he had never heard her speak a cross word to anyone."⁶⁶

A long time resident of Parowan described Etta's mother as "an angel of mercy in disguise. She was very thoughtful and considerate of the poor. Very few days ever passed without her giving fruit, meat, potatoes, milk, butter, or eggs to someone in need. A widow's children were heard to say, 'We'll have meat today; McGregor's have killed a pig.' She came at night so many times with a bundle under her arm and a bucket of milk for the 'wee ones.' Sometimes there'd be a pat of butter on top of the milk."⁶⁷

Etta likely participated in delivering the many sacks of flour that were often left on the porches of neighbors in need. The deliveries were always done anonymously but everyone knew they came from the McGregor house. Some neighbors later acknowledge that "their family would have starved had it not been for the sacks of flour that were left on their porch."⁶⁸

The McGregors may have been well-to-do by pioneer standards, but they were not prideful or selfish. As one granddaughter recounted: "Grandma Sarah loved people and loved to do for them. She lived a most unselfish life and her generosity was unbounded."⁶⁹ Etta became just like her mother in this regard.

Sarah also taught her children "the value of thrift" and a strong work ethic, and Sarah was described as having "a quick step and was always busy." Etta's mother also taught her a multitude of skills and to never be afraid to try new things. Sarah and her daughters "made large quantities of woolen cloth from raw material and then made it into clothing." Etta learned to sew her own dresses under her mother's tutelage, as well as to make rag carpets and rugs. Etta's mother also taught her daughters how to make soap, process and store food, and pretty much every other pioneer skill imaginable. She was particularly adept at making cheese and butter. She worked tirelessly "churning with the big dash churn and molding the pounds of butter out. She often made a pretty design on the top of the butter."⁷⁰

Sarah also taught Etta how to cook, which in those days was a much more difficult endeavor, as it was done on the open hearth. Part of Etta's job as a child was to carry in the wood and keep their big wood box filled. Sarah would



William Campbell McGregor

make a big fire in the fireplace to get the flat stones on the floor of the fireplace hot. They would then push the coals back and bake bread on the hot rocks and cook other food in copper or iron kettles over the hot coals.⁷¹

Etta may have been raised in one of Parowan's more prominent families, but she learned thrift, hard work, and creativity, which gave her the desire and ability to make nice things for her future family.

Indian Scare

Etta was born in a brand new town, located in the heart of Indian lands. Her father, John C. L. Smith, as a leader of the Church and community, worked hard to gain the friendship of their Indian neighbors. He visited them, learned their language, preached to them, and helped them in various ways.

In the summer of 1852, shortly after being called as stake president, John had tried a novel approach to gain the friendship of the local Indians; the people of Parowan invited them all to a feast. By then the Indians had already given the settlers considerable trouble by stealing cattle, etc. It was hoped that this grand dinner, and a speech John planned to give them afterwards, would encourage them to stop their depredations.

Offered all they could eat, the Indians greeted the event with gusto, and were even more amazed when they were told they could take all of the abundant leftovers with them. They scurried around gathering up all they could carry. One Indian even took off one of his buckskin leggings, tied a string around it, filled it with mushy cooked squash, and carried it away in triumph!

The dinner seemed to have the desired effect. Old Chief Kanarraah arose and made a speech, saying that the Mormons were good to his people and he hoped they would overlook the stealing his people had done, and explained their acts by saying, "You plenty bread, plenty cow, plenty horse, plenty everything. Me nothing, no bread, no cow, no nothing, but all time hungry, squaw and papoose all time hungry." Nevertheless, at the end he promised, "we no more steal cattle."

Stake President John C. L. Smith then made a speech in which he promised the Indians that if they'd "learn to work, to be industrious, and live and do like the Mormons," they would "multiply and increase," otherwise they would "dwindle away and die out, and in a few years none would be left."

James H. Martineau, John's friend and future counselor in the stake presidency, related the outcome of this finely crafted speech:

The Indians listened attentively, and we all thought they were thoroughly converted, until Kanarraah, in three words, upset President Smith's whole argument. Pointing to our cemetery, he said, "Who lie there?" For the natives that was enough. Every grave there contained a white man — not a single Indian. Not one of us could find a word to say. Never did I know three words to produce so great an effect, or to so easily overthrow an argument.⁷²

Oh well, sometimes a sermon just doesn't go as planned even for the stake president. John certainly had to acknowledge the old chief's wit.

For the most part, John and others were successful in establishing friendly relations with, and curbing depredations by, the local Paiutes and Piones, working with them and teaching them to farm. However, things were often more tense with the more warlike Utes and Navajos that occasionally passed through the area.

That same year, Ute Chief Wakara, for whom the later "Walker War" was named, came into the valley with a band of 30 braves. He was mad at Kanarra the local Pione chief, blaming some of his troubles on him. A fight ensued and had it not been for the intervention of President John C. L. Smith and John D. Lee, Wakara would have killed the old chief. Even so, Wakara took one of Kanarra's ponies and shot it. This was a typical form of retribution used by the Indians, well, short of just killing the other guy.

It seemed that conflict and tension always attended visits from Chief Wakara. For years the Utes had held subservient the more timid Piones and Paiutes. Wakara, "King of the Mountains" as he styled himself, saw little reason why these few Mormon settlers at Parowan should be treated any differently. Later that fall (1852), Wakara passed through Parowan again on his way from the Colorado River to Northern Utah. This time he had a large band of about 400 warriors and their families. Making camp about a half mile from Parowan he proceeded to turn all his horses, about a thousand of them, out to graze in the settlers fields of wheat, corn, and oats, which the pioneers had just begun harvesting.

When the settlers objected, Wakara responded in a lordly manner, "All this land is mine. I will put my horses where I please."

To this, President John C. L. Smith bravely responded, "If the land is yours, the wheat and corn are not; we planted it, and your horses must not destroy it."

But Wakara, knowing his braves were well-armed, many with guns, and outnumbering the pioneers by four to one, remained defiant.

It was a desperate situation for the colonists, who at the time were isolated more than 200 miles from the nearest settlement; therefore, it would be impossible to get any help. However, if they did nothing their crops would be destroyed and they would face starvation during the upcoming winter. All this they debated in council before finally reaching a decision to "put on a bold front, and if necessary defend [their] families and property to the last." A polite but firm ultimatum was sent to the chief, "Take your horses out of our field and keep them out, or we will do so ourselves."

Wakara responded angrily, "I will not take them out. The land is mine, and I'll put them where I please, and if you turn them out I will burn your houses and kill every man, woman, and child. Not one shall be left alive."

After serious deliberation, they decided to stand firmly, recognizing that "should we weaken now, we would always in future be outraged by them. It would be better to settle the matter now, once and for all, trusting in our Father to help us in our extremity." Therefore, a well-armed party was sent, which

drove the horses a couple of miles away from their fields. The few Indians guarding them made no attempt to stop them, but quickly went to inform Wakara. The Indians then “rushed to recover their horses, yelling frightfully, firing their guns and making a fearful pandemonium” and the pioneers bustled about their fort preparing for the attack they assumed would be imminent.

Bear in mind that Parowan’s fort was still under construction then, the walls and many fortifications were still not fully in place. However, within what protection they had they gathered all their livestock, and barricaded their families inside their homes as best they could, and then waited arms in hand for the battle they thought was sure to follow. Once again, the Smith’s friend, James H. Martineau, provided a vivid description of that anxious time:

In the Indian camp all was excitement and furious rage. The men began the war dance, varied at times by the scalp dance, keeping it up all the afternoon and night, making the night hideous with their frightful yells and screeches. Some, who could speak a little English, ventured near the fort and cried out: “We kill you quick! We cut you all pieces! We burn you — make you yell!”

But in the fort there was no excitement or confusion. While all knew how great was the danger, their trust in the Lord gave them calmness and courage. This was especially the case with the women. They, who so often shriek with real or assumed terror when a mouse happens near, can face death in hideous form with a calmness and courage not surpassed by man. And now, while all well understood the possibility of death, or, still more dreadful, the horrid tortures the savages delight to witness, not one of them wept or cried out in fear; and while the writer and every other man was under arms all night, watching for possible attack, each woman calmly did what to her seemed most needful in her own habitation to prepare for what might happen. . . .

All night long the war dances continued, but when day appeared the Indians found the fort too strong for attack and left us in peace, having learned a lesson they never forgot.⁷³

In less than a year, the Walker War, the first of Utah’s major Indian wars, would be underway, but Wakara would not threaten to attack Parowan again.

Perhaps Etta’s most significant scare from Indians happened when she was about 5 years old. As mentioned, the settlers’ homes were located in the fort for protection, but their farms extended outside of town for several miles. It was harvest time, and the men had already cut the wheat, which was bundled into sheaves and then stacked into piles or “shocks” in the field, with 15-20 sheaves in each shock, to complete the drying process before threshing.

Etta’s older brother, Horace, had the assignment of going to the family’s wheat field some distance from town and “gleaning” or gathering the stray heads of wheat that had fallen by the wayside or the harvesters had missed. It was boring work and that warm, fall day, Horace pleaded with his mother, “Oh, Momma, let me take Etta with me, I get so lonesome gleaning wheat all alone.”

Sarah, wasn't very keen on the idea of having her little girl that far away from the fort with only her 9-year-old brother for protection. But the Ute Indians hadn't been much trouble recently and even though they were still quite concerned about the Navajos, the odds of a band of Navajos passing through were quite slim, and so she eventually relented.

For little Etta it was a nice adventure. She had on her little apron in which she stored what wheat she "gleaned," but mostly was just company for her brother.

They had gleaned for some time when Horace looked up and saw a cloud of dust coming their way. He soon realized that it was a small group of Indians, some on foot and some on horseback, with travois dragging behind them. By their nomadic appearance he was sure they were Navajos. For years, Navajos and Utes had preyed on the local tribes, in particular carrying their children off and selling them as slaves. So the Mormon settlers were understandably nervous about leaving their small children unprotected even for short periods of time. Horace and little Etta were in a bad predicament. If they tried to run back to the fort, several miles away, they would most certainly be seen. Besides, the legs of a little 5-year-old girl would not carry her very fast anyway. In addition, the farmland was fairly flat, and now with it virtually all harvested, there was no cover in which to hide.

Etta was terrified, so Horace quickly hid her in one of the shocks of wheat standing in the field. She wanted him to come in with her, but he told her that there wasn't room for both of them. Instead he told her he'd hide a little ways off in the next shock and promised, "if the Indians find you I will come out of hiding and go with you." Then he added, but "if they find me, you stay real still and wait until they go away, then you run home and tell the folks and they will ring the big bell in the middle of town and the men will get on horses and come after me."

As the Indians came into the field and began to steal grain, Etta peeked through her hiding place and watched as the Indians loaded sheaves of grain on the travois dragged behind each pony. As the mostly naked Indians worked in the heat they began to sweat, and "the dust was so thick on them" that they turned into a "dark, dusty, dirty, and sweaty . . . horrifying picture" to little Etta. She was terrified as they came closer and closer to the shocks hiding herself and her brother, sure that if found they would be taken away as slaves. Etta said that her "heart beat so loud she was afraid the Indians would hear it pound on her ribs," adding, "so I hugged myself real tight and said I just won't make one bit of noise. I'll even think my prayer."

But before they reached Etta and Horace's shocks, the Indians had already loaded up all the sheaves of grain that their several travois could carry and quickly headed off without discovering either of the children.

As soon as the Indians had been gone long enough to be out of sight, Horace ran over to his sister and asked, "Etta, are you all right?" With her little heart still pounding she answered, "I don't know—let's go home."

Horace promised, "I'll never coax Mama to let me take you again. I was so afraid they would find us."⁷⁴

One of Etta's dearest friends growing up was the daughter of Apostle George A. Smith, who owned the house next door. Etta remembers sadly walking with her friend to meet the men who brought the body of her older brother George A. Smith Jr. back to Parowan. Young George had been killed by a party of Navajo Indians while on a mission in Arizona. Etta was about seven at the time and the memory remained vivid the rest of her life.⁷⁵

Janette

Etta certainly wasn't afraid of all Indians, in fact she actually had an older sister who was an Indian and who doted on her. Our first official record of Janette's being part of the Smith family comes from a listing of the inhabitants of Parowan, dated May 1854.⁷⁶ That record lists the Smith household as follows:

John Calvin Lazelle Smith, High Priest and President of the Stake, age 31.
 Sarah Fish Smith, age 25 years.
 Horace Calvin Smith, age 5 years.
 Sarah Jane Smith, age 3 years.
 Nancy Francetta Smith, age 1 year.
 Janette Smith (a Lamanite), age 7 years.

The term "Lamanite" listed above is in accordance with the Book of Mormon name given to the progenitors of the Indians. It was a complimentary term used by the Mormons denoting their belief that the Indians were heirs to rich blessings promised by God to their ancestors.

We don't know exactly when Janette became part of the Smith family, but it was likely not long before the above May 1854 record was made. The way in which Janette joined the family is a dramatic one, as Etta's daughter Olive recounted:

My grandfather [John C. L. Smith] was made president over that area [southern Utah]. . . Grandpa Smith worked with the Indians diligently. He learned the language well, and he with others were able to make friends with the [local] Indians who called him Captain Smith. It took time to subdue the Navajos. They would drift in from Arizona and fight the [local] Indians who often came running to the whites for help. . . .

About this time a band of Navajos was seen camped on the bank of the flour mill stream, called the mill race, beyond Grandfather's field. As usual Grandpa walked over to their camp to investigate their intentions and to make peace if necessary. He discovered they had an orphaned Indian girl about 10 or 11 years old who had no relatives. She had been taken captive . . . during one of their battles. They didn't want to be bothered with her while traveling any further [and had] decided they would drown her in the mill stream. She was terribly hysterical with fear. Grandpa talked to the Indians for a long long time

and explained that the Great Spirit would be displeased and angry with them if they did such a terrible thing, and that they had good forefathers who would be happy if they would soften their hearts and would not kill. He explained the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments, but with no results. The Indians were determined to drown her, and said, "If you will give us a sack of flour and a gun we will give her to you."

Grandfather tried again to change their minds and said to them, "If you will be good and save her life the Great Spirit will be kind to you."

The Indians said, "If you want to save her life, you give us a gun and a sack of flour, if not we will drown her at sundown tonight."

Grandfather then told them he would have to talk to his wife and see what she would say about it, as she would have more care of her as he was a very busy man making a living and helping get immigrants into that location.

Grandpa went home and fully explained his experience and asked his wife what her feelings were about it. She was so shocked she could hardly speak. Finally she said "Oh, John Calvin, I will just have to think awhile. How can we take a wild neglected Indian girl into our home and make her happy? Even the local Indians as well as the whites may not like her. She would be a misfit and maybe hated. How would she fit in? Oh, how could we take her?"

Grandma paced the floor so worried, then prayed about it. Then she thought of the Indian girl being an offspring of that wonderful prophet Lehi and Sarah who had such great trials coming into this country. She thought, "How could we face them and our Maker in the next world if my decision was negative?" She soon was convinced and was filled with the spirit of saving the girl. Grandma said, "I know it is the right thing for us to take the Indian girl. John Calvin, take the gun and go at once before it is too late. The sun seems to be moving faster than I realized." Grandfather said, "Sarah, I knew you would feel as I do."

Grandmother anxiously watched from the window as Grandfather took long fast strides through the field and over the rail fence. He found the Indian girl screaming hysterically. As Grandfather approached, the struggling girl broke loose from her captors and rushed to him and threw her arms around his waist, then slumped to the ground, still clinging to his legs, her tousled hair draped over his boots and she changed from intense sobbing to crying for joy. Grandfather lifted her from the ground. The trade was made and the Indian girl brought to the Smith home.⁷⁷

There are numerous versions of the story of Janette's rescue from the Indian band, which vary greatly as to the details of the event. I have included Olive's version of the story because it was handed down through Nancy Franzetta Smith's family, and as such is part of her history. Even if some aspects of it may be inaccurate, it is essentially what Etta told her children.

So many versions of this story exist in so many forms that at this point it is impossible to say with certainty what exactly happened. Some accounts are so

utterly fanciful, and cite as fact locations and people that are so totally out of place, that they destroy all credibility.⁷⁸ Others written by persons unconnected, or distantly connected, with the family are also often less reliable. However, by comparing various accounts written by those with close connections, finding the points upon which most agree, and discarding those parts that simply couldn't fit the historical context of the event, we are able to identify some key points with relative certainty.⁷⁹

First, it is certain that the price paid to rescue the girl was one of John C. L. Smith's guns and a sack of flour. The fact that the Indians demanded payment to release the child also was in keeping with the time. Often in the United States we think of slavery as something practiced only in the Southern States involving slaves brought over from Africa. In reality, the slave trade had actually been going on even longer among the Indians. In particular, the trafficking of Indian women and children as slaves into Mexico had been going on since the Spanish conquest. It was big business for the warlike Utes and Navajos, who raided the more timid Piedes and Paiutes at will for women and children to sell. Earlier whites had aided them; in fact, during the mid-1800's the governor in New Mexico was even providing licenses to slave traders. But Mormon colonization threatened to put an end to the business. Soon after they were established in Utah, Brigham Young pushed through territorial legislation outlawing the slave trade in Utah. This infuriated Ute chiefs like Wakara, who were particularly aggressive in raiding the weaker tribes. They felt the Mormon newcomers had no right to interfere with their tribal economy and traditions. This was one of several reasons that Wakara waged the Walker War against them.⁸⁰

Next, most accounts describe John C. L. Smith as the one who negotiated with the Indians and rescued Janette. A few accounts portray Sarah as having ran out to the band and rescued her. However, it is clear that her husband was there at the time, and even though Sarah certainly had a reputation for being undaunted and fearless, it is not reasonable to believe that a pioneer man like John would have allowed his wife to approach a band of Indians, or that she would have done so, when he was around.

The intention of the Indians to drown the girl if their demanded price was not paid is consistent with all accounts, and most agree with the deadline at "sundown." The location of the drowning, at the stream by the mill, is also common to most accounts.⁸¹ Some of Etta's children added that when John C. L. Smith went back to make the trade, he heard "the child scream" and "ran to the millrace, finding the child with a buckskin thong tied around her neck and the other end tied to a good sized rock, and [the Indians] were prepared to throw her in the stream."⁸²

Also, most accounts describe the band of Indian captors as Navajos. Janette's younger brother, Joseph F. McGregor, stated that his mother, Sarah, told him that Janette was a Paiute.⁸³ Although a few accounts speculate that she might have been a Ute or a Navajo, Joseph was correct, Janette, was a Paiute or possibly a Piede, which tribes were almost indistinguishable. These weaker tribes were subservient to the Utes and the ones traditionally preyed upon in the

slave trade. The Utes inhabited northern Utah and the Navajos Arizona, and neither of these tribes typically raided each other. Later events would also indicate that she was from one of the more local tribes, which were the Paiute or Piede.

Janette was also almost certainly an orphan. There was no indication that she ever wanted to return to her Indian people. On the contrary, she made it very clear that she wanted to remain with her adoptive Mormon family. Some accounts state that the Navajo raiders had taken Janette's mother as well, but that she had died and it was because they had no one to care for the little girl that they were so determined to kill her and be rid of her.⁸⁴

Another certainty is that Janette was not the little girl's real name, it was simply the name given her by the Smiths. Actually, even the real spelling of that name is uncertain at this point in time. In various accounts it is also written as Jeannette, Jennette, Jenette, and Janet. I have used "Janette" in keeping with the way her name was written in the May 1854 Parowan record. Also, it is close to the most common spelling of her name I have found, which is "Janet."

After Janette's rescue, Sarah took the little girl, fed her warm milk and bread, and made her a comfortable bed on the upstairs floor of the house, staying by her until she went to sleep. During the night, Janette dreamed that the "mean Indians" were once again trying to drown her in the stream. She became hysterical and rolled around the room and fell down the steep stairway. Sarah was mortified, fearing that she was badly hurt, but was relieved to find no broken bones. Comforting her, Sarah put her back to bed and remained with her through the remainder of the night.

The next morning, Sarah took a large wooden tub in which she thoroughly bathed and scrubbed the little girl, and deloused her hair. She then braided her hair and tied the braids with bright red strips of carpet rag. Despite the ordeal of being scrubbed and deloused, little Janette loved her new look and in particular her braids.

Naturally, after being uprooted from her tribe and likely seeing the death of her mother, the adjustment of a new life in the white world, even with a loving adoptive family, was a difficult one for the little Indian girl. For some time she remained quite sullen, but also became very attached to Sarah whom she would shadow everywhere.

Sarah treated her like a daughter, in fact she always introduced her as "my daughter, Janette."⁸⁵ Sarah not only taught her the many skills valued by pioneer women, but also made sure that Janette received an education, tutoring her at home and also seeing that she went to school. Sarah later related to her son, Joseph, that Janette "was quite a bright girl—soon learned the English language and was quite a good student."⁸⁶ A granddaughter of Janette's future husband wrote of Janette's upbringing in Sarah's home:

She had lived in this home since infancy, had grown up with [the Smith] children, and had the same training. She attended school and took part in church activities as they did; she helped with the home work but was in no sense a slave.⁸⁷

Etta related that Janette “not only became a good scholar for those days but learned to be a clean house keeper. She was always ready to help [Sarah] with the roughest work, scrubbing floors, looking after cows, milking and other outside chores when needed. She learned to sew clothing, besides weaving, spinning, quilts, soap, candles, making a garden and drying fruit.” Etta, who was a little girl at the time, related that Janette was a very caring big sister, who “would insist on carrying her on her back to school when it was muddy.”⁸⁸ At times Janette served as the younger Smith children’s protector also, as in this story told by Etta to her children:

[Horace Calvin] had trouble with a larger boy on his way to school who would hide in the rose bushes along the rail fence and jump out and fight him, so Jennette said she would put a stop to that. She also hid in the bushes and when the fight started she jumped out and joined in the fight and gave the bully a good scare and he really behaved himself after that.⁸⁹

Some accounts state that a few years later, the tribe of Indians that Janette had been stolen from found out where she was and wanted her back. By this time Janette had no desire to return, but was harassed by tribal members who repeatedly tried to steal her back. Janette was advised that even though she was still quite young, only about 14 years old,⁹⁰ she should get married, “then she would belong to her husband and the Indian raids would stop.”⁹¹

Shortly after, Sarah’s cousin, Dudley Leavitt passed through town on his way home to Gunlock, a settlement along the Santa Clara River in the extreme southwest corner of Utah. Dudley hauled freight to and from northern Utah, and often stayed overnight at Sarah’s home as he came through Parowan, and such was the case on this trip.⁹² Dudley left early the next morning before sunrise, and not wanting to wake the family, pulled quietly out of the yard. A



Janette Smith Leavitt

Dudley Leavitt’s granddaughter, Juanita Brooks, wrote: “This picture was taken before or at the time of her marriage to Dudley. From an old tintype. [The dress] is supposed to be the wedding dress in which she was married. She is standing in front of a heavy painted curtain, I was told.”

few miles out of town he was overtaken by a boy on horseback, who had a message for him, "Brother Amasa Lyman wanted to see you before you left town."⁹³ Dudley was puzzled why the apostle would want to see him, but turned his team around and returned to his cousin's house. Dudley's granddaughter Juanita explained the reason he was called back.

Apostle Lyman was waiting for him alone in the parlor. He hesitated a little and then asked Dudley if he had ever considered marrying an Indian girl. This question came as a complete surprise to the young man. No, he couldn't say that he had. Brother Lyman went on to say that it would be his counsel for Dudley to marry the girl, Janet Smith. This, too, was a surprise. He had known her for years but had never thought of her as a wife.

Brother Lyman went on to explain that the girl had received an offer of marriage from a white man as a plural wife but had refused it. The family could not understand why she had turned down so good an offer; they felt that the opportunity to marry a white man was one she could not afford to pass up. For a long time she would tell them nothing, but this morning after Dudley had left in such haste and without even a leave taking, she had broken down.

"There is only one man that I have ever seen that I would like to marry," she said, "and that man is Dudley Leavitt."

He went on to enumerate the girl's good qualities and to show that with her training she should make an excellent wife. Then, too, there was the promise that the Lamanites should yet become a white and delightful people; they were of the blood of Ephraim and would eventually come into their own.

Dudley hesitated. He thought of the three wives at home, Thirza a bride of less than six months and both the others with young babies. This last season had been so hard that he could barely provide for the family he had, and he dreaded the complications that might arise by bringing in another wife, especially an Indian.

"If you will take this girl, marry her, give her a home and a family, and do your duty by her, I promise you in the name of the Lord that you will be blessed. From her seed will come some of the finest of your posterity," Apostle Lyman said solemnly.

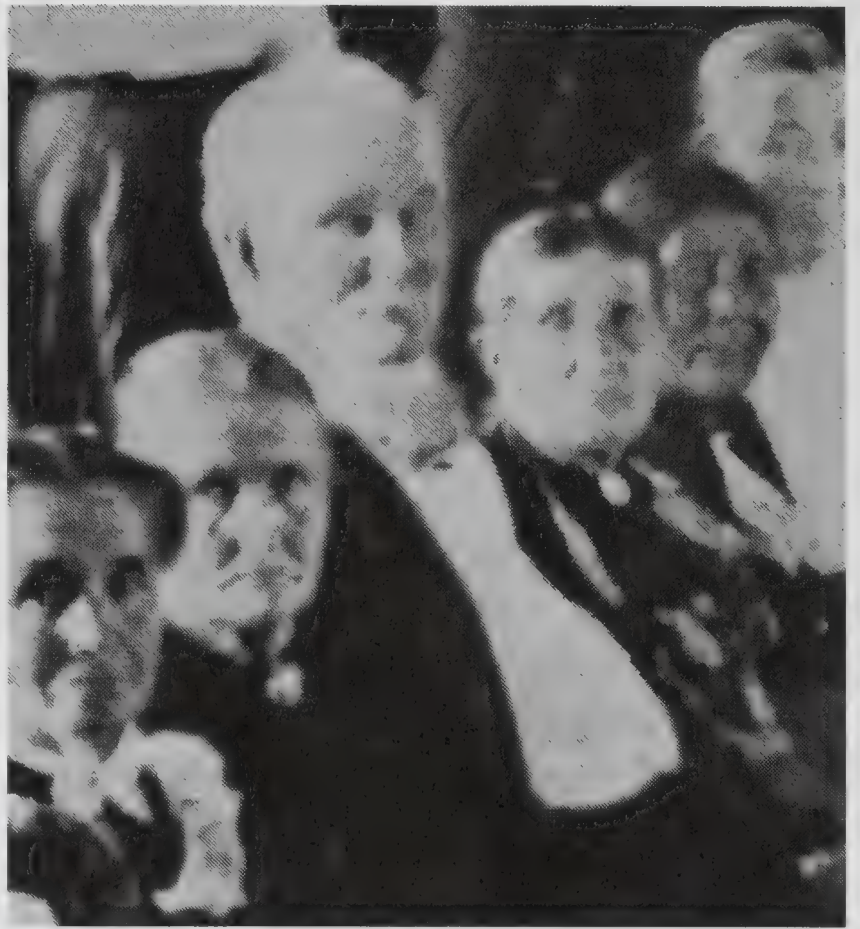
"I'll do it," Dudley answered.⁹⁴

Janette and her family were all called, and the marriage and sealing was performed by Apostle Lyman on March 8, 1860 in the home John C. L. Smith had built.

Janette's arrival in Gunlock was certainly an adjustment for Dudley's other three wives. Yes, she was an Indian, but what they seemed to notice even more was that she was obviously from a wealthy home and came with "a much nicer trousseau than any of them had brought into the home" and had an air of class and upbringing about her. Juanita went on to explain:

She had been raised as a child of the stake president; her mother had given her every opportunity. She sang the lead soprano in the choir,

read well, was a good cook, and could serve the apostles with ease. She had three beautiful quilts and one camp quilt, a pair of blankets, and three sheets. Some of her pillow cases had embroidery and knitted lace; one pair was heavy and serviceable. Her towels, dish towels, stand covers, and doilies were very nice. Her house dresses were very attractive and her aprons practical, with two pretty ones for dress up. She said little, but there was a quiet dignity about her that they had to admire in spite of her dark skin.⁹⁵



Dudley Leavitt with his wives Maria, Mary, Thirza, Janette, & Martha – about 1905.

One could apply much of this same description to Janette's younger sister Etta upon her marriage, except for the "dark skin" of course.

Dudley treated Janette kindly and as an equal to his other wives. The two of them had eleven children together and for a time Janette raised a little Indian girl named Susie as well. Fulfilling the prophecy made to Dudley by the apostle, that from Janette would come "some of the finest of your posterity," her children gained reputations as fine stalwart people: teachers, government workers, missionaries, bishops and other church leaders.⁹⁶ As Etta's daughter Jane described, Janette "raised a large family of handsome children." Jane never had the chance to meet her Indian aunt, but did know "two of her grandsons who lived in Annabelle. They were big, good-looking boys and were outstanding basketball players."⁹⁷ So in keeping with what is truly important, we know her posterity was good at sports, too!

Janette died in 1907, and throughout her life Etta carried a loving fondness for her older Indian sister.

Youth and Courtship

The preceding description of Janette was provided as much to show the environment and upbringing that Etta received during her childhood and youth, as it was to tell the story of her Indian sister.

Etta grew into a beautiful young woman, tall and slender, with dark eyes and hair. She was well-educated in schooling as well as in the many, many domestic skills that would bless and benefit her own family. She was energetic, industrious, clean, an impeccable housekeeper, as well as very charitable and kind.

She was also very creative. For example, when she was 12 she wanted a new dress, so she set about gathering wool caught on the fences and brush where sheep had been feeding. She then had her mother help her wash it and card it, and dye part of it blue with indigo, while leaving the rest the natural gray color. She spun the yarn and wove the cloth herself, and then she and her mother made a lovely dress out of the resulting cloth, which she proudly wore for several years. She said that the dress never did wear out.⁹⁸

Etta was also a good student. During her childhood, school books were in short supply in Parowan; therefore, each child was requested to bring some book they had at home, to study from and share. The Smith family had the only spelling book in town, so Etta had the honor of bringing that book with her to school.⁹⁹

Etta may have been the youngest of John C. L. Smith's living children, but growing up she was also an older sister to five younger siblings, the children of her mother and stepfather. Another half brother would be born to the family after Etta married and moved away from home.

As mentioned earlier, during the Black Hawk War years in the late 1860's, Etta came to know the cavalier John Lowe Butler. Etta was one of the prettiest girls in town and from one of the most prominent families, but even to her this tall, masculine, handsome, and enterprising young man, who was nine years her senior, must have seemed something of a prize. Her little brother Joseph McGregor, who would have been not quite 5 years old at the time of Etta's marriage, recalled "how light" his older sister "was on her feet" during her courtship. He particularly remembers her being so giddy one day when John was teasing her, that "she sprang lightly over the railing of the porch onto the ground." Likely the little boy wondered what it was about being in love that caused people to act so silly, and he certainly "wept" when he learned "she was to be married" as "he didn't know how he'd ever get along without his sleeping partner!"¹⁰⁰

By the early 1870's, John Butler came to feel the same infatuation for this Parowan teenager. He was now in his late 20's, quite old for a Mormon man to remain unmarried. His delay in getting married probably had much to do with the responsibility he had in caring for his mother's family, as well as pioneering from place to place, the disruptions of the Black Hawk War, and his semi-



*Nancy Franzetta Smith
as a teenager*

transient existence trying to establish himself, but it probably had even more to do with the fact that the girl he was destined to marry was still growing up.

As related earlier, in 1871 John moved from the Parowan-Paragonah area across the mountains to resettle Panguitch, so for the following two years his courtship with Etta continued at a distance, with the two seeing each other during his occasional trips to Parowan, and via letters. One such letter provides one of the extremely few first-person records John left. Although written to the girl he intended to marry, it is not really a love letter, but a letter of sympathy, offering condolence at the time of the death of Lizzy, the wife of Etta's older brother Horace, who had died during childbirth eleven days earlier.

Panguitch March the 16th '73
[1873]

Dear Eta,

I improve this oportunity in writing you a few lines to let you know how I am giting along. This leaves me well and I truly hope it will finde you injoying the same blessing.

I have just heard of the death of Horace wife and I feel to simpathiss with him very much try to induce him to come over and see Sarajane. I think he would feel better to have a change of seanery. Sister Phebe is very sick at present with the rheumitism. There does not apere to be as much sickness on this side of the mountain as there is in Parawan.

We have had very plesent weather for the last few days I cannot say when I will come over again but will come as soon as I can.

Pleas write as soon as you receive this direct to Paragona to be forwarded to Panguitch. Excuse bad writing and miss spelt words as I am not acustomed to writing espeshely in cases like this. I must close with regards to all.

Yours truly,
[signed] J L Butler

Of course, by today's standards John's spelling is atrocious. He readily recognizes that he doesn't spell well and apologizes for it; however, the number of misspelled words in his letter really isn't that bad, considering the time and place. It should be remembered that most people in his day could not spell correctly and the majority, like John, spelled phonetically. Of course, then again most didn't have ready access to dictionaries and none had spell-checking word processors like we have grown accustomed to today.

At the time of this letter, John and Etta were contemplating marriage, but complicating the matter was Etta's health. Since her childhood she had never been very well physically. Often sick with "liver trouble or some thing of that nature," many feared that she might not live very long and that she might never be able to have children. Undoubtedly, she made that clear to her suitor. Nevertheless, love seems to overrule all else, and John told her that he still

wanted to marry her, even if it meant he “could only have a year of life together” with her.¹⁰¹

To make sure that they had each other beyond the projected “year of life together,” they journeyed 250 miles north of Parowan to Salt Lake City, to be married in the Endowment House, where they could be sealed for eternity, on June 23, 1873.

Interestingly enough, Etta lived to have ten children, all of whom reached adulthood, and she would outlive John in the end.



*Charcoal portrait of
Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*



*Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler
towards the end of her life*



John Lowe Butler II
About the time of his marriage to Nancy Franzetta Smith

Chapter Six

Panguitch Family

John Lowe and Nancy Franzetta Butler made their first home together on the Butler Brothers farm along the Sevier River, about three miles southeast of Panguitch. About nine months after John and Nancy's marriage, John's brother James married Charlotte Elizabeth Topham, on March 2, 1874. The Tophams were a prominent family in Paragonah and certainly Nancy and Charlotte knew each other growing up, as they had lived only a couple of miles apart and were about the same age. Charlotte became known as Aunt "Lottie" to John's children and Nancy Franzetta became known as Aunt "Ettie" to James's children. Ettie and Lottie would be close friends throughout the remainder of their lives. As Ettie's daughter described them, "My mother thought of Aunt Lotty as a sister. They felt more secure to be together when the men were at work in the fields or with the stock."¹

By this time all of Caroline Butler's daughters had married, including her youngest, Alveretta Farozine, who had married another Paragonah man named James Coupe Robinson, on October 2, 1871.² Caroline's only child remaining unmarried was her youngest son, and Thomas, as part of the Butler Brothers partnership, lived with his brothers at Panguitch when he was not out herding their livestock. Caroline would continue to live with John in Panguitch for the remainder of her life. John's sisters Phoebe Sevy and Sarah Adeline Allen, and their families, were then living at Panguitch as well.³

Their Panguitch Home

John and James built two log houses on their farm, for their new wives and future children. Each house consisted of two rooms and both had lean-to kitchens extending from their west sides. Each was heated with large rock fireplaces, and on each side of the fireplaces were high shelves for storage, and below these shelves were clothes closets with curtains. Midway between the two houses was a well, with an oaken bucket with which the families drew their household water. James and Lottie took the house on the north, while John and Ettie's family resided in the house on the south.⁴

Ettie's health issues before their marriage notwithstanding, only a year later, on June 5, 1874, she gave birth to their first child, a son they named after his father and grandfather, John Lowe Butler III. The name John Lowe Butler, would continue through at least seven generations!

Little John's birth was not without complications, however, as Ettie's daughter Jane later explained:

Mother had a difficult time and had only a midwife to help her. As the baby was born the uterus protracted and mother fell into unconsciousness. The only thing Pa knew to do was to stand on a chair, hold mother by her ankles and shake her until the uterus went back into place. Lottie was present and told me that all the time Pa was shaking mother great tears were rolling down his cheeks. Mother recovered and had nine more children without too much difficulty.⁵

In addition to John III, three more of John and Ettie's children would be born in their Panguitch home: Francetty⁶ on April 7, 1876, Sarah on February 2, 1878, and Caroline on December 2, 1880. According to Francetty, the mid-wife for the first three children was "Sister Shakespeare."⁷

Nicknames were the order of the day within the Butler family. Throughout their lives Francetty was known as "Zettie," Sarah as "Sadie," and Caroline as "Carrie." All three of these girls, as well as their siblings, referred to their mother as "Ettie" and this is the reason that I have shifted to using that nickname instead of "Etta." For clarity, throughout the remainder of this book I will also refer to the oldest son as John III.

The families of the Butler Brothers may have had their own houses, but in such close proximity the children frequented each other's home as if it were their own. The children's memories of the time make it seem like they were one



The John Lowe Butler II home at Panguitch

(The woman and children standing in front are not connected with the Butler family)

big family. For instance, Zettie's very first memory is of sitting at the table in Aunt Lottie's house playing with her crocheting. When Lottie scolded her, little Zettie got mad and "threw it down and ran the hook through the palm of [her] hand." Such a thing would certainly stand out in a child's memory, especially as she looked in horror at the crochet hook protruding clear through the back of her hand! What made it even more memorable was when Aunt Lottie pulled the hook back out, Zettie watched as a cord came with it.⁸

Discipline was also a joint effort at times; if a child needed to be corrected, whatever "mother" was there, even if it wasn't the child's own, took care of it. Zettie recalled that once she "bit John T., Aunt Lottie's baby, so I got a good bite back and then we both howled."⁹

Neighbors visited the Butler homes regularly, and this included the local Indians as well. John and his brothers may have been involved in earlier battles with Indians, but they held no malice towards them. They especially worked to make friends with the local Indians who were their neighbors. John often invited them into his home and would give them food. Of course, old men are often frightening to little children, and to a little white girl this is especially true when the man is an old Indian, as Zettie related:

I recall that when we were making friends with the Indians an old fellow by the name of Pontio came to the house for food. He took me on his lap and I surely let out a scream!¹⁰

One of the Indians who came to the Butler home in Panguitch was a very special visitor. She was Ettie's older sister Janette. This certainly must have been a joyous time, as well as a rare opportunity, in that throughout their adult lives they lived a considerable distance apart. However, that visit almost turned tragic when two Navajo Indians rode up and wanted Janette to go with them. Of course, considering Janette's history, we can understand her being extremely frightened. She quickly tried to hide, but the Indians were determined to take her. Making matters worse was the fact that all the Butler men were away from home at the time. Nevertheless, Ettie quickly devised a ruse to save her sister. She ran out behind the house and



*John III, Sarah (Sadie), and Francetty (Zettie)
Butler – about 1879*

began calling for John, whom she pretended was down by the river bank where they had a work shop they called a rookery. When the two Indians heard her calling for John “they left in a hurry” leaving Janette alone.¹¹

Patriarchal Blessings

On May 26, 1874, a little over a week before the birth of their first son, John III, both John and Ettie received patriarchal blessings. Space does not permit me to explain fully the nature of patriarchal blessings or their historical origins. In short, Church members have the privilege of receiving a blessing at the hands of an ordained Patriarch. An individual holding this priesthood office is endowed with the gift of prophecy and has the responsibility to pronounce inspired blessings from God on behalf of faithful Church members. A patriarchal blessing becomes, in essence, personal scripture to the individual containing promises, prophecies, counsels, warnings, and encouragement specific to the person.

Typically each Stake within the Church has at least one individual ordained as Patriarch. John and Ettie received their blessings from Patriarch Joseph L. Heywood at Panguitch, which at the time was still part of Iron County. Patriarchal blessings are of a personal nature and typically are only shared with family members; however, because this book is intended for John’s posterity, transcriptions of John and Ettie’s blessings are included here:¹²

Panguitch, Iron Co., U.T.
May 26th 1874

A Patriarchal blessing by Joseph L. Heywood upon the head of
John L. Butler, son of Farozine Skeen and John L. Butler, born
Nauvoo, Hancock County, Ills, Feb. 28, 1844.

Brother John Lowe I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and by virtue of the authority conferred upon me, pronounce upon you a Fathers Blessing. Thou art a lawful heir to the Priesthood and to the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The Lord thy creator has endowed thee with intellectual powers, which are calculated to make thee of great worth to thy fellow man. Seek therefore for that light which flows through the channel of the Priesthood, let thy delight ever be in instructing thy younger brethren, and in building up and in strengthening the Kingdom of thy Father. Thou art entitled to all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant. Let your confidence increase in the powers that be which are ordained of God, who enjoyed your Father’s confidence as well as they his to a fullness. I seal you up unto everlasting life, with the blessings of immortality, and endless lives, in the mansions of Glory.

Amen

Recorded in Bk A, p 11

Panguitch, Iron Co., U.T.
May 26,1874

A Patriarchal blessing by Joseph L. Heywood upon the head of Nancy F. Butler, daughter of Sarah Fish and John C. L. Smith, born Parowan, Iron Co., UT. March 4, 1853.

Sister Nancy Francetty, I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth and by virtue of the authority conferred upon me I bless you. Thou art one of the daughters of Abraham, and entitled to all the blessings that pertain to thy sex in this dispensation. The Lord has raised thee up a companion capable of instructing thee, and leading thee in those paths which will insure thy peace. Give no heed to the opposers of truth, and thy light and thy joy shall increase and thou wilt be a comfort, not only to thy companion, but unto thy Brothers and Sisters, thy Mother, and thy Father who is not far from thee. Let your heart be comforted and your trust be in the Lord who is able to build you up and prolong your days upon the earth. I seal you up unto Eternal life with every blessing your heart desires, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,

Amen

Recorded in Bk A p 12

For LDS Church members now, a patriarchal blessing is given only once, but in earlier days of the Church it was not unusual for some members to receive more than one. We only find record of one such blessing given to John; however, Ettie received another eleven years later while living in Richfield. A transcription of this blessing follows, unfortunately a couple of parts of the original manuscript are now illegible, these are indicated below with blank underscoring:

Richfield, Sevier Co., Nov. the 27, 1885

A Patriarchal Blessing given under the hands of Abraham Washburn, Patriarch, on the head of Nancy Francetty Smith Butler. Born Parowan, Iron Co. Utah, March the 4th 1853. Daughter of John Calvin Lazelle Smith and Sarah Fish Smith.

Nancy Francetty Smith, dear sister in the name of Jesus and by virtue of the holy priesthood, I lay my hands upon your head and pronounce and seale upon you a Patriarchal or fathers blessing, which shall prove a source of comfort and consolation and instruction to you inasmuch as you have faith in this divine ordinance and all the ordinances of the gospel which has been revealed to Joseph Smith the Prophet with salvation and exaltation of his children here upon the earth.

You are an offspring of God the eternal Father who made the heavens and the earth, and all things there in, that his children might come here through the

fall of Adam, and take upon them bodies of flesh and bones that the spirit and body might be united together that they might advance in the scale of being that they might become like unto himself to know good and evil, pleasure and pain, bitter and sweet, and be like the Gods bring in subjection the weaknesses of the flesh following principles of the gospel and obtain a later resurrection, have an immortal body, to dwell in heaven like the Savior even Jesus Christ who died and rose the third day.

You are favored dear Sister to come to this earth under verry favorable circumstances having goodly parents, lovers of truth and righteousness that sought to do the will of their Father by embracing the new and everlasting covenant.

You are a legitimate heir to the Priesthood to follow in the footsteps of your Mother aiming to become like your Mother in heaven to occupy a position with the Gods of eternity there, male and female.

This is your ambition. This is what you are aspiring to be, and you have taken a step in the right direction. Be comforted, be encouraged, the Lord is pleased with the course which you have taken. Your sins are forgiven you. Your name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life not to be blotted out. Press forward, hold fast your integrity, keep the covenants that you have made. The Lord will give you strength and grace according to your day and in trials and everything shall work for your good, and you will be favored in bringing forth your offsprings, some of the most noble spirits having been reserved to come forth in this much favored period to take a part in this great work in the gathering of Israel, in the building up of Zion, establishing the Kingdom of God upon the earth no more to be thrown down nor given to another people.

You are here to do this work because it was your own free will and choice.

You are a daughter of Abraham, entitled to share and participate in all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant in connection with your companion, with your parents and children. Your lineage is through the loins of Ephraim and will receive your inheritance in the land of Zion. Your offspring will be as numerous as the sands of the sea, cannot be numbered.

These blessings I pronounce on you through your _____ Lord, and also confirm all former blessings which have been _____ upon you by any servant of God at any time or place, even so.

Amen.

His Mother's Death

The summer of 1875 was a sorrowful time for the Butler family, with the death of John's mother Caroline, on August 4, 1875, at the age of 63. She died in the Panguitch home of her daughter, Sarah Adeline,¹³ who was the nurse of the family.

Her death must have been particularly hard for John, who had cared for her the previous 15 years, ever since the death of his father. During that time

Caroline had resided with her husband's namesake son, who did all he could to make her life comfortable and happy. Even after John's marriage, Caroline continued to live with them, during which time Ettie had treated her mother-in-law with due respect and kindness. Of this John's daughter related: "I well remember hearing my father praise mother for the wonderful way mother treated and cared for his mother in their home."¹⁴

Perhaps John's sorrow at his mother's passing was mitigated a little by the knowledge that she at least had the opportunity to see and enjoy his firstborn son, the little 1-year-old boy who for a third generation carried the name of her beloved husband.

Caroline's life was the ultimate example of faithful Mormon pioneer womanhood. Few surmounted more difficult circumstances than had John's mother, and she did it without complaint. She had given up the privileged lifestyle of a Southern Belle to embrace a religion she was faithful to for the rest of her life, never wavering. She had given birth to twelve children and raised eleven of them in wilderness settings. Throughout her adult life she had pioneered one locale after another, never having a home for more than a few years at a time. Yet she never complained, nor did she ever regret the path she chose as a young wife, when she joined the Church and left Tennessee on her lifelong pioneer odyssey. At her funeral it was said of Caroline:

Her faith was strong as the everlasting hills, and all these hardships only seemed to purify her soul until it was pure gold. Her very womanliness rested like a halo on her brow. She is one of the queens of the earth.¹⁵

For the remainder of his life, John carried similar sentiments with him in the form of a newspaper obituary. To him it served as a memory of his mother, as well as a reminder of what she expected of him. Caroline's obituary read:

In all the trials and privations through which she passed, she exhibited much fortitude and patience and an undeviating faith in the gospel of Christ.¹⁶

Caroline was initially buried in Panguitch, likely because during the hot summer it would have been impractical to carry her body to Spanish Fork, a journey of about 250 miles that would require several days by wagon in those days. Nevertheless, John knew that she wanted to be buried next to her husband, and so he later took his wagon and carried her body north, and laid her to rest beside her beloved husband, John Lowe Butler Sr., in the Spanish Fork cemetery.¹⁷ "It was a long, difficult trip,"¹⁸ according to one of John Jr.'s daughters, but it was well worth it to fulfill the wish of this dear woman who had done so much for him.

Morgan Horses

Of the many endeavors the Butler Brothers were engaged in together, the one that they were perhaps best known for was the horses they raised. Their herd of purebred Morgan horses “were considered the finest band of horses in southern Utah, and some would say – in the west.” In fact, they were responsible for importing into Utah the first herd of purebred Morgan horses, or even the first herd of purebred horses of any breed, for that matter. Through the horse herd and their other endeavors they worked in partnership, the brothers “did very well financially and amassed holdings considered to be worth a fortune.”¹⁹

The story of the Butler Brothers’ Morgan horses actually began about 80 years earlier, with the birth of a colt named Figure in West Springfield, Massachusetts. As a colt, Figure was taken by his owner, Justin Morgan, to Vermont where he would spend much of his life.²⁰

Figure was a stylish bay horse and although not very large, standing only about 14 hands and weighing about 950 lbs., seemed to be able to do just about anything better than any other horse. He was extremely strong and became widely known for his ability to pull stumps and logs as the settlers were clearing land. At the same time the horse was fast, and legend has it that Figure never lost a race, even against some of the best racehorses in New England at the time. His incredible endurance made him especially formidable in longer races and pulling contests. Figure was also noted for his intelligence, and carried himself with graceful style and a proud look, making him a favored parade mount. In addition, he had a good disposition and easy temperament, making him an ideal saddle horse. It didn’t matter whether he was working as a draft horse, pulling a wagon or stage, or carrying a rider, Figure was amazing. He was arguably the best all-around horse ever in America.

Figure’s fame spread throughout New England and Morgan’s horse became known as “the Morgan horse.” This first Morgan horse possessed two other extremely important attributes. The first was his longevity. Figure died in 1821 at the age of 32. What is even more amazing is that Figure was never “put out to pasture” so to speak, but spent his entire life as a workhorse. Even then he didn’t die of old age, but as the result of an injury from a kick from another horse that was left untreated. To horse breeders Figure’s most important attribute was his “prepotency” or the ability to pass his own looks and qualities on to succeeding generations. So he left a legacy of sons and daughters that would carry on the characteristics of this unique horse, and thus began the Morgan Horse, “The First True American Breed.”

As described by the current American Morgan Horse Association, the Morgan horse is,

... easily recognized by his proud carriage, upright graceful neck, and distinctive head with expressive eyes. Deep bodied and compact, the Morgan has strongly muscled quarters. The intelligence, willingness, zest for life, and good sense of the Morgan is blended with

soundness of limb, athleticism, and stamina. In addition, Morgan thriftiness and longevity have made this breed a good bargain for more than 200 years - easy to love and affordable to own. The Morgan horse is free moving and calm under western tack or elegant and aristocratic ridden in English style. A tractable temperament allows the Morgan to excel when driving in single or multiple hitches. Companionable and comfortable on a quiet pleasure ride anywhere open skies beckon, working as a sensible partner in a long day of ranch work or endurance riding, waiting alert and ready to enter a show ring, or performing in formal riding disciplines, the Morgan is a versatile horse within a versatile breed. The Morgan horse agreeably adapts to his owner's life style.²¹

In the Butler Brothers' day, Morgan horses were valued as the best "general purpose" horse. They were used by Pony Express riders, were prize mounts of generals in the Civil War, and pulled stage coaches, in addition to being draft and ranch horses. This description shows why the Butler Brothers, with their lumber, farm, ranch, and freight operations would want Morgan horses:

The round and compact bodies of Morgan horses enabled them to "get the best of their feed" and made them suitable to perform a wide variety of tasks. Their large eyes, small ears, and short, broad heads set on gracefully curved necks carried high provided them with a proud countenance. Also blessed with ground-covering gaits, the Morgans were able to cover many miles day after day at steady rate of speed. This ability, combined with a businesslike attitude to get the job done, made them a favorite horse of all work.²²

In the early days of the California Gold Rush, a herd of 125 Morgan horses were imported to California where they were sold for high prices and where stallions commanded high stud fees.²³ This set the stage for the herd the Butler Brothers would acquire.²⁴

About the time of the resettlement of Panguitch, in 1871, the Butler Brothers²⁵ went to California and brought back a herd of Morgan horses. They paid \$3,500 for at least 35 brood mares²⁶ and spent \$1,000 for a fine stallion named Prince.²⁷ Bear in mind that \$4,500 was a considerable sum in the mid-1800's, especially in the pioneer towns of southern Utah where cash was scarce. In particular, a thousand dollars was a huge amount of money to pay for a single horse, therefore Prince must have been very special indeed. Although purebred Morgan horses can come in a variety of colors, they are most commonly bay, black, and chestnut, and such were the Butlers' horses. Their stallion Prince was described as bay with a black mane and tail.²⁸

The Butlers herded their new horses overland from Sacramento, crossing over the Sierras to Utah and then south to Panguitch. It was a difficult trip, but in the end they got the horses home safely. There Prince and the mares roamed over the Butlers' beautiful summer ranch's green hills and lush pasture in the beautiful "Butler Valley" where Butler Creek meanders out of the mountains in the west to join with Panguitch Creek about eleven miles from the town of

Panguitch and about five miles from picturesque Panguitch Lake. Surrounded by miles and miles of open land and with no herd laws at the time, there was plenty of room for the herd to grow.²⁹ Winters were severe in the high country area of the Butlers' ranch near Panguitch Lake, so the horses most certainly spent the winter at their Panguitch farm, or some lowland area. Francetty remembered that the Butler Brothers' "sheep roamed the mountains around the Bryce Canyon area"³⁰ to the east, and it's likely that the horses and other livestock spent time there also.

The horses were not just used as breeding stock. They were put to work hauling logs for the saw and shingle mills, pulling plows and other farm implements, pulling freight wagons, riding herd, etc. It was doing such work that tragedy occurred. Prince "was worked too hard and sweat, then chilled and took pneumonia and died."³¹ This happened in about 1880 and Prince had been with the Butlers for a few years by then.³²

Now, to us it may seem odd that they were using their prized stallion as a workhorse at all. Today, such a stallion would only be found running around a safe fenced-in pasture and doing little else, but in those days, horses worked; all horses worked. As mentioned earlier, even Figure, the famed stallion through which all Morgan horses can trace their lineage, spent his entire life working.

Nevertheless, the loss of their prized stallion, which had cost them a relative fortune, was a huge blow to our three Butler Brothers. So with heads hanging low the distraught brothers began digging a grave on the Butler farm to bury Prince. Little Zettie remembers that just as her father and his brothers were about to lower him into the hole, her mother Ettie and Aunt Lottie came marching solemnly out to the site carrying hymn books and began singing a funeral hymn in solemn mournful voices. Initially "the men didn't appreciate their humor,"³³ but reluctantly had to admit that it was just a horse after all, and "the men finally had a smile on their faces."³⁴ Sure, he represented a thousand dollars being buried in that hole, but oh well, so it goes. The two young wives had managed to lighten an otherwise very sad moment and "they all had a good laugh."³⁵

However, Ettie and Lottie's little joke on the men would soon be met with just retribution, as John's daughter Jane related:

Mother and Lottie lived close to each other so when the men were away they spent a great deal of time together. One night Lottie was at mother's when the door flew open and father stumbled in and fell flat on the floor. He had never been known to drink but they tried to awaken him without success. They undressed him, made a bed with some quilts on the floor and rolled him onto the bed. Mother was crying and Lottie was furious with my father. Suddenly Pa sat up and had a big laugh at the expense of the two women.³⁶

After their move to Sevier County, the Butler Brothers replaced Prince with another Morgan stallion they named Bert. Bert was described as "a beautiful black stallion" and was the one most of the Butler children would remember growing up.³⁷

Later, when the Butler Brothers partnership was dissolved and the property divided among them, Thomas retained many of the horses.³⁸ Then one year another tragedy struck the Butlers' horses. They had put 22 of the mares out to pasture over the summer at Cove Mountain, about 20 miles southeast of Richfield, in the high mountain area between the Sevier River Valley and Grass Valley (see the map on page 183). Cove Mountain sits at an elevation of over 10,000 feet and other mountains there exceed 11,000 feet. Early snows hit the region, catching the men off guard and leaving the mares trapped in the mountains. The men struggled through deep snow to get to them, but found the mares very thin and nearly starved. By then the mares were too weak and they couldn't get any out alive.³⁹ Most had already "died in a huddle before they could reach them."⁴⁰ Tom Butler was particularly hurt emotionally. He found that "a very favorite mare had died while leading the band to a place where they might get through, but were too weak to make it, and he felt so badly he cried. When he saw how they had chewed into small tree trunks, saw how they suffered it made them all feel badly."⁴¹

The location where these mares died was called "Dead Horse Basin"⁴² for many years. Years later, Barney Middlemass in Richfield described the locale to John's son Horace, and reflected on "seeing the bones of the Butler Brothers' fine horses," saying simply, "it was quite a sight."⁴³

This didn't mark the end of the Morgan horses in the Butler family. Even after John, James, and Thomas had all passed away, John's sons, John III and Kenion Taylor, took two Morgan mares named Maud and Doll to Camas Prairie during the Butler family's epic move to Idaho in 1904. Both of these mares were bay, with black manes and tails like the stallion Prince. As K.T. described, Maud and Doll "could out-pull any team anywhere near their size, and they could out-trot any others around," adding, "they raised us many good colts and had their last colts at the age of 21 or 22. They were both with foal when they died."⁴⁴

Death of John D. Lee

In addition to the many endeavors the Butler Brothers were involved with in Panguitch during the 1870's – business, building homes and a community, ranching and farming, getting married, starting families, etc., – they also found themselves caught up in a very unpleasant affair that affected their town, indeed all of Utah, deeply.

On November 7, 1874, a posse headed by William Stokes, a deputy United States marshal, came to Panguitch and arrested John D. Lee. Lee had been a key figure in by far the blackest incident in Utah history, the 1857 massacre of a wagon train at Mountain Meadows, 30 miles southwest of Cedar City. For several years Lee had been on the run and living in hiding. Recently he had been living at a remote crossing of the Colorado River in northern Arizona called Lee's Ferry. However, he had several polygamous wives and had established homes for them and their children in different locales. His fourth

wife, Sarah Caroline Williams Lee, and their eleven children lived at Panguitch, and were friends of the Butlers.

Stokes had been searching for Lee for some time. Heading for Lee's Ferry, Stokes heard that Lee had gone to Harmony, his old home a little south of Cedar City, where one of his wives lived. Coming up empty-handed at Harmony, Stokes had followed several false leads before hearing that Lee was visiting his wife in Panguitch. Arriving there, Stokes found that the locals were not willing to help him apprehend their neighbor, but in the end he managed to find Lee, take him into custody, and transport him to Beaver where he would stand trial.⁴⁵

Space does not permit a detailed account of the tragedy that is recorded in history as the Mountain Meadows Massacre. The event itself, and in particular the circumstances surrounding it, is a very complex topic and one that is not germane to this history, as none of the Butler Brothers were involved. At the time John was only 13 years old and living with his parents some 250 miles away from the scene of the crime. Nor was Ettie's family involved, her father having died almost two years before it happened. The Butlers' connection in this story was to Lee, not the incident itself.⁴⁶

Lee was not a diabolical character as some have portrayed him. Among the people of southern Utah he was known as very hard working, diligent, a good neighbor, hospitable, a natural leader, and he was valiant in his support of the cause of the Church and his people. However, his "valiance" at times crossed the line into fanaticism, and that ultimately became his downfall. Caught up in the hysteria of a wartime situation, his zealous fanaticism enabled him to justify, in his mind, the unjustifiable.

In Panguitch, the Butlers saw Lee as a good neighbor and friend – he may have carried the stain of sin, as they came to see, but still you don't turn your back on a friend. John Butler was there when Lee was taken into custody.⁴⁷ And the Butlers' connection to Lee went way back to the family's early days as members of the Church in Missouri. John D. Lee had fought along with their father, John Butler Sr., against the mob at Gallatin. On Ettie's side, Lee had been with her father, John C. L. Smith, on some of his exploring expeditions, Indian negotiations, and early efforts in settling Iron County.

After two trials in Beaver, Utah in 1875 and 1876, John D. Lee was convicted of murder and the court decided that it would be fitting for him to face execution at Mountain Meadows. So on March 13, 1877, he was taken to the site where the massacre occurred almost 20 years earlier. Witnesses and spectators gathered, and likely among these were John and James Butler, who would be the ones to take Lee's body back to Panguitch for burial.⁴⁸ An official photographer was present who took a picture of the group. It is a rather morbid picture, with Lee sitting on the coffin where his body would be placed in a few minutes. Butler family legend has it that John Butler built that casket. Lee was given the opportunity to speak some last words, through which he remained calm and poised, getting emotional only when speaking of leaving his family behind. Lee had chosen firing squad as the method of execution, and after his talk the sentence was carried out.



John D. Lee (3rd from left) sitting on his coffin just before being executed by firing squad at Mountain Meadows – March 13, 1877.

John and James Butler carried Lee's coffin up over the mountains to Panguitch where they, along with Lee's family, attended to his burial. The Butlers certainly didn't condone what had happened at Mountain Meadows at all. They were horrified by the whole affair, as were most who lived anywhere near Cedar City. The tragedy had been like a dark cloud hanging over the residents of southern Utah for two decades. Also, there was no question of John D. Lee's guilt, as during the trial he stated that he participated. Nevertheless, he was still a friend and the Butlers stood by their friends to the end.

Privations of 1877-78

From the beginning of the resettlement of Panguitch in 1871, through the mid-1870's, people in the area had been steadily prospering, in particular the Butler family.

Hard currency wasn't plentiful in the community, but the Butler Brothers' freighting business allowed them to gain cash money from outside the area. Many women in the community made butter and cheese, imprinted with fancy designs in molds, and shipped them south to Dixie, or east to mining camps in Nevada. Likely Ettie and Lottie were involved in this endeavor, at least for their own families' use. John's sister, Phoebe Sevy, certainly was. Phoebe made a business out of milking cows and from the milk she made butter and cheese. She shipped these commodities, along with lumber from her husband's mill, to the booming mining area of Pioche, Nevada. Her first shipment netted her a profit of \$400, a lot of money in those days. She felt comfortable enough with her new wealth to buy a "mattress of which she had long dreamed . . . a feather bed with a good tick."⁴⁹ It is reasonable to suppose that her brothers, being in the freight business, took care of at least some of Phoebe's shipping. Many women in Panguitch also worked as seamstresses and dressmakers, and Ettie certainly worked in this field as well.

Soon after the resettlement of Panguitch, a number of families established summer homes in the Panguitch Lake area, where summer grasses were especially favorable for the dairy farming crucial to the butter and cheese industry mentioned. The lake also produced a flourishing fish business, even during the winter when settlers fished through the ice. Soon property around the lake became something of a resort area with hotels, cabins, dance halls, etc.⁵⁰ John's brother-in-law, George Sevy, was involved in some of these enterprises, and as mentioned, the Butler Brothers' ranch was just a few miles from the lake.

The Butler Brothers' lumber business thrived, as their saw and shingle mills were ideally situated to provide material for this boom and other building needs around Panguitch, as well as product they freighted out of the area.

One of John's roles in the Butler Brothers partnership was managing their lumber business, and he was well known as "a wonderful woodsman." A story passed down through his children exemplifies this. One day as he and a fellow lumberman came to a nice looking stand of timber, John commented, "There is a nice day's cutting for a good cutter."

His companion replied incredulously, "No man lives that could cut that much in a day!"

Taking that as a dare, John stated that he thought he could and the test was set. John came back another day and started working just as the sun came up. Using only one axe, he cut all day long and when the sun went down he had finished the grove. The trees he cut and hauled that day measured, or were scaled at, 4,000 feet of logs. Bear in mind that this was well before the era of chainsaws and diesel skidders, it was just a man and his axe and horses. Putting it in perspective, John's son Horace stated that even working together the most he and his brother John III ever cut and hauled in one day was 2,000 feet, and they were known as accomplished woodsmen! John's children related that while their "father was active in the cutting business he developed a wonderful set of muscles on his arms and shoulders."⁵¹

For six years things had been going well for the Butlers and their Panguitch community, but in the late 1870's that changed dramatically. A local history explained the situation:

During 1877-78, people were out of the following necessary things of life and they suffered great privations. Clothing was scarce, shoes and boots were all worn out, pants in many cases were made from seamless sacks, washed, starched and ironed for Sunday. All the food they had was wild wheat and barley, potatoes, squash, a few onions, corn and dry beans. The corn was made into hominy and the wheat boiled or ground between rocks.

People suffered for milk, butter, grease of any kind, flour, meats of all kinds, sugar, molasses, fruits, raisins and rice. It was the spring of 1879 before they had any relief. There was no feed to speak of for the livestock, until after 1879-80.⁵²

The problem was the nature of the area. The land was fertile and good, but the elevation was high and subject to crop-killing frosts and severe winters.

Because of their relative wealth and many different enterprises, the Butlers did not suffer the privations mentioned above to the degree that others in Panguitch did. But the lack of livestock feed was a huge concern, considering their band of expensive horses, cattle, and large herd of sheep. Finding suitable pasture for the sheep, especially during the winter months, was a huge concern.

After 1880 feed in the area became more plentiful and the people in Panguitch began to prosper again. Nevertheless, the struggles of the late 1870's caused the Butler Brothers to investigate moving to some area with less severe winters.

Chapter Seven

San Juan Expedition & Hole-in-the-Rock

Of all the stories of the Old West, none is more thrilling and full of adventure than the trek of the Mormon Pioneers that settled on the San Juan River in Southern Utah in 1879 and 1880,”¹ according to Luella Adams Dalton in her history of Iron County. The country to which she is referring is the “Four Corners” region of extreme southeastern Utah. The San Juan River flows west through this desert land before intersecting with the Colorado River.

In 1879, the Navajo Indian Reservation was south of the San Juan River and a tribe of Paiutes claimed the land north of it. From the white man’s perspective, this whole southeastern corner of Utah was an unsettled wilderness of steep mountains and deserts laced with deep gorges cut through solid rock, that was cut off from the rest of the state by the steep canyons surrounding the Colorado River.² Early settler Elizabeth Morris Decker wrote: “It’s the roughest country you or anybody else ever seen; it’s nothing in the world but rocks and holes, hills and hollows. The mountains are just one solid rock as smooth as an apple.”³

For 30 years, Mormon colonizers had viewed the area as a vast no-man’s land and a virtually unknown country. But to the outlaw element this unsettled area became the ideal hideout, as Kumen Jones, one of the area’s first settlers described it: “The whole country . . . could have been planned for one of nature’s hideouts for wild animals, desperadoes, outlaws, and Indians, who were in full possession of it when we arrived, and for many years afterward.”⁴

To bring law to this area, and thereby put an end to this safe haven for outlaws, was one of the reasons in the late 1870’s Mormon Church leaders saw the need to establish a colony here. In addition, during the early 1870’s significant inroads had been made in establishing peaceful relations with the Navajos, and having a settlement near them would help that effort. Another reason for settling the San Juan was to provide a location for new converts emigrating from the Southern States, who were not accustomed to the winter conditions prevalent in other parts of Utah. Church leaders were also anxious to

have the San Juan region occupied before it could be settled by non-Mormons. Mining booms were causing extensive migration into nearby southwestern Colorado by “gentile” miners and stockmen.⁵ Several contemporaries of the early San Juan described their settlement as being put in place by Church leaders for “a buffer” between other Utah settlements and the outlaws, Indians, and encroachment from “gentiles.” John Butler’s nephew, Charles Redd, wrote: “A buffer settlement was needed, it was felt, against encroachment by stockmen from Colorado and the Southwest and Indians of this unpenetrated, unknown area.”⁶

Many new Mormon communities were founded simply as an overflow from other nearby settlements. People seeing suitable open land with accessible water simply moved into new areas. However, to get Church members to pioneer in regions far removed from existing settlements often required a “mission call.” We’ve seen this already when John C. L. Smith moved his family to Parowan hundreds of miles south of any settlement then existing, as part of the “Iron Mission.” Also, with inhospitable areas, a mission call was required for people to be willing to move. Such was the case when John’s newlywed sister, Keziah Jane, and her husband, Lemuel Redd, were “called” to settle near Las Vegas for a time as part of the “Muddy Mission.” The “San Juan Mission” would include both aspects, being both an inhospitable desert, as well as remote, a distance of almost 300 miles from any real city. Without the formation of a Church *mission* and a substantial group of faithful members *called* to participate, no one would go.

In 1878, Apostle Erastus Snow was given the assignment of organizing just such a mission. The southern Utah settlements, being closest to the Four Corners area, would be expected to supply most of the colonists. Therefore, a “mission call” was made part of the business of a stake conference held in Parowan, on December 28 and 29, 1878, and a number of John and Ettie’s relatives were called as “missionaries.” Among these were Ettie’s brother, Adelbert McGregor, some of the Bartons who were relations by marriage with John’s sister Lucy Ann, and several Robinsons, some of John’s sister Alveretta’s in-laws. In addition to those “called” on the mission, any others that wanted to settle this new country were welcome to join. Others who participated included John’s brothers-in-law George Sevy and Lemuel Redd.⁷ With so many of John’s relations involved, and the mission coming immediately after the trying 1877-78 years in Panguitch, it is not surprising that John would look at the San Juan Mission as a possible opportunity to find a new home in a milder climate.

The settling of this remote country would be the Mormons’ last major colonization effort in Utah.⁸ Historian Leonard J. Arrington succinctly summarized what lay ahead for these pioneers: “Of all the colonizing projects of the Latter-day Saints, none was more difficult or grueling than the colonization of the San Juan in southeastern Utah.”⁹

John Lowe Butler II would be an active participant in this epic event and in the process would leave his name forever attached to an interesting piece of real estate in southeastern Utah’s remote canyon land.

San Juan Expedition

At the time of the “mission call,” the location of the proposed settlement was extremely nebulous. The plan called for a settlement somewhere in the “Four Corners” region, the junction of Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. A settlement on the San Juan River was only one of several possibilities under consideration. We now use the name “San Juan Mission” because they ended up settling there, but when the mission began that name had not yet been attached to it.

In reality, in early 1879, as company members were making preparations to leave, virtually nothing was known about the Four Corners area. It would have been extremely foolhardy to send a group of over 250 people, including women and children, their possessions, huge herds of cattle, etc., into a desert region in the heart of Navajo territory, with no definitive destination and little chance of turning back in case no suitable place for a settlement could be located.

Therefore, the first step in the San Juan Mission was to send an exploring party to the region with two obvious objectives: find a suitable settlement site, and figure out the best way for a pioneer wagon train to get there. In connection with these objectives, the exploring party would also seek out and make careful notes of watering locations, do some road building, and try to gain the good will of the local Indians. They would encounter substantial difficulties in each of these endeavors. If a suitable settlement location was found, the men were also advised to stake out claims, plow the land and plant crops, dig irrigation canals, build some houses, and return home by late summer to escort the main body of colonists to their new settlement.

It was actually as part of this exploring expedition that John Butler made his main contribution to the San Juan Mission. In addition to John, Ettie’s half-brother Adelbert McGregor was part of the exploring party that would eventually consist of 26 men, 2 women, and 8 children. The women and children were part of the Davis and Harriman families, who would remain at the new settlement site to watch over the location until the main body arrived. The expedition company consisted of mainly young men, John was among the few who were married, and at age 35 was older than most. All of the men were extremely tough, hardy, and capable. The two women and the children would also prove themselves very stoic.

Most of the exploring party gathered at Paragonah under the leadership of Silas S. Smith, who had been appointed presiding officer of the San Juan Mission. John Butler knew Silas well, because he was the bishop of Paragonah when the Butlers lived there, and also had been a militia leader with whom John had fought during the Indian wars of the 1860’s. In particular, they had been together during the miraculous escape from Indian ambush mentioned earlier as part of the Little Creek Battle. It had been Silas who had led them into that ambush.

On April 14, 1879, what became known as the San Juan Expedition officially began. The exploring party left Paragonah and traveled towards Panguitch, using the normal route across the mountains through Little Creek

Canyon, Bear Valley, and into the Sevier River Valley. While camped at the Orton's farm, about nine miles north of Panguitch, the expedition company was formally organized, with Silas Smith elected captain and Robert Bullock assistant captain.

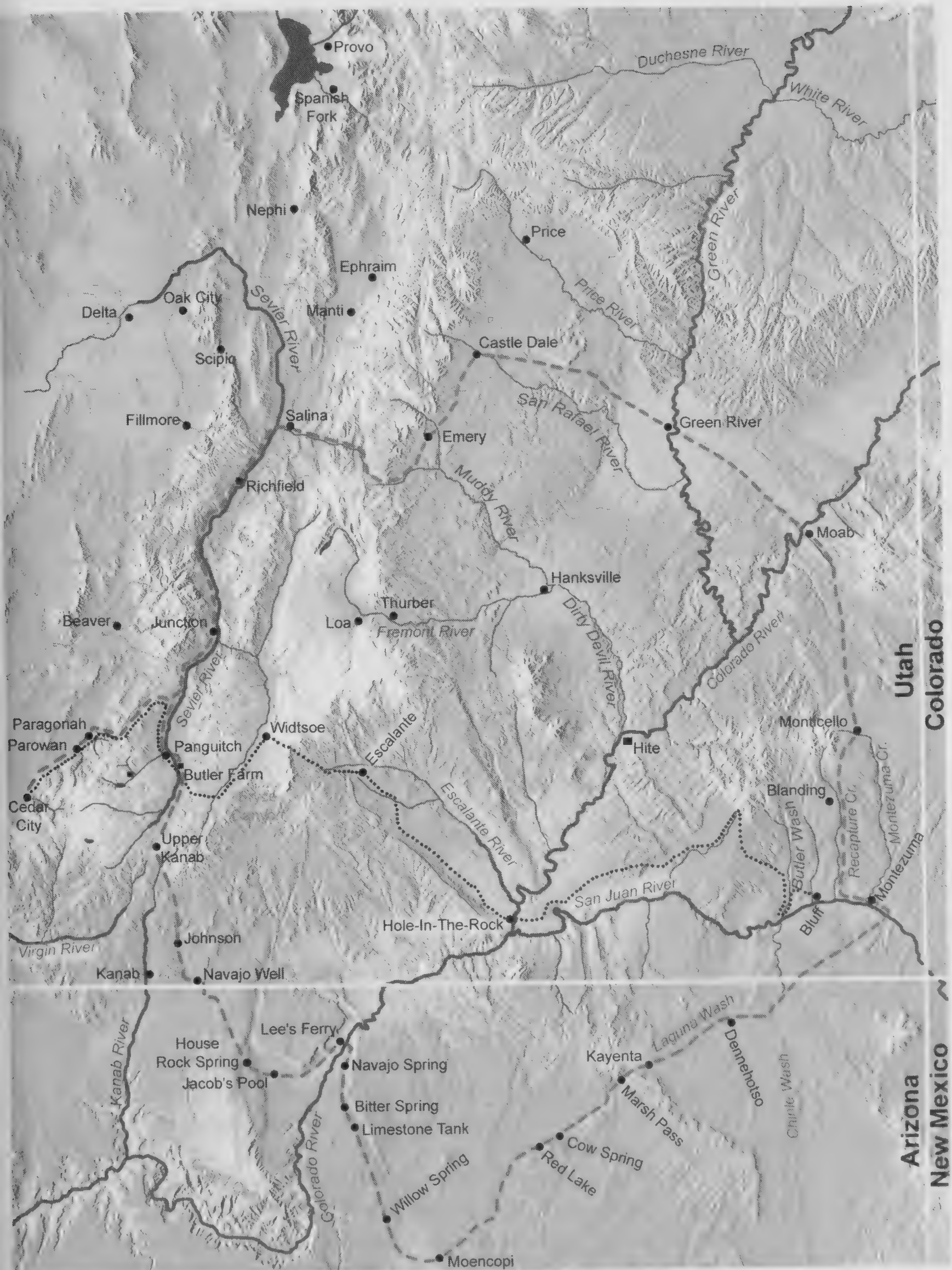
After passing through Panguitch, the company stopped at the Butler farm along the Sevier River, three miles southeast of town. Here the company camped briefly while John prepared to join them.¹⁰

On April 21st the company left the Butler farm¹¹ and during the last ten days of April they trekked through southern Utah and northern Arizona, to the Colorado River. At night the company sang hymns around the campfire and had prayers.¹² A company chaplain was appointed and regular religious services were also held, consisting of prayers, sermons, and hymns. This may have been a rough and dangerous exploring expedition, but to these men it was also a church mission.

The exploring company was well equipped for six months, if their expedition should take that long. They had a dozen wagons, about 80 horses, and a cattle herd of as many as 200. Initially, the loose livestock were hobbled at night to keep them from returning to the settlements they had left, but once a sufficient distance had passed they were allowed to forage free at night. The company would experience considerable difficulty keeping track of the livestock as they proceeded through a wild, unknown, Indian-infested country.

After leaving the Butler farm at Panguitch, the company traveled south. They followed the established wagon road along the east bank of the Sevier River, through Hillsdale and on to a summit, part of what was then called "the rim of the Great Basin," at the head of the west fork of the Sevier River. On today's maps this is near the intersection of U.S. Highway 89 and State Highway 14, at Long Valley Junction. The wagon road continued a little beyond this summit down the headwaters of the Virgin River, before turning east, roughly following the route of present-day Highway 136 to what was then called "Upper Kanab" (present-day Alton). From here they went down Johnson Creek to the aptly named Johnson Settlement. Then they followed what could barely be called a wagon road that went in a circuitous route southeast across the Utah-Arizona border to Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River.

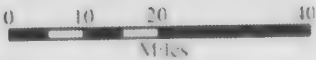
This part of the trip was a very difficult journey through the desert. In the process they passed by a watering spot known as Navajo Well, then southeastward into Arizona over Buckskin Mountain and down through House Rock Valley, before camping at another watering site called House Rock Spring. They endured a number of obstacles, including one section of Buckskin Mountain where they had to lower the wagons down with ropes. They skirted around the south side of the Vermillion Cliffs, camping successively at Jacob's Pool (shown on today's maps as Jacob Lake), Soap Creek, and Badger Creek. At Soap Creek the company had to repair one of the wagons, which had broken an axle. They made a replacement out of an old cottonwood tree, but apparently the wagon was still in bad shape, because it only went as far as Lee's Ferry before being abandoned.



San Juan Mission

Explorers' Route -----

Hole-In-The-Rock Route



On May 1st John was at Lee's Ferry working to transport their wagons and livestock across the Colorado River. The wagons were ferried across with no reported difficulty, but they almost lost some of the livestock, as company member Nielson Dalley wrote:

Silas S. Smith having a small bunch of horses did not want to pay \$1.00 a head for their being ferried over, so drove them into the river to swim them across. The river was one-fourth mile across and the horses struck below the landing and had to swim back nearly losing one over the rapids.¹³

Leaving Lee's Ferry, the company faced a difficult steep climb out of the river gorge, up over what was known as "Lee's Backbone." Once over the top, they proceeded south on the plateau between the Colorado River Canyon on the west, and the west base of Echo Cliffs on the east, roughly following the path of present-day Highway 89 for some 70-80 miles.

They may have been passing through the picturesque landscape now known as Arizona's "Painted Desert," but for these pioneers it didn't matter how it was "painted," to them it was just a horrid life-threatening desert. It was one of the most difficult stretches of the entire trek, as water was very scarce and the little that did exist was of poor quality. For anyone traveling with wagons and herding livestock, distances between watering holes seemed endless. There were only four known watering places along this route, Navajo Spring, Bitter Spring, Limestone Tank, and Willow Spring, and there was no guarantee that these springs wouldn't be dry when John's thirsty company arrived. Yes, they had traveled through desert coming out of Utah to Lee's Ferry, but that was nothing compared to the deserts of northern Arizona they now faced. Of this part of their journey, Historian David E. Miller wrote:

Here the company was first introduced to the hazards and hardships of desert travel and gained an inkling of what lay ahead. Men, women, children, and livestock learned what it meant to make dry camp, then travel all the next day without a drink. There was one stretch of some thirty-five miles with no water at all—just loose drifting sand, thick choking dust, deep gullies, and the blazing Arizona sun.¹⁴

Company member George Hobbs wrote of the hardships they passed through on this section:

From the [Colorado] river we started on an almost impassable road to take our wagons over the so-called Lee's Backbone, and after this arduous labor was accomplished, we continued our journey and thence to Bitter Springs. On the Bitter Springs desert we traveled 50 [thirty-five] miles without water and at least one fourth of our cattle died of thirst. One of the first teams that arrived at Willow Creek was unloaded and packed with water and sent back to relieve the straggling train and thirsty cattle that were choking along the way. After a short rest at Willow Springs we moved on to Moan Coppy.¹⁵

The "Moan Coppy" referred to above was actually an old Indian village named Moenkopi, but George, along with the others in the company spelled it

many different ways, almost none of which were correct. Moenkopi was also something of a Mormon colony by then; even two apostles, John W. Young and Wilford Woodruff, happened to be there when the exploring company straggled in about May 7th. John Young was building a mill to process wool traded there from Navajo flocks and he hired some of the expedition members for a few days, to quarry rock and otherwise help to build the mill. Their pay was mainly in the form of Indian corn, but the men were anxious to augment their diminished food supplies.

John would spend a week or so at Moenkopi, while both the men and livestock recuperated from their journey of some 275 miles over very rough trails and desert. In addition to working on the mill, they took time to repair wagons, harnesses, and other gear, as well as shoe horses and otherwise prepare for what was still a very difficult journey ahead. So far their trek had followed existing wagon roads and even that had been very difficult. But from the outpost at Moenkopi in north-central Arizona they would be heading northeast to the Four Corners region, across about 200 miles of unknown country, where wagons had never been taken before. Therefore a wagon road would have to be built the entire way.

The settlers at Moenkopi were not very encouraging either, stating that it would be utterly impossible to take wagons through the Navajo country to the San Juan; even if the desert didn't stop them, the Indians certainly would not welcome them trespassing through their domain.

They were determined to continue forward. Recognizing the risk of trying to drive their cattle herd through unfriendly Indian country and roadless desert, Captain Smith ordered all the loose stock to be left in care of the colony at Moenkopi, until after they built a road to the San Juan. James Davis and his family followed advice given him by the two apostles and remained at Moenkopi as well. The Harrison Harriman family chose to continue forward with the exploration company.

Before leaving Moenkopi, company leaders hired two guides, an unidentified Navajo and Seth Tanner, an early Arizona settler. Tanner was more familiar with the country and Indians they would have to pass through than anyone around. In addition, Thales Haskell, a renowned missionary to the Indians, joined the expedition at this time.

As the company left Moenkopi, a group of four scouts went ahead to locate possible routes. They initially traveled east up Moenkopi Wash for 20 miles, then turned north, coming in line with present-day Highway 160 and pioneered that road all the way to where the town of Kayenta now sits. As they traveled, water was the most serious issue facing them, especially because the Navajos carefully guarded this precious life-sustaining resource and were reluctant to let the company water their livestock at the infrequent springs along the way. The San Juan Stake History records how the expedition dealt with this difficult issue:

On the journey they dug wells and made roads; in some places the roads had to be cut through the solid rock and water was obtained in many dry places, not by striking it with a cane, as Moses did, but by

laboring diligently with picks and shovels. Usually when water was obtained in this manner, it was bad, but it sufficed to quench thirst and save the lives of both man and beast. Two or more of the brethren always went ahead of the main company to look out roads, water and camping places.¹⁶

Their first night out of Moenkopi the company camped at the head of a wash, near where young George A. Smith, Ettie's neighbor and namesake son of the apostle, was killed doing missionary work among the Navajos, almost 20 years earlier.

The San Juan Stake History includes "Camp Records," which give a day by day account of the expedition's trek from Moenkopi to the San Juan country.¹⁷

Tuesday, May 13, 1879. The explorers left Moan Coppy at 11 o'clock a.m., drove five miles, going as far as the road had been broken by the brethren who were hauling wood for some ox teams which had been promised to the brethren to help break the road through the grease wood which in some places grew as high as eight feet. Some of the brethren went back to Moan Coppy, but returned to camp at 9 p.m.

Wednesday, May 14. The explorers started at 11 a.m., drove 10 miles through heavy greasewood, 3 yoke of cattle being used to break the road with a forked tree. Two men from Moan Coppy helped the explorers with this work.

Thursday, May. 15. Silas S. Smith found his band of loose horses gone in the morning and one other animal. The company moved on while Isaac Allen and Bro. Smith's boys went out hunting the horses, but they returned to camp at 2 p.m. without them. Bro. Silas S. Smith himself then took the trail and after following it three miles he met Wm. Gardner, an Indian interpreter, driving in the horses. It was now so late in the day that the brethren remained in camp the rest of the day.

Friday, May 16. The company started at 9:30 a.m., drove 5 miles to the farm of Peokan (a Navajo Indian). Here they dug out some good springs and then traveled 7 miles to a dry lake (Red Lake) at the lower end of which the brethren obtained water by digging wells.

Chief Peokan's name is spelled a multitude of different ways by various writers, so at this point in time it is impossible to know the correct spelling. What all seem to agree on is that this chief was a very disagreeable character, who acted violently on any who tried to pass his land. He actively boasted of being the one who killed George A. Smith, and threatened to do likewise to members of the expedition as soon as he gathered enough of his warriors. In an effort to gain his friendship, the men worked to provide the chief with the most valuable gift possible in this desert country—water. San Juan Stake historian Albert R. Lyman wrote:

At one place in the desert the only water was claimed by an Indian Chief who insisted that there was barely enough water for his own herds. He refused the jaded teams a drink, and when some of the boys insisted, he struck savagely at one of them with a club. Twenty young

men, full of fire, were hardly the combination to endure it tamely, and a strained situation was relieved when the president suggested they dig a well in the sand. They dug several wells, found water at an easy depth, supplied their animals, and next morning presented these new sources of drink to the Indian.¹⁸

Their generous gift of water did not permanently change Chief Peokan's disposition towards them. When the Davis family and those herding the company's cattle passed by a few weeks later on their trek from Moenkopi to the San Juan, they found the chief even more disagreeable, and had it not been for the help of a friendly Indian they probably would not have escaped with their lives.

However, not all the Navajos felt as Peokan did, and many looked at these water-digging whites as a blessing indeed. Company member Kumen Jones explained:

It soon became apparent that water was going to be the source of our greatest anxiety, and wherever a damp place was found, shovels, spades and picks were soon brought out and digging for water commenced, and as a rule, plenty of water was soon secured, which fact was easily used to our advantage with the quick witted Navajos, as they were told that the watering places would be theirs as soon as we passed on, this news was soon spread, and the Indians ahead were all anxious and gave us a hearty welcome, occasionally bringing a mutton out to show their appreciation. It may be added here that some of the watering places developed by the company . . . have been used up to the present as permanent waterholes.¹⁹

Other accounts written by expedition members do not agree with Kumen's view of the Indians' friendliness; most saw them as very unfriendly. However, all agree that the new wells dug by the expedition constituted a major factor in purchasing safe passage and preventing serious Indian hostility.²⁰

We'll now return to the Camp Records to proceed with the company's journey after the difficulty with Chief Peokan.

Saturday, May 17. The Company resumed the journey at 8:30 a.m., drove 9 miles to Cattle water (as the Indian name signifies), dug out the springs and got plenty of water. Here was also good grass; the roads were nearly level, and there was not much sand. The course traveled was north by east. [This day they traveled past the landmark named "Elephant's Feet." Their "Cattle Water" is present-day "Cow Spring."]

Sunday, May 18. The company traveled 20 miles and made a dry camp in the cedars, where grass was plentiful, but no water. The brethren dug out a spring and obtained a very little water. [This camp was probably about in the center of Klethla Valley.]

Monday, May 19. The company traveled 10 miles, did some work on the road and met Robt. Bullock and Seth Tanner who reported an open way for 75 miles ahead; plenty of water was found on a sandstone

tank or lake. [This camp would be a few miles southwest of Marsh Pass, about 20 miles from Kayenta.]

Tuesday, May 20. In the morning the brethren found that some of their stock was lost. They were not recovered until late in the day, after which the company traveled 6 miles and found plenty of water; some Indians came in with mutton to sell.

That day the company had passed over Marsh Pass and camped in the vicinity of Tsegi. The presence of Indians coming to trade was not unusual, as George Hobbs related:

Occasionally several hundred Indians surrounded the explorers who sometimes would allow these natives to herd their animals at night for which service the brethren would give the Indians a shirt, or some provisions in the morning.²¹

The next day the company proceeded to Kayenta, an important Navajo center at the time.

Wednesday, May 21. The company resumed the journey at 9 a.m., passed a spring two miles from camp, and saw another watering place to the left. They then drove 12 miles to another sandstone tank where thousands of Indian sheep are watered. The water here was nasty, but the brethren had to drink it in order to quench their thirst. The color of the water was almost the same as that found in a corral.

Thursday, May 22. The company resumed the journey at 8 a.m. and traveled over a heavy and sandy road about 15 miles. They made a dry camp and burned sage brush for fuel.

Friday, May 23. The company traveled 6 miles to water and found a camp of Piutes and also a camp of Navajoes.

After leaving Kayenta the company had turned a little more eastward, and leaving the track of present Highway 160 they followed Laguna Wash to where it intersected with Chinle Wash. It was in the vicinity of Dennehotso that they met the camps of Paiutes and Navajos mentioned above. It was likely here that a conflict with a Paiute chief occurred, as told by Kumen Jones.

An incident occurred before reaching the Chinalee [Chinle Wash] showing the tact of our captain. Upon passing a large camp or village of Pahutes, one of their number (later known as Peeagament), came blustering out and demanded \$500.00 before the train would be allowed to proceed through his country. The Captain's being the first team, a short stop was made to try and passify the old fellow. A few mild explanations were attempted, the only effect being to cause the old man to press his demands in a higher key. Noting this, Smith ordered him out of the way, and proceeding some distance, struck camp for dinner. The captain quietly passed the word around camp that it would be the right thing to give the Indians a little something to eat, or other small gifts such as tobacco, etc. Especially the small children were to have something to eat, but no one was to give the noisy old fellow anything

or notice him in any way. The result soon made the wisdom of this course apparent as the Indians old and young were all jolly and friendly, and the old man was a psychological study, thoroughly whipped and the lesson seemed to last him all his life.²²

The main company remained in camp here for a couple of days while scouts came back and forth trying to figure out the route ahead.

Saturday, May 24. The brethren remained in camp waiting to hear from the explorers. Bro. Robert Bullock and others had gone ahead again to look out the road. Explorers were kept ahead all the time.

Sunday, May 25. The brethren remained in camp. The exploring party started out again, those who remained in camp held two meetings, one at 2 p.m. and another in the evening.

Monday, May 26. Bro. James B. Decker returned from the exploring party and the brethren in the camp hitched up their teams at 5 o'clock p.m. and drove three miles down the wash. Soon after turning out for the night Bro. Dalley's mare kicked Silas S. Smith's horse, breaking his leg. Bro. Smith seeing the crippled condition of his animal, shot him.

The loss of Silas Smith's horse wasn't a big problem because he had "a bunch of eight or ten loose horses" available and Indian camp followers made quick use of the dead horse. "Twenty minutes after the shot was fired the waiting Navajos had the carcass sliced up and on the fire to roast," and the entire horse was soon eaten.²³

Passing the intersection of Laguna and Chinle Washes the explorers faced one of the most difficult parts of their journey.

Tuesday, May 27. The company traveled 12 miles over deep sand and bare naked rock. They did more work on the road than on any previous day on the journey, and at last came up a steep rock where it would seem impossible for wagons to travel. They camped for the night at Lost Spring and dug wells for water. In their travels the explorers usually brought enough water along with them to suffice for one camp.

As bad as it sounds, the camp record above does not do justice to what the men went through during this time. Regarding the difficulty of the road building, Nielson Dalley adds:

After we had crossed the wash, we traveled down a canyon for a number of miles and we came against solid rock hill. We had to take picks and axes and make notches in the rock so the horses could get footing and then we put eight horses on each outfit it was so steep. We then traveled some five or six miles without a bit of dirt - solid rock, but it was rather smooth, some up and down.²⁴

George Hobbs added substantial details to the water situation that day.

On one occasion the company came near famishing for the want of water as they dug wells in vain. By accident one of the brethren struck

a vein under a rock and at once a large stream of good water gushed forth. This spring the brethren named Lost Springs because the Indians had previously spoken of the existence of such a spring in that particular neighborhood, but it had been lost for a long time.²⁵

The company remained at their camp at Lost Spring the following day. Captain Smith “ascended a point three miles off,” probably Boundary Butte, “with a glass to look out the way,” and perhaps viewed the San Juan River across the Utah border. That evening scouts returned to camp having been to the San Juan River. With this scouting report, the company resumed their trek the next morning.

Thursday, May 29. The company traveled 8 miles to Chimney Wash where they found water. They then traveled five miles to Cave Springs, where water was very scarce; not sufficient to water their stock.

Friday, May 30. The company traveled 8 miles through heavy sands to Alkali Gulch where they found plenty of water though of a poor quality. Resuming the journey, they traveled 10 miles further over a terribly rough, sandy road and camped at 9 p.m. They drove the stock to the San Juan River, and the herders remained out with the stock all night, bringing them back to camp in the morning. Explorers were still kept ahead of the company to find the way.

The company was now back in Utah. Although this day’s march had been long and difficult, it was certainly met with much rejoicing, because it brought them to the bluffs only three miles from their destination, the San Juan River.

Saturday, May 31. The company traveled 3 miles and camped on the San Juan River. Here they found six men who were making farms; they were camped about two miles above them on the San Juan River. The explorers found that these men who were making farms were having trouble with getting the water out of the river. The place of their location was immediately below the so-called McElmo Wash.

At The San Juan

It had been 40 days since John Butler left his home and family in Panguitch. During that time he had traveled about 450 miles through some of the most difficult country known to man. Remarkably, none of the party died or was even seriously injured during the trek. They had blazed a trail, although not a very promising one, to this land. Their attention now turned to exploring the surrounding area, claiming any land suitable for farming, and begin building some of the infrastructure necessary for the planned settlement. John and his fellows would spend the next two and a half months here doing just that.

The company had initially reached the San Juan River at a point called Allan’s Bottom, midway between Montezuma and McElmo Creeks, a little down river from present-day Aneth, in the extreme southeastern corner of Utah.

The immediate concern now was to find a way to cross the river. Early June was typically the high water mark for the San Juan River, and fording it at flood stage would be very difficult and dangerous. On Sunday June 1st, the day after their arrival, the company remained in camp while Captain Smith and a small party searched for possible fording places. Even though “they found the current very swift,” the next day the company managed to cross the river “safely by raising the wagon boxes on the bolsters.”²⁶

As indicated in the earlier camp record, upon their arrival the explorers found that a few settlers had already moved into the area. The preceding fall two families by the name of Mitchell had moved across the Utah border from Montezuma Valley in Colorado. They were then trying to establish a farm at the mouth of McElmo Wash, about six miles upriver from present-day Montezuma, Utah. Later that same year, John Brewer and George Clay, also from Colorado, had settled near the Mitchell Ranch. None of these were Mormons, and according to the San Juan Stake History, “the Mitchells were real anti-Mormons.”

Aside from these settlers, there was also one Mormon. Peter Shirts had been an early pioneer in southern Utah and some of the explorers already knew him. He had gone to the San Juan area in 1877, had built a cabin at the mouth of Montezuma Creek, and had been employing himself with hunting, trapping, fishing, and farming. Shirts had a keen interest in the history of the conquest of Mexico, therefore he named the creek on which he settled “Montezuma.” The area near Shirts’ cabin, where Montezuma Creek emptied into the San Juan River, would be the location the explorers would recommend as the site of the planned Mormon colony. They called the site Montezuma and a town of that name would eventually materialize, even though the colony which came via “Hole-in-the-Rock” wouldn’t make it quite that far, at least not initially.

The Mitchells may have been “anti-Mormons” but it seems that the explorers and these initial settlers still worked together for the best interest of all. In addition to their efforts exploring the area, John and his fellows worked on a substantial irrigation project near the Mitchell settlement.

As stated earlier, upon the expedition’s arrival they found that the Mitchell settlers “were having trouble with getting the water out of the river.”

Tuesday, June 3. Silas S. Smith went up to examine the Mitchell ditch; he found the men discouraged. They had decided to give up their crops, unless the explorers who had come with Bro. Smith would help them to get out the water. Peter Shirts was laboring in conjunction with the Mitchells.

The exploring party was put to work building a dam in the river to feed irrigation canals for the farms. On June 7th, the company moved their camp three miles up river in the immediate vicinity of the dam project. The next day all in the area were invited to attend church with the expedition camp, after which the dam project would be organized.

Sunday, June 8. A meeting was held in the camp. Most of the settlers below came up and Bro. Silas S. Smith spoke on the first

principles of the Gospel. In the evening H. H. Harriman was by vote of all present appointed foreman on the dam, the explorers having concluded to help the settlers who had preceded them on the river. These first settlers had promised to share their crops with the new comers. In the forenoon of this day the brethren organized a Sabbath school in their camp with John C. Duncan as superintendent and Kumen Jones as clerk. Three classes with teachers for each were organized. The following week was spent by some of the brethren working on the dam, while others explored the valley up and down the river and located lands.

Over the next couple of weeks the men worked hard on the dam project, which was quite a substantial undertaking considering their circumstances and little equipment available. Historian David E. Miller described the dam and the end result of all this effort.

Work crews finished the dam across the San Juan at McElmo Creek and dug ditches to convey water to the parching land, to no avail. This dam, constructed of logs, stones, sticks, and mud was a structure some two hundred feet long which raised the river water three feet. But the irrigation project was doomed to failure; the water level fell off too rapidly as the season advanced. Crops came up, but withered and died for lack of water. This experience might have served as a portent of things to come. Future settlers at Bluff and Montezuma would have a constant struggle with the turbulent San Juan.²⁷

On Wednesday June 18th, the company was divided into various parties: one to explore the country up river and go into Colorado for supplies, another to explore the country north near the Blue Mountains, another to return to Moenkopi to retrieve the livestock left there as well as the Davis family, and another to remain and work on farming endeavors. "The brethren drew lots for the land which had been located and agreed to work on the cooperative principle through the season, explorers and farmers to share alike."²⁸

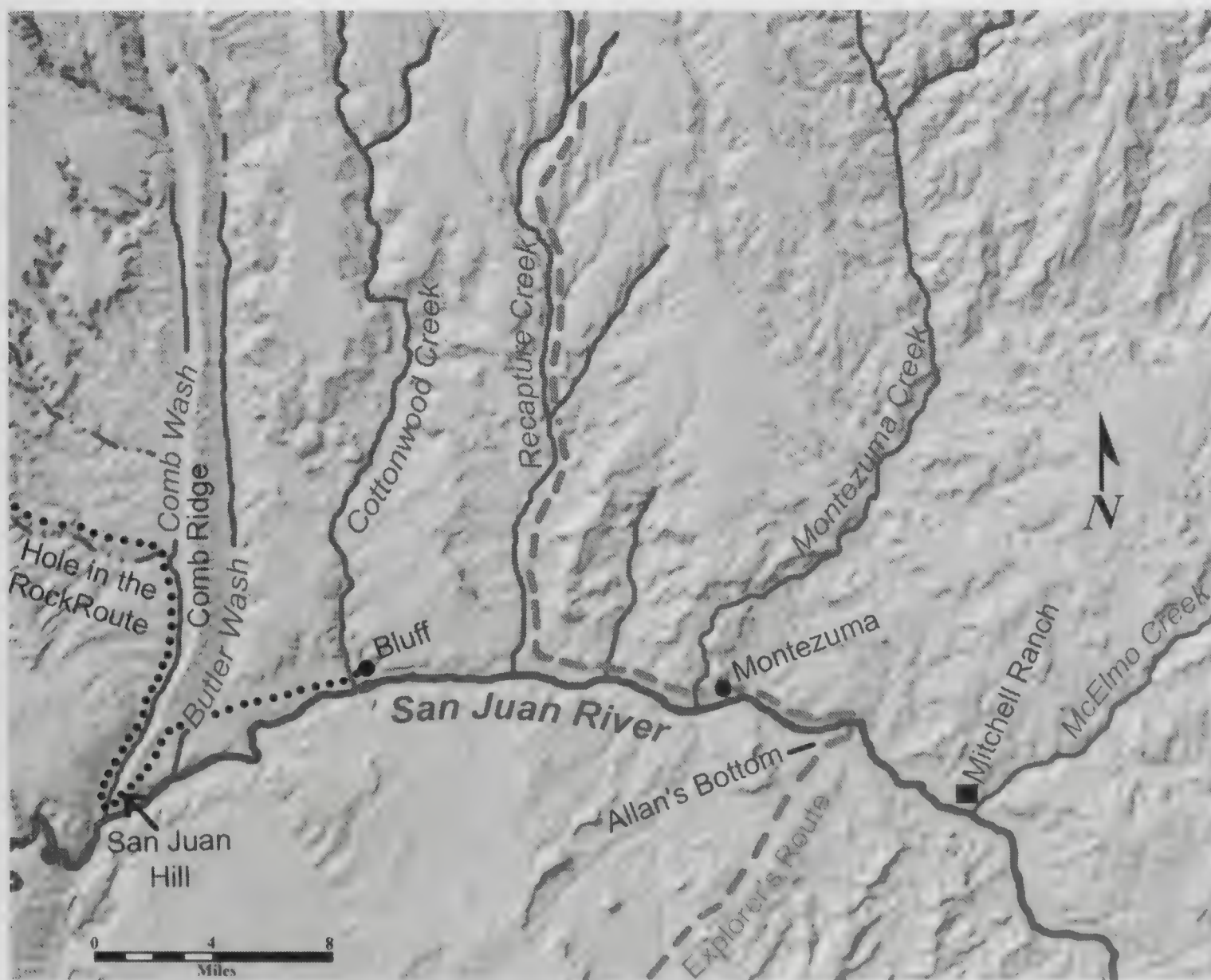
We don't know which assignment John received, but it is likely he was part of one of the exploring parties. He was definitely not one of the four men sent back to Moenkopi. Riding horseback, and leading one pack animal, these men made the trip to Moenkopi in just four days, with little difficulty. However, on the return trip with the Davis family and herding the company's livestock, they had much difficulty with the Indians. Being a much smaller group, the Indians they passed were much more brazen with them. Old Chief Peokan was particularly nasty, threatened their lives, and began organizing a force to rob and slaughter them. James Davis recounted that had it not been for an Indian who recognized him as a man who had been friendly to him in the past, and given him food, they would have been killed. This Indian had been watching the situation develop and led the small company hurriedly out of the area before Peokan's force could attack them. After two weeks they made it to Montezuma, and James Davis stated that he "very much liked the look of the country, but my

wife felt that we were isolated from all civilization and she was very down hearted.”²⁹

Mrs. Davis’ sentiments would be echoed by many of the women who came to the San Juan, but she had an additional reason to feel uncomfortable. She was pregnant and her baby, Ethel, would be born two weeks later. Ethel was reported to be the first white child born at the San Juan.

The “Camp Record” for July 17th shows the return of the various parties and the result of the camp’s farming efforts.

On the 17th of July Silas S. Smith returned to the camp from a visit to Colorado. He had left on the 18th of June, together with his son Stephen, George Urie and Adelbert McGregor, and traveled up the river for some distance. Leaving the river they turned to the left and arrived on the 21st of June at Mancos, Colorado. . . . After securing supplies at Alamosa, the brethren returned to the San Juan river, arriving in the camp of the brethren there as stated, on the 17th of July. On the same day some of the boys arrived with some of the cattle from Moan Coppy. The crops on the San Juan had failed and during the absence of Bro. Smith and companions, the brethren had moved down two miles below their first encampment or onto the grounds on which Fort Montezuma afterwards was built . . . The explorers who came under Silas S. Smith put in no crops that season (1879) except a little corn near the McElmo Wash which burned up for lack of water.



Even during their short stay here, expedition members tried to bring aspects of normal life to their tiny community at Montezuma. Church services were held each Sunday, with Sunday School classes in the morning and Sacrament meetings in the evening. They also celebrated two major holidays as best they could.

As the 4th of July approached there was deep concern over the lack of a flag. Elizabeth Harriman appointed herself as flag-maker, which was a challenge considering the lack of fabric. Nevertheless, creative genius inspired pioneer women and she used part of her little girl's dress for the blue background and Zechariah Decker donated his underwear for the red stripes. When completed it was the "prettiest flag ever to fly over Montezuma" to date; of course it was also the first.³⁰

On July 24th, Pioneer Day was celebrated in grand style as well, and Sister Harriman's flag probably saw service again. Non-Mormons and Indians joined the expedition members in the celebration as well. The Indians were particularly impressed with the display of guns and shooting.

Butler Wash

Over the course of their 2½-month stay, John's company explored the entire San Juan River area from well above McElmo Wash in western Colorado to past the future site of Bluff in the west, as well as adjacent country on the north and south. Every piece of possible farmland was discovered and claimed, and a few houses were built, some just a mile upstream from Bluff.



Facing east along the San Juan River bottom at its intersection with Butler Wash where numerous Anasazi petroglyphs adorn the cliff wall.

On the western extreme of their San Juan River exploration, John Butler discovered an interesting wash that would forever after bear his name, "Butler Wash." In the process John became unique among the expedition company in having "the distinction of being the only member of the party to have a geographical landmark named in his honor."³¹

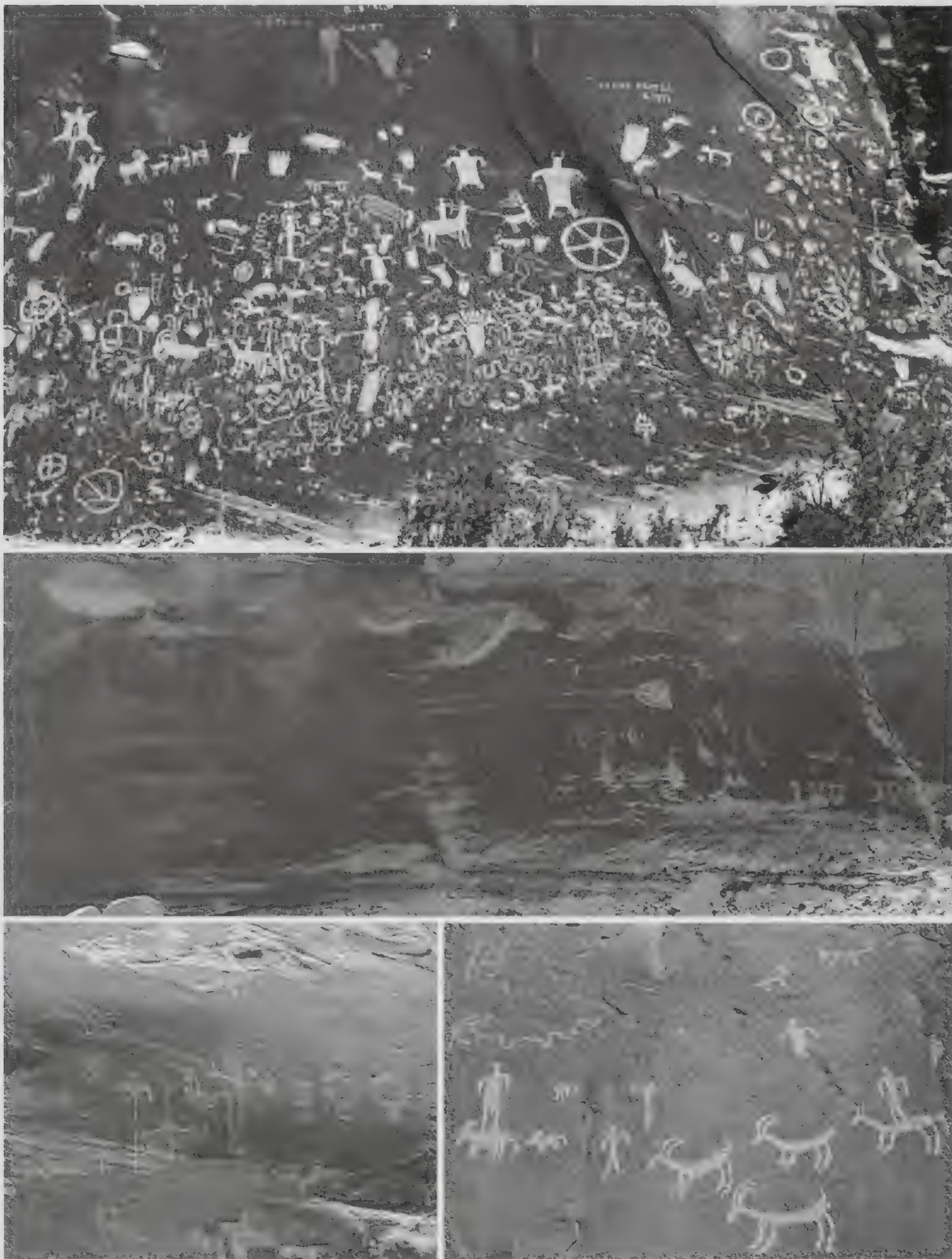
About 25 miles west of Montezuma, and about 7 miles west of the future town of Bluff, is a long ridge that runs roughly perpendicular to the San Juan River, called Comb Ridge. This ridge is formed by up-warped Navajo sandstone rising 700-800 feet above the surrounding terrain, extending due north from its intersection with the San Juan River for about 30 miles. Geologically it is considered a classical monocline, rising gently on its east side, through inclines and domes of sandstone, then dropping suddenly in an unbroken line of cliffs on its west. Along the west side of Comb Ridge is the appropriately named Comb Wash, while running parallel along the full length of the east side of the ridge is Butler Wash, containing a small stream of the same name.

Where Comb Ridge intersects with the San Juan River, it does so with an abrupt 100-foot-high cliff that is so close to the river that it would prove impossible for the wagons coming later from Hole-in-the-Rock to pass between the river and this cliff. This would cause a huge difficulty for the pioneers, but we'll touch on that later. What John found interesting on these same cliffs were hundreds of ancient Indian petroglyphs.

In fact, Comb Ridge, and in particular the Butler Wash side of it, had been home to an ancient Anasazi civilization. In addition to the petroglyphs on the cliff face at the San Juan River, there are numerous others scattered up and down Butler Wash. Also extending up Butler Wash are numerous deep runoff washes eroded down the east side of Comb Ridge. Petroglyphs abound in these side washes, as do a number of large caves ideally suited for cliff house construction. Here many impressive cliff dwellings and ruins can still be found.



Anasazi cliff dwelling at Monarch Cave inside Butler Wash

Some of the numerous petroglyphs at Butler Wash

John Butler didn't know it then but one of the most impressive Anasazi archeological sites known today would bear his name. A quick search of the internet using the keywords "Butler Wash, Comb Ridge, and Anasazi or Petroglyphs," will result in a wealth of information and impressive photos of John's wash. In John's day it was a very difficult place to travel to. For those wanting to visit it today, it is a *little* easier. Highway 163 now passes between the San Juan River and the rock cliff of Comb Ridge that thwarted the early pioneers. On that highway, about six miles west of Bluff, a dirt road turns north

and runs all the way up Butler Wash until it intersects with Highway 95 about 30 miles north. That said, any would be traveler should be aware that only high clearance four-wheel drive vehicles should attempt that dirt road. Also, those wanting to see many of the ruins should be prepared to do a fair amount of hiking. But many of those who have made the trip state that it is well worth the effort.

Return Trip

After 2½ months of working and exploring in and around the San Juan, it was time for the men to return to the Parowan area and lead the main company of pioneers back. By now the men had “all staked out a homestead” and built cabins. We can assume that John, being one of the “all,” staked out a homestead for his family as well; however neither he, nor any of his family would ever return to it, and its precise location is now lost to history. A statement made years later by John’s son, Kenion Taylor, gives the impression that John’s homestead claim was in Butler Wash.³² This seems logical considering his name being placed on that locale, but at this point in time we can only speculate on its location.

Before leaving, the men also helped build two cabins at Montezuma for the Harriman and Davis families. They, along with an old man by the name of Harvey Dunton, would remain to watch over the livestock and property until the arrival of the main body of colonists, whom they expected later that fall. As fall turned to winter and winter turned to spring, and no one arrived, one can imagine the anxiety this little party of 3 men, 2 women, and 8 young children felt. With their food supplies exhausted, they were facing starvation if the colony didn’t arrive soon. Making matters worse, a group of Ute Indians in the White River area of Colorado went on the warpath, massacred a family named Meeker, and then headed south through the then lawless San Juan country. One day the Harriman and Davis families were warned by a friendly Navajo that the Utes intended “to kill [them] about nightfall.” The families fortified up in their little cabins as best they could. But rather than attack the cabins, the Indians simply camped over night and passed on. The families inside “felt once more that the Lord was mindful of us.” However, rumor spread that they had been killed by the Indians. Therefore, that spring Apostle Erastus Snow sent Indian missionary Thales Haskell to investigate and give the little party a decent burial. He was very relieved to find them alive and they were thrilled to know that they had not been totally abandoned. He was the first white man from the outside they had seen in about six months. They were relieved to find that the colony would finally be arriving soon.³³

Now, let’s go back to the departure of John and the exploration company. As they prepared to return to Parowan, the company had accomplished one of the two objectives of their mission – they had found a suitable settlement site. Even so, they had not as yet succeeded in the other objective, that of finding a suitable route for the colony to travel there.

They recognized that the route they had blazed through the deserts of southern Utah and northern Arizona was just not feasible for a large company of colonists to follow. It would have probably proved fatal. The "road" they had worked so hard to establish was in reality, horrid. If you'll remember, in places they even had to chisel out footholds in rock for the stock to pull the wagons up steep stone hills. The trek from Moenkopi to the San Juan had proved to be particularly hazardous, which even that spring had many long dry stretches. In the fall when the main company would have to traverse it, it would be drier still. In addition, the Navajos in the area made it clear that a large wagon train passing through their land, with over a thousand cattle drinking from their meager water sources, would not be treated politely. The small exploration party had received threats from them; a large wagon train would likely elicit war.

They had tried skirting the canyon country of the Colorado River by a circuitous southern route to get to the San Juan; on their return they would try to find a northern route around it. Refer once again to the map on page 151 to track their course home.

On August 19, 1879, the main company of explorers left Montezuma, initially going westward along the north bank of the San Juan River before turning north and proceeding up Recapture Creek to the foot of the Blue Mountains. This was all part of the country the company had explored during their summer stay at the San Juan. They then continued north passing through the future site of Monticello, before intersecting the Old Spanish Trail just west of the southern end of the La Sal Mountains. Going this route the explorers only had to blaze about 90 miles of new wagon road, with good water sources most of that distance; they then could take the long established Old Spanish Trail all the way back to Parowan.

The Old Spanish Trail came westward out of Colorado to the point where John's company merged with it. From there it took a somewhat semi-circular course around to the north as it made its way eventually westward. After traveling about 20 miles north the men passed through the town of Moab. They then crossed the Colorado River, following the Old Spanish Trail northwest through Green River to Castle Dale before turning southwest passing through Emery and then west through Salina Canyon and into the Sevier River Valley. From here they traveled south through well-established Mormon settlements, until just north of Panguitch. There John parted with the remainder of the company and headed to his home just south of Panguitch, while the others made their way across the mountains to their homes in Paragonah, Parowan, and Cedar City.

It was now mid-September and John had been away from his family for five months. His exploration company had made a circuit of almost a thousand miles in that time. In distance it was similar to his trek as an 8-year-old boy across the plains to Utah. However, that had been across relatively level plains, on what was by then well-established wagon roads. Whereas, on his San Juan trek he had blazed and built much of the road, passing through bleak desert country and

some of the roughest terrain on earth. It had been a very hazardous journey and it is amazing that John and all of his company made it home alive.

John certainly would have received an excited and warm welcome from Ettie and his three little children, who surely had worried about him during his long absence without any communication. They and his brothers undoubtedly listened with rapt attention as he told stories of his trip. They would be particularly interested in his descriptions of the land, as they were considering moving there. Stories of his trek there were exciting and perhaps engendered some apprehension on the part of his hearers as they contemplated having to make that same trek. However, by then it was obvious that the northern route, although longer, was clearly the more feasible, so worries of hostile Indians and desert thirst were likely quickly allayed.

Hole-in-the-Rock

During the summer of 1879, while John and his expedition were exploring the San Juan country and possible routes to get there, the other mission participants were busy making preparations to move. Aside from loading all their household goods, farm equipment, and seed, and organizing their cattle, each family was told to have provisions for a six-week journey. Being experienced pioneers who knew that no trip ever goes as planned, most gathered provisions sufficient for twice that long. By the fall of 1879 all were anxious to be underway, hoping to be at their new home before the dead of winter, and knowing that it was absolutely imperative that they be established there in time for planting season the following spring. But the desire to get to the San Juan as quickly as possible contributed to an incredible lapse in judgment. The only feasible route the explorers had found required a 450 mile journey along the Old Spanish trail, which circled around well to the north of their intended destination, whereas, Montezuma was only some 200 miles due east of Panguitch. Surely there must be a "short-cut," they thought, if only they could find a way across the Colorado River Canyon.

Sixty miles due east of Panguitch was the tiny town of Escalante. Escalante had been settled only three years earlier, in Potato Valley at the headwaters of the Escalante River. It was then the eastern-most settlement in southern Utah and it sat in almost a straight line between Panguitch and their intended destination at Montezuma. John's brother-in-law, Philo Allen, was among those who first pioneered Escalante.

Sometime during the summer of 1879, three of Escalante's residents had explored the Colorado River canyon sixty miles southeast of Escalante, looking for a place where a wagon road might be built to cross it. Their search proved fruitless, except for a small notch in the several-hundred-foot cliff walls of the canyon, which led to a draw with a more gradual descent to the river. The notch was too small and steep for even men on foot to pass, but they felt that by blasting it open with explosives and filling in below it, a path could be made just wide enough for a wagon. The men found that the river below could be ferried

across and the wagons could proceed up a gradual slope on the other side. To these three the land to the east of the Colorado River looked relatively smooth and passable; surely once the company made it down that notch, that “hole in the rock,” it would be relatively easy going from there. However, they were really only able to see a small portion of the route east of the river, and as it turned out they were actually looking at the easiest part of the entire journey. In reality, the “Hole-in-the-Rock” would not be *the* hard part; it would be just *the beginning* of the hard part of the trip.

News of a “short cut” via Escalante was well received by mission leader Silas Smith and most of the participants, who viewed a 200-mile trip as preferable to one of 450 miles. But just like on a car trip today, the *shortest* route does not always indicate the *fastest* route, and such was the case with the “Escalante short cut” as historian David E. Miller explained:

The Escalante “short cut” would soon prove to be anything but short. A trip that was expected to take six weeks would stretch out into almost as many months. In fact, either of the rejected routes (north via Salina Canyon, Green River and Moab, or south via Lee’s ferry, Moenkopi and the Navajo reservation) would have been much shorter in time and immensely shorter in terms of hard work and energy expended under most trying circumstances. By either of these “front door” approaches, the expedition could have arrived at its destination—Montezuma or Bluff—in the same amount of time it actually took to reach the rim of the Colorado River gorge at Hole-in-the-Rock, with the major obstacles of road building still before them. Perhaps this “back door” to the San Juan should have been left closed.³⁴

Plunging a sizable immigrant company into this remote and rugged canyon country at the onset of winter using a “short cut,” the last 100+ miles of which hadn’t even been explored and was still totally unknown, was viewed by some “to be the most foolhardy trip ever undertaken by man.”³⁵ Even so, the courage, strength, and perseverance of these hardy pioneers made it work anyway. They would accomplish a feat unequalled in pioneer history, and amazingly none would die in the process. As David E. Miller put it, “no pioneer company ever built a wagon road through wilder, rougher, more inhospitable country.”³⁶ One participant “declared always, that the handcart journey in which he made the journey from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake City was not nearly so hard as the journey through the Hole-in-the-Rock.”³⁷

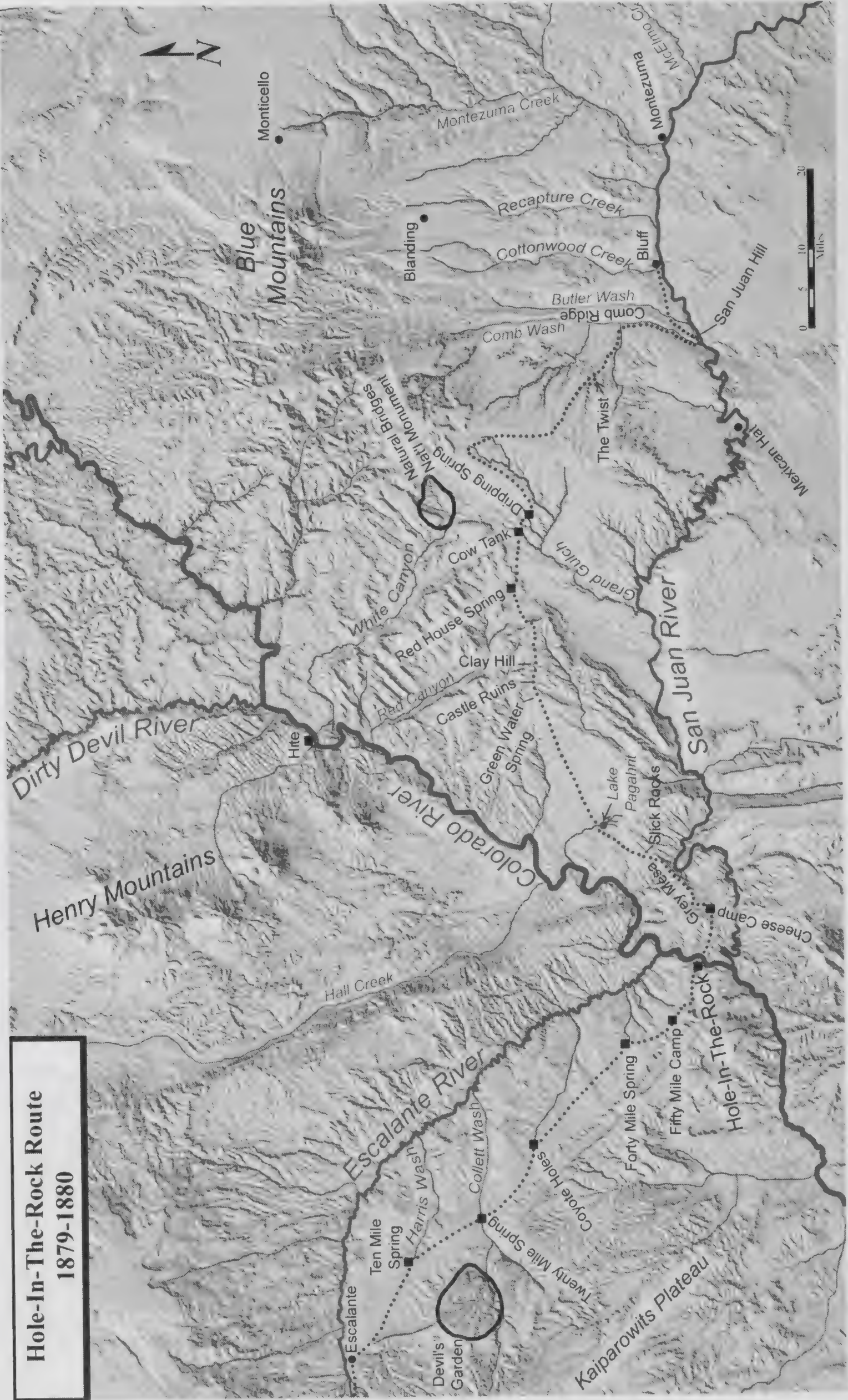
Most of those comprising the “San Juan Mission” came from the Cedar City and Parowan areas, although some came from as far north as Oak City and Holden in Millard County, or from Panguitch to the east. They traveled independently, or in separate groups, over existing wagon roads to Escalante. There they planned to converge and be formed into a wagon train that would eventually include 250 men, women, and children, 80 wagons, and over 1,000 head of cattle. The two largest groups set out from Cedar City and Parowan on October 22nd and 23rd respectively.

The San Juan Mission was the most important event in southern Utah in 1879 and had been well publicized, so it's not surprising that when they reached Panguitch they were greeted with a "lively celebration" by the townspeople. Panguitch also afforded them their last major opportunity to obtain additional equipment and provisions.

On November 3, 1879 this main group of pioneers passed the Butler farm, three miles southeast of Panguitch. The Butler Brothers, John, James, and Thomas, headed to Escalante as well, intending to establish their large herd of sheep and some cattle at the San Juan. As they began their journey they worked together with Timothy Robinson Sr. and his son Tim, who were taking a herd of their sheep also. The Robinsons were friends of the Butlers' from Paragonah and became relatives when John's sister Alveretta married James Robinson. It is apparent that John and James had no intention of moving their families to the San Juan that year, but instead would establish the sheep and see how things progressed before making such a drastic change. According to one of John's sons, he intended to make the move to the San Juan over the fall and winter, and return to Panguitch the following spring to move his wife and children.³⁸ Likewise, Timothy Robinson had left his family back in Paragonah for the time being.

A few miles south of the Butler's farm the pioneers turned east up Red Canyon, roughly following the route of present-day Highway 12 to the East Fork of the Sevier River, where they turned north following the river downstream to a place called Riddle Ranch near the site of Widtsoe. From here they turned east once more, following Sweetwater Canyon to Escalante Mountain (see the map on page 151). It is very likely that this country was already well known to John and his brothers. Having lived at Panguitch for almost a decade, herded sheep, cattle, and horses in the surrounding area, operated a freight business, and with a brother-in-law then living in Escalante, they almost certainly had been to Escalante before and were familiar with the country between there and Panguitch. From the summit of Escalante Mountain the Butlers could see to the southeast for some 75 miles, all the way to the Colorado River and beyond. They had likely beheld this panoramic vista before, but now they would have looked with intense interest because it was through this country, between the sheer cliffs of the Kaiparowits Plateau ("Fifty-mile Mountain") on the right and the Escalante River canyon to the left, that they were to travel and build a wagon road. "And what they saw was not heartening. Although it was a beautiful and awe-inspiring sight, the country appeared enormously rugged to that band of pioneer road builders—who were not there to take pictures and admire the scenery."³⁹

In addition to the disappointing vista, crossing Escalante Mountain was the first test of the pioneers' equipment and stamina. The primitive road was steep and rough and snow fell until it reached the axles of the wagons. However, once on the other side, a relatively easy 20 miles brought them to the little town of Escalante, the last outpost of civilization.



By mid-November, most of the expedition members had reached Escalante and were proceeding to build road and work their way southeast towards the "Hole-in-the-Rock" at the Colorado River. Along the way various camps were established, most being named according to their distance from Escalante (10-mile Spring, 20-mile Spring, 50-mile Camp, etc.). It wasn't until the camp at "40-mile Spring" that the expedition was mostly gathered together and the three main leaders united with them. As mentioned earlier, Silas Smith of Paragonah had been appointed Mission President. Rounding out the presidency were Platte Lyman of Oak City as First Assistant or Counselor, and Jens Nielson of Cedar City as Second. Historian David E. Miller described the terrain the pioneers faced in this section of their trek before they even got to the Hole:

From a road builder's point of view, the sixty-five mile region between the town of Escalante and the Colorado River at Hole-in-the-Rock grows progressively worse as one proceeds southward into the desert. The San Juan pioneers had experienced considerable difficulty on the first forty miles of the road, but the remaining fifteen miles they found several times more difficult. This country is very deceptive: What appears to be a fairly level plain, lying between the Straight Cliffs of Fifty-mile Mountain and the Escalante River, is literally cut through and through with numerous gulches and almost straight-walled gorges and canyons which head in the Kaiparowits and cut deeper and deeper as they extend eastward toward the Escalante River gorge. Most of these gulches are not apparent to the traveler until he suddenly finds himself on the very brink of a chasm several hundred feet deep. Straight ahead, probably a quarter of a mile away through clear air, the "flat level" plain continues. . . .

From Forty-mile Spring southward the washes, gulches, and canyons not only become progressively more numerous, but also much more difficult to cross. If the San Juan pioneers had merely succeeded in building a wagon road through that part of the country—to Fifty-mile Spring—and then returned to the settlements, their achievement would have been outstanding. *But this was really easy terrain to cross compared to what lay ahead.*⁴⁰

Platte D. Lyman wrote in his diary that the section between the camp at Forty-mile and the "Hole" was "the roughest country I ever saw a wagon go over," but he'd soon realize that it was nothing compared to what lay on the other side of the Colorado. He was sent as part of a group to explore the previously unknown land eastward and what they found made everyone's heart sink. Lyman wrote: "The country here is almost entirely solid sand rock, high hills and mountains cut all to pieces by deep gulches which are in many places altogether impassible. *It is certainly the worst country I ever saw . . .* most of us are satisfied that there is no use of this company undertaking to get through to the San Juan this way."⁴¹ With this, and similar reports, a spirit of gloom spread through the camp. In classic understatement, company member Samuel Rowley later wrote: "Before we left our homes we were told that the country had been explored, and that the road was feasible. But now we found that *someone had been mistaken.*"⁴²

The company now found themselves in dire circumstances. It was now early December and winter snows blocked their retreat via Escalante. They really had no choice but to go forward, regardless of what lay ahead. At the 40-mile Spring camp, meetings were held on December 3rd and 4th at which President Smith laid out the situation. He acknowledged that it would take 3 or 4 months to build a road from there to Montezuma. It was "unanimously resolved to go to work on the road," and remarkably, once that decision was made, the pioneers were unified and worked towards that goal with a minimum of complaint. It may have been a dumb mistake that got them there, but complaining about it or their leaders would not get them out. Only unified hard work would save them now.

Word was quickly sent back to those still behind on the trail, explaining both the situation the company faced and the decision to move forward. It is unknown whether John Butler was up front near the Hole at this time, or back somewhere along the trail, but one account passed through the Robinson family indicates that the Butler's sheep may not have gone any further than 10-mile Spring. It was here that Timothy Robinson received word that his wife had taken very ill. So the Robinsons dropped their plans of going to the San Juan and returned to Paragonah.

The Robinson's departure, combined with the dismal reports of almost impassable country east of the Colorado, caused John and his brothers to rethink the venture as well. They had not been "called" as part of the San Juan Mission and therefore likely felt little obligation to continue. Instead, they "found a good place to winter their sheep," and "gave up the idea of going to San Juan."⁴³ We can only speculate as to exactly where they herded their sheep over the winter of 1879-80, but it seems unlikely that they would have tried to drive them back through the deep snow of Escalante Mountain. It is reasonable to assume that they kept them somewhere between Escalante and the Hole-in-the-Rock, and most likely somewhere in the vicinity of Escalante.

Herding sheep in this country must have been an interesting challenge, as it is riddled with small canyons with cliff walls, spires, and ravines that twisted and turned in most confusing manners. It was easy to lose animals in such locales and just as easy to get lost yourself while searching for them. Devil's Garden, just south of 10-mile Spring is one such place, and perhaps it was the location of the following story that happened during the Butler-Robinson sheep herding venture:

Timothy Robinson Sr. was riding an old donkey and one night he wandered way off. He trailed him over a mountain into a little valley that was full of cat-tails. They were all laying down one way, having been bent with the wind. He walked a long ways down this little valley and finally found his donkey; but he had a hard time finding his way out. He rode his old donkey round and round, but couldn't find a way out. He thought he was doomed. Then he took a good look at the cat-tails and saw that they were facing the opposite direction than when he

came in. So he right about faced, and finally made his way out and to the sheep camp.⁴⁴

Platte D. Lyman's diary of the excursion mentions that some unnamed "Panguitch boys" came at times, and helped build the road through Hole-in-the-Rock, and parts of the road east of the Colorado. John and/or his brothers might have been part of this group. However, as far as definitive history is concerned, John Butler's participation in the San Juan Mission ended before the famous passage through the Hole-in-the-Rock. Nevertheless, it hardly seems fitting to leave that story hanging, so I'll continue and give a brief summary of the remainder of the trek.

The first half of December the company worked its way through the difficult terrain from 40-mile Spring to the Hole. They were now already two weeks past their original six-week time table, and the Hole and the most difficult terrain east of it still remained. But by now all knew that the trek would be measured in months, not weeks. Company president, Silas Smith, now got his first look at the Hole and saw the enormity of the undertaking. Tremendous amounts of blasting powder, and additional tools and supplies, would be needed for them to succeed, as well as money to pay for it all. The company proposed that President Smith, who had been a prominent member of the territorial legislature, should return to the settlements to procure supplies and petition lawmakers in Salt Lake City for an appropriation to fund what they realized was going to be a massive road building project. Silas Smith left at once, on what all expected would be a three week supply raising campaign. Little did they realize that he would not rejoin the company until several months later, *after* they had already made it to the San Juan. In his absence, second-in-command Platte D. Lyman took charge of the company, oversaw their efforts building the road through the Hole-in-the-Rock and beyond, and it was he who actually led the company to the San Juan. This is not to say that President Smith in any way shirked his duty. He was very successful in procuring the much needed funding, and organized and sent wagonloads of blasting powder, equipment, food, and other supplies, which were essential for the company's success.

For a month and a half men worked in three groups simultaneously, one group blasting out the crevice at the hole, another building the road from the base of the cliff wall at the hole down to the river, and a third working on the road on the east side of the river.

Work on the Hole was particularly perilous, as this was done "by lowering men over the edge of the cliff in half-barrels and dangling them there in mid-air while they hand-drilled holes in the face of the cliff and placed small charges of blasting powder." And remember, this was done during the worst time of year "as winter blizzards blew and temperatures dropped to zero."⁴⁵ The freezing temperatures did help in one regard, in that the men were able to pour water into holes they drilled, which froze over night and cracked away pieces of rock, thus helping them conserve the precious blasting powder. The ropes conveying men over the cliff for both the road work below, and the blasting work above began to fray perilously thin. Just as the men were becoming reluctant to trust their

lives to these fraying strands, enough of the Hole had been blasted away for a footpath to be established through it.

Below the cliff wall at the hole, another group of men built a dugway, or kind of retaining wall, along the side of another cliff, thereby building a road just wide enough for a wagon along the side of that cliff. It was an engineering masterpiece for the time, and a huge effort. At the Colorado River below, men were at work building a ferry, and on the other side work was going forward on the road east.

Finally, after nearly six-weeks of huge labor and lots of blasting powder, a passage just barely wide enough for a wagon to pass was cut through the cliff wall, and the "Hole-in-the-Rock" was ready. Platte Lyman's diary entry for January 26, 1880 states: "Today we worked all the wagons in this camp down the Hole and ferried 26 of them across the river. The boat is worked by 1 pair of oars and does very well."⁴⁶

This entry doesn't do justice to the momentous event that occurred that day, nor to the harrowing scene. To really understand what this journey entailed it should be explained that the passage to the river was only about three-quarters of a mile long, with a vertical elevation difference of about 1,800 feet between the canyon rim and the river. This calculates as an average road grade of 45%! To put that in perspective, it is very rare to find a highway today, even in the most mountainous terrain, with a grade of more than 6-9%. But even worse, the calculated 45% was the *average* grade, the first third of the "road" down through the Hole was about twice as steep as that, with one foot of elevation change for every foot of horizontal distance! The second third of the descent was less steep, but included the passage along the edge of the cliff mentioned earlier. The last third was a welcome relief to the teamsters, consisting of a more gradual descent through sand, which served as a natural brake for the wagons. Historian David E. Miller gave this description of how the descent through the Hole was made:

Wagons were prepared for the venture by rough-locking the hind wheels, not merely cross-locking them. This method of braking, well known to freighters of that era, consisted of wrapping a heavy chain several times around the felloe and tire of the wheel, then fastening the loose end to the wagon box or running gears in such a manner that the wrapped part of the wheel would be at the bottom and hence would help hold back the vehicle by digging into the ground. With two wheels so locked, the wagon would have a very effective brake.

In addition to this, long ropes and chains were attached to the rear axle or some other part of the running gears so that a dozen or more men could hang on behind the wagon to help slow it down as it plunged into the abyss. On occasion a horse or mule was hitched behind to pull back, but this proved to be rather rough treatment for the animal as he was usually thrown to the ground and dragged down the steep bumpy grade. Danielson B. Barney tied "two large cedar trees to his wagon" to hold it back during the drive down. Some accounts mention the planting of a large cedar post at the top of the Hole and throwing a

hitch around this, either with a rope or chain, to ease the first part of the trip. These means were all used, and very effectively too, since not a single wagon was lost while making the perilous descent. Women and children usually were happy to walk down to the river rather than risk their lives in the wagons, although a few brave souls evidently preferred to ride. Even walking was very difficult after most of the sand and gravel had been pushed to the lower portion of the notch, leaving the upper third slick and hazardous.

Later outfits experienced more difficulty than did the first one. Although a crowd of men and boys were on hand to hold back that first wagon, there actually was very little for them to do, for the wheels mired into the loose sand and gravel and pushed a veritable avalanche down the chute in front of the vehicle. The more wagons that passed that way, the more loose material was pushed down toward the bottom and the more difficult the stretch near the top became. After a dozen or more wagons had been taken down, the upper part of the notch was left smooth, slick, and very treacherous.⁴⁷

Horses and mules naturally balked at going down such a “terrible chasm.” In order to get them started the men had to drive them up to the edge of the Hole and “then push on the wagons, against the horses to start them thru.” Numerous accounts paint a vivid picture of what the participants saw and felt like passing through the Hole. Milton Dailey recorded:

The first forty feet down the wagons stood so straight in the air it was no desirable place to ride and the channel was so narrow the barrels had to be removed from the sides of the wagon in order to let the wagon pass through. It had to be rough locked on both hind wheels and then a heavy rope attached behind to which about eight men held back as hard as they could to keep the wagon from making a dash down the forty feet. The women and children took hold of hands and slid down this forty feet as they couldn't walk.⁴⁸

In a letter written to her father and mother a few days after the event, Elizabeth Morris Decker provides us with a woman's perspective of the Hole-in-the-Rock passage.

We crossed the river on the 1st of Feb. all safe; was not half as scared as we thought we'd be, it was the easiest part of our journey. Coming down the hole in the rock to get to the river was ten times as bad. If you ever come this way it will scare you to death to look down it. It is about a mile from the top down to the river and it is almost strait down, the cliffs on each side are five hundred ft. high and there is just room enough for a wagon to go down. It nearly scared me to death. The first wagon I saw go down they put the brake on and rough locked the hind wheels and had a big rope fastened to the wagon and about ten men holding back on it and then they went down like they would smash everything. I'll never forget that day. When we was walking down

Willie looked back and cried and asked me how we would get back home.⁴⁹

Little Willie's view was shared by most. Could anyone ever travel back up the Hole?! Most of those who know just a little about the Hole-in-the-Rock excursion have assumed that the road was a one-way route. In reality, the road these pioneers blazed was used for about two years, with wagons traveling in both directions! Of course, many, many more wagons went down than ever came back up the Hole. Shortly after arriving at the San Juan in the spring of 1880, Platte D. Lyman returned back to the western Utah settlements for much-needed food and supplies. He appears to have been the first to drive a wagon back up through the Hole-in-the-Rock. His grandson stated that "he had to rest his horses 243 times between the river and the rim before they finally pulled the wagon to the top."⁵⁰ Platte traversed the Hole two more times, when he returned to Fillmore to retrieve some of his family members later that summer.

By the first week in February 1880 most of the wagon train had made it safely down the Hole to the river. Remarkably, no wagons were lost in the passage and no one died or was seriously injured. Some of the animals were rather badly mauled, but all made it down alive. But, as mentioned earlier, the worst part of the journey was yet to come. Historian David E. Miller expressed how difficult the remainder of the trek was when he wrote:

Consider: these men did not believe it impossible to build a road through the Hole-in-the-Rock; but the region east of the Colorado was too rugged! Anyone who has seen the Hole-in-the-Rock can appreciate the implications of this statement. But these same men would soon be building a road over this exact country—where they were sure none could be built.⁵¹

Some of John's relatives by marriage made the trek, in particular Lemuel Redd and George Sevy. George Sevy, who was then the bishop of Panguitch, wouldn't remain at the San Juan, but he did make the trek. Both of these men served as scouts, looking for suitable routes ahead of the train. Even though the San Juan River empties into the Colorado just downstream from the Hole-in-the-Rock crossing, the part of the San Juan where the pioneers were immigrating, was still far to the east, and it would be impossible for the company to simply follow the San Juan River upstream. Instead, the company would have to take a much-less-than-direct route, going around considerably to the north of the San Juan River trying to avoid the numerous impassable deep cliff-walled canyons that drained into it, before turning southeast to Comb Wash and then south following that wash to the intersection of Comb Ridge with the San Juan. It would take them two months to traverse that 150 miles, as the company crept along averaging only 2½ miles a day, an incredibly slow pace for a wagon train. Of course, as Platte D. Lyman wrote, they were driving "over the roughest roads I ever saw a wagon go over. Our wagons struggled up and over many a place no man could call a road."⁵²

Finally, on April 1, 1880, after nearly six months of tremendous effort by both man and beast, they arrived at the cliff mentioned earlier, where Comb Ridge drops down into the San Juan River (see picture on page 162). The beautiful displays of ancient petroglyphs meant little to these pioneers; all they saw was a massive hill blocking their way and a cliff for which they saw no way around. Their situation might have seemed like an awful April Fool's joke; they had gone through so much and now found themselves only about 30 miles west of their destination of Montezuma, but with no way to get there! The situation was truly heart wrenching. John Butler's Wash was only a mile away, but it might as well have been a thousand miles!

After exploring the country, they finally determined that if they could somehow haul their wagons to the top of Comb Ridge they could roll northward along that rocky crest, until a place could be found to cross down into Butler Wash, and from there continue east to their destination (see the map on page 161). But this would be an incredible feat as David E. Miller explained:

But to get to the top of the Comb required the building of another dugway up the face of that solid rock barrier, which the pioneers promptly named "San Juan Hill" - almost two decades before Theodore Roosevelt and the Rough Riders stormed a hill of the same name in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. The road up San Juan Hill is one of the most fantastic of all sections constructed by these indomitable pioneers. It angles up the face of that cliff in a manner which defies description. . . . Building a road up the famous "San Juan Hill" was one of the major undertakings of the whole expedition.⁵³

San Juan Hill proved almost too much for even these hardy pioneers who had already endured almost six months of constant road building and travel through the worst country imaginable, not to mention their worn-out teams who had endured almost constant hard work throughout a long winter, without sufficient feed. In addition, the company's wagons, harnesses, and other equipment were by now worn out and would be taxed to the limit before reaching the summit of Comb Ridge. But they had no other choice: either fight up San Juan Hill, or remain stuck a few miles short of their journey's end. Nevertheless, the horror of watching their poor animals fight up that huge stone barrier was enough to bring even these hardened pioneer men to tears, as John's grandnephew Charles Redd wrote:

Aside from the Hole-in-the-Rock, itself, this was the steepest crossing on the journey. Here again seven span of horses were used, so that when some of the horses were on their knees, fighting to get up to find a foothold, the still-erect horses could plunge upward against the sharp grade. On the worst slopes the men were forced to beat their jaded animals into giving all they had. After several pulls, rests, and pulls, many of the horses took to spasms and near-convulsions, so exhausted were they. By the time most of the outfits were across, the worst stretches could easily be identified by the dried blood and matted hair from the forelegs of the struggling teams. My father [Lemuel H.

Redd, Jr.] was a strong man, and reluctant to display emotion; but whenever in later years the full pathos of San Juan Hill was recalled either by himself or by someone else, the memory of such bitter struggles was too much for him and he wept.⁵⁴

The first few days of April were spent fighting up San Juan Hill, and then proceeding along the top of Comb Ridge for a few miles, before dropping into Butler Wash. By April 6th most of the outfits had reached the flat river bottom north of the San Juan River, just east of Cottonwood Wash. They were still 18 miles from the intended destination at Montezuma, but "the company simply lost its push. All at once all energy seems to have left them completely. The travel-worn expedition was just too tired to go on." Here were a few acres of what looked like good farmland and so most of the company stopped, built their homes, and founded the city of Bluff. One woman expressed the feelings of the whole group as she related, "I was so tired and sore that I had no desire to be any place except where I was."⁵⁵

The road they blazed through the Hole-in-the-Rock would be used for two more years before another easier route was established farther north. Today the land they traveled through looks much the same as it did 130 years ago. No road today even connects Escalante with Bluff and Montezuma through the canyon country these pioneers traveled. Just like John Butler's exploring party had found, even now the only effective way to travel by land from Escalante to the Four Corners region is by circling around far to the north or to the south. Much of the trail they blazed to cross the Colorado River at Hole-in-the-Rock is now covered by the flood waters of Lake Powell created by Glen Canyon Dam, but the Hole itself will never be covered and stands as a poignant monument to dogged determination of perhaps the hardest group of pioneers ever assembled.

Chapter Eight

Move to Sevier County

By the spring of 1880, John and his brothers were back at their farm in Panguitch once more. Their planned move to the San Juan was ruled out. Perhaps the route via Hole-in-the-Rock gave them misgivings about trying to move their substantial herds and holdings, as well as growing families, through such a rough and dangerous route. Or maybe, John, the only member of the family to have seen the San Juan, had second thoughts about the fertility of the land and its irrigation potential. If so, such “second thoughts” would prove quite valid. Their wives, Ettie and Lottie, may have voiced concern over the remoteness of the settlement, and wanted to be somewhere closer to civilization, extended family, better schools for their children, etc. For whatever the reason, the decision not to move to the San Juan would have a long-lasting impact on the Butler family for generations. The year 1880 would turn out to be a pivotal point in the Butler family’s history. We’ll never know what that history would have looked like if they had gone to the San Juan, but it is certain that it would have been dramatically different, because now instead of looking far to the southeast, John’s eyes turned to the north.

Although they decided against moving to the San Juan, the same reasons that caused them to originally plan that move still existed. The privations of two years earlier were still fresh in their minds, and the severe winters in the Panguitch area were proving difficult on their large herds of livestock, in particular their sheep. They were looking to move somewhere with a milder climate and closer to winter grazing for their sheep. The San Juan fit that criterion but as mentioned, for other reasons was deemed unsuitable.

The Butler Brothers had been very prosperous in Panguitch, where they had substantial holdings and businesses: a large ranch, farm, saw and shingle mills, freight business, etc. with which they employed a number of hired men. It was not a light thing for them to sell property, settle business dealings, and prepare to move. Almost certainly, they had done some of this before their failed move to the San Juan, so finding another suitable place now would have received added impetus. It certainly was a focal point of their attention over the upcoming year and a half.¹ However, two notable events occurred in John’s life before he left Panguitch.

More Children Born On The Panguitch Farm

On December 2, 1880, John and Ettie's fourth child was born on their Panguitch farm. They named her Caroline, after John's beloved mother who had passed away five years earlier. Caroline was given a nickname similar to her mother and older sisters; they'd call her Carrie.

John's sister, Sarah Adeline Allen, was a prominent nurse and midwife, and shortly before Caroline's birth she came to stay with the family to provide her services when the time came. Here Caroline describes the circumstances of her birth:

My mother tells me that on December 2, 1880, she was standing on a table hanging strips of beef dipped in hot brine on strings to dry, when her labor started. Father helped her down, and I was born that night. They had few doctors in those days. Aunt Adeline helped my mother. My mother had no doctors for any of her ten children.²

However, Caroline was not the first baby that "Aunt Adeline" had helped gain a foothold in life during this stay at the Butler farm. Just a few days before Caroline was born, a very odd thing had happened, a tragedy was narrowly averted, and a scandal ensued.

The Butlers had a young girl living with them to help with housework. This hired girl had gone outside for an unusually long time, and when she finally returned she simply came in and laid down. Adeline questioned her and the girl responded that "she had a bad running off of the bowels, etc." But Adeline, having much experience with women's issues, suspected something more, and telling John that the girl "looked and acted queer" sent him out to retrace the girl's steps to see if he could find any signs of anything unusual. John's tracking took him down along the riverbank to a pile of dried leaves, and looking under the leaves he was shocked to find a newborn baby. It was a very cold and windy day, so John hurriedly wrapped the little thing in his coat and ran back to the house. Nurse Adeline took care of the baby and fortunately the child survived and lived to maturity.³

Oddly, the Butlers had never suspected the girl was pregnant. The girl accused John's brother Thomas of being the father. This turned out to be a lie. Nevertheless, a trial was held and he was acquitted, but the scandal blighted his good name to some extent and that perhaps contributed to the fact that he never married. Throughout the ordeal of the false accusation and trial, and for the remainder of his life, Thomas remained a faithful member of the Church and even served three honorable missions.

Caroline was four months old when she received her baby blessing, in the Panguitch Ward of the Church, from Hyrum S. Church, on March 10, 1881,⁴ and therefore we know the Butlers had not moved from Panguitch before that date.

Head Injury

Bishops during the pioneer era in Utah commonly appointed “Ward Marshals.”⁵ These were men charged with keeping the peace during dances and other social gatherings, especially to maintain order among the teenagers. In today’s vernacular the term “bouncer” would fit the role, only this “bouncer” would have a Church calling and a more dignified title, “Ward Marshal.”⁶

One old timer from Panguitch described John as “one of the kindest men I ever knew,” but at the same time added that he was also “one of the roughest men in a fight” he had ever seen.⁷ John was described as “a large, well built man. He was six feet two and ½ inches tall, had broad shoulders, narrow hips, large feet, blue eyes and brown hair and beard.”⁸ It’s easy to see why any bishop would view John as a natural choice for “Ward Marshal.” He possessed a kind and even temperament, but at the same time had the physical might and ability to enforce order when needed. On top of that, he carried a reputation that would cause any would-be troublemakers to think twice before acting up.

Some may wonder why Panguitch, a community founded by faithful Latter-day Saint Church members, would need a ward marshal at all. First, it should be understood that not all saints among the Saints are, well, saints. The Church is divinely directed, but not all those professing membership were, or are, true. As early as the days of Joseph Smith, the Lord stated clearly “there are hypocrites among you,” adding that eventually these “shall be detected and shall be cut off,” but that it would be according to the Lord’s timetable whether they would be detected and cut off “either in [this] life or in death” afterwards.⁹ So in short, a lower class of hypocrites, and even rascals, existed among the Mormon faithful.

Second, not all of the residents in or around Panguitch were Church members, and some weren’t even the least bit religious or honorable. In fact, with mining enterprises nearby, cowboys, and the frontier outlaw element mentioned earlier, Panguitch was actually known as a fairly rough place, and drunkenness only added to the potential violence. A rather gruesome example of this was demonstrated about a decade later, when John’s oldest daughters, Zettie and Sadie, returned to Panguitch for a visit. Zettie related:

When I was 17, Sadie and I spent a few weeks at Panguitch, and went to the Lake for the 24th of July. Sadie went with George Davis and I went with Jim Thornton. When we came out of the dance, a drunk man stabbed George twice before discovering he was stabbing the wrong man. Jim Thornton took me home and went back to the saloon to wait for his bedfellow. A Mr. Fjelsted was drunk and asked an Indian if he could shoot him in the eye. The Indian just laughed – so Fjelsted shot him in the eye. He fell over on Thornton and filled his pocket with blood. Fjelsted went to the penitentiary for life for this little prank.¹⁰

A key structure in early Panguitch was a log meeting house the community built, that served for church meetings, school, dances, and social events, in short “everything.” This structure, that John helped build, was the setting for an event that would affect the rest of his life and likely shortened it significantly.

Sometime in 1880 or early 1881, while John was acting as ward marshal for a dance in this log meeting house, he had occasion to remove some drunken ruffians from the building. John was large, tough, and had a reputation as a fierce fighter, a man no one dared confront openly, so there was little these ruffians could do other than submit and leave. Nevertheless, drunk and angry they laid in wait for him outside, swearing vengeance. Knowing that even the group of them couldn't match John in a fair fight, they hid cowardly in the dark waiting to ambush him as he left the building. As he did so, one of them struck John over the head with a heavy board which had a large nail in it, puncturing his skull.

Miraculously John survived the attack, but the injury caused him to suffer from severe headaches for the rest of his life.¹¹ We'll touch more on the effects of this injury later as John's story progresses.

Move North

Sometime in 1880 or prior to it, the Butler Brothers began taking their sheep north down the Sevier River Valley some 50-60 miles, where they pastured them in the high Tushar Mountain range during the summers. Then over the winter they let them graze east of the mountains on the Utah desert near Milford. According to John's son, Kenion Taylor, the sheep herd was the main reason his father left Panguitch:

Dad was in the sheep business. You couldn't feed sheep in Panguitch in winter, and they had to take the sheep out on the Desert for winter feeding. . . . The feed was great for sheep out on the Desert. No winter hay was necessary. The best summer range for sheep was in the Gold mountain, and the best winter feed was on the Utah Desert, toward Milford.¹²

John and his brothers then decided to sell their Panguitch holdings and pioneer once more, in and around a fairly new town named Joseph, in southern Sevier County, about 70 miles north of Panguitch. Joseph was located on the Sevier River, sat at a lower elevation than Panguitch and therefore had a little milder climate, and was close to where the sheep were then being herded.

There must have been some sadness in leaving Panguitch. John and his brothers had played major roles in the founding of that town. They had sacrificed much and endured severe trials, but through it all had managed to amass sizeable business interests there. They had gone from mere youths to some of the most well known and respected men in the community. Most in Panguitch were sorry to see them go as well.

John had lived in the Paragonah, Parowan, and Panguitch area for almost two decades, and Ettie had lived there all of her life. They also had many friends and extended family members there. Today, moving only 70 miles away may not seem like much, but in the era of horse and buggies it would require a multi-day trip to visit loved ones.



In the fall of 1881, the Butler Brothers moved their households to Joseph. At that time John's family consisted of himself, age 37, his wife Ettie, age 28, John III, age 7, Zettie, age 5, Sadie, age 3, and Carrie, who was not yet a year old.

James's family then consisted of himself, age 34, his wife Lottie, age 28, and three children, Charlotte Elizabeth, age 6, James Albert, age 5, and John Topham, age 2.

Thomas, age 30, remained unmarried.

Even though the Butlers were moving a large amount of property and livestock, the move north apparently went smoothly and without major incident. The company was quite substantial, consisting not only of the Butler family listed above, but also the Brothers' employees or hired hands. In addition there were apparently "several other families"¹³ making the move north with them as well.

John's oldest child, John III, fondly remembered the trip as a grand adventure. Although only 7 years old, he rode a horse and was charged with helping drive the band of Morgan horses with his Uncle Tom's hired man.¹⁴

During the move a minor incident occurred that shows the joker inside of John, as well as his low tolerance for prideful snooty behavior. His daughter Jane related:

Pa told a story of a time when they were moving with several other families. They were traveling in a caravan with the young people all walking. One girl refused to wade the streams, she was too proud and stylish. Father removed his boots and socks, rolled up his trousers and offered to carry her. As he got to the middle of the stream he suddenly, on purpose, tripped and both fell into the water. Pa felt he had taught the girl a well-deserved lesson.¹⁵

A few miles north of the town of Marysvale the Sevier River passes through a narrow canyon about 6 miles long. As the Butlers passed through this canyon they encountered two sites that would have significance to them in later years. The first was Deer Creek, where it empties into the Sevier River. Little did John's family realize that about 6 miles west up Deer Creek's narrow gorge lay a picturesque mountain setting that would dramatically change all of their lives forever. A mile or so further down river they passed a prominent, multi-colored hill that was impossible to miss, called "Big Rock Candy Mountain." This would serve as a favorite landmark for the Butler children anytime they passed north or south through the canyon, in particular on trips to visit friends and relations in Panguitch or Parowan.

Just after exiting the north end of the canyon, the Butlers passed where Clear Creek empties into the Sevier River from the west. Over the next decade the Butlers would pass by Clear Creek herding sheep to summer pasture in the mountains, or along it as they took the sheep to and from winter pasture in the desert to the west. Less than a mile north of Clear Creek they passed the tiny settlement of Cove (now the town of Sevier) and the land began opening up into a wide river plain. Only 3 miles further down river the Butlers reached the town of Joseph, their new home.

Butler Brothers Partnership Dissolved

With the move from Panguitch, or shortly thereafter, the Butler Brothers decided to dissolve their business partnership and divide up their capital, livestock, and equipment.

This must have been a weighty decision, considering that John and his two younger brothers had operated as business partners for all of their adult lives. It is hard to imagine brothers who loved each other more, or were closer emotionally and physically than these three. There wasn't even a hint of them not getting along well, and none of their children ever heard of any disagreement between them. In fact, everything indicates that they worked very harmoniously, both before and after their partnership ended. Nor was it a matter of them going their separate ways, because all three settled close to one another in and around Joseph. They would continue to live close to each other through the remainder of their lives. All this begs the question, "Why did they break up the partnership?"

Most of John's children had no answer for that question. The only answer that any of them could give comes from John's son, Kenion Taylor, who stated simply, "John and Jim – they had families and wanted to go on their own," while quickly adding, "they never had a disagreement that I ever heard of."¹⁶ John's granddaughter, Helen Thurber Dalton, speculated, "When the brothers formed the partnership, none were married. Now, John and Jim were married and had children. Perhaps they all felt it was time to end the partnership and strike out on their own."¹⁷ That's probably as good an answer as we're going to find at this point in time.

With the dissolution of the partnership all three brothers bought and/or homesteaded farms near Joseph. We'll describe John's farm properties later. Over the next two decades, John and his brothers would move about and own homes and properties in various parts of Sevier County.

All three kept various forms of livestock (cattle, sheep, and horses), but Thomas' focus seems to have been the horse business, as he retained a significant part of the Morgan horse herd, as mentioned earlier.¹⁸

James had some cattle, horses, and sheep as well, but at some point acquired a substantial herd of pigs. Of course, he also became well known for his beehives, by which he earned the nickname "Honey Jim."

Although John had herds of cattle and horses, and even tried his hand at raising Holstein dairy cattle, his main focus was sheep. His sheep operation was quite substantial and required employing a number of men and equipment. His daughter Olive gave us this insight:

He had chuck wagons and sheep wagons equipped with beds and stoves. He did shoe repairing for himself as well as for his men; also, his own blacksmithing and upkeep of his wagons and equipment.¹⁹

As a boy, John had learned the blacksmith trade from his father, as well as equipment repair and many other skills. After years of operating mills,

freighting, farming, and ranching, by this point in John's life he had become extremely proficient building, repairing, and operating equipment, and was an expert blacksmith and craftsman. We'll see much more of this as his story progresses.

Typical of pioneer families, John's children participated in the family businesses at an early age, and this was especially true of his oldest child and namesake, son John III. In the autobiography he dictated to his wife we find:

[John III] helped tend the sheep every summer after 6 years old and all summer when he was eleven years old, and spent the entire winter after he was twelve at the sheep herd. . . . there was much work to be done, farming, tending sheep, tending camp, etc. . . . John III had a lot of responsibility in helping, and spent most of the time from 12 years till he was eighteen looking after the sheep and cattle. He surely enjoyed the mountains where there was plenty of game and good fishing in the mountain streams. The winters were not so pleasant as they did not have the convenience of a well-equipped camp wagon in which to live. The sheep were brought down into the valley for winter but feed was plentiful and they did not have to feed hay.²⁰

Joe Town

The portion of the Sevier River Valley that is located in Sevier County was first settled in 1864, about the same time the Butlers first settled Panguitch. Like Panguitch, the settlements in the northern part of the Sevier River Valley experienced substantial turmoil during the Black Hawk War, and were eventually abandoned as well. In the early 1870's settlers began migrating back to Richfield, which became the main settlement and seat of the county. Nevertheless, Indian unrest remained a major concern in the area until the summer of 1873, when Albert King Thurber and some others were sent as a special envoy by Brigham Young. They met with local Indian leaders at Fish Lake, and on July 1, 1873, established a formal peace treaty with them at Cedar Grove, in Grass Valley. Unlike many other peace treaties, this one was never broken by either the whites or the Indians, and a lasting era of peace and harmony was established.²¹

A. K. Thurber had been a friend of the Butlers since their arrival in Spanish Fork. He had served as a counselor to John's father in the bishopric there, and was his replacement as bishop after his death. Shortly after A. K. Thurber helped establish the peace treaty mentioned, Brigham Young asked him to move to Sevier County, where he became a major church and community leader. Therefore, since 1874, A. K. Thurber was once more one of John Butler's church leaders, this time in the presidency of the Sevier Stake, which at the time included Panguitch. Later, he would serve as John's stake president, but the Thurber family would play even more significant roles than that in the lives of the John Butler family, as we'll see later.

When the Butlers arrived in 1881, "Joseph City" was still a very new pioneer village, and certainly did not resemble a "city" at all. A few houses had been built by then, and a log meeting and schoolhouse had been erected just five years earlier. Joseph City was named in honor of Sevier Stake's first stake president, well-respected and loved Joseph A. Young, the son of President Brigham Young.²² Even so, most of the residents of Sevier County, including the Butlers, referred to it by its nickname, "Joe Town."

Another interesting aspect of Joe Town is that it was located near the Indians' main route of travel between their summer camps at Fish Lake and the Cedar City area. As many as 500 Indians at a time camped near Joseph during their periodic migrations.²³ While living in or near Joe Town the Butlers had regular interaction with Indians, who by this time were friendly, and several of the Butler children's stories involved Indians.

Most importantly for the Butlers was the fact that Joe Town was located at the foot of the mountains where they tended their sheep during the summer months. Each summer John and his hands moved his large herd of sheep from Joe Town to the foothills a few miles to the southwest. Then they'd begin their ascent into the high Tushar Mountain range, the tallest of which is Mt. Belnap, sitting at over 12,000 feet. In this high country John found meadows, springs, clear pure streams, and abundant grass. It was ideal pasture for his sheep. In particular, he liked pasturing his sheep around the headwaters of Deer Creek. Even so, it should be noted that John never accessed this summer pasture by following south along the Sevier River and then west up Deer Creek. Lower Deer Creek canyon is a deep rocky gorge, much too difficult for sheep to pass, and at the time there wasn't a wagon road up it. The Butlers' route to the headwaters of Deer Creek began close to where Clear Creek joined the Sevier River and from there proceeded southwest up into the mountains.

Joe Town also provided easy access to their winter grazing area in the Utah desert near Milford. By roughly following Clear Creek westward (in the vicinity of today's Interstate 70) they passed to the west side of the mountain range near Cove Fort and out onto the desert.

When the Butlers first arrived in Joe Town, John rented a small log home on the east side of town. The house was a "story-and-a-half," the "half" story being a single attic room that was accessed via steps going up the outside of the house. The house also had a "lean-to" kitchen on its north side. As for sleeping arrangements, John's daughter Zettie related that "mother had a



The Butlers' first rented home in Joseph

four-poster bed with ropes running up and down and across for springs with a straw tick over it. Sadie and I had a trundle bed on casters and, in the daytime, it was rolled under mother's bed which was closed in on all sides with a curtain."²⁴

A vivid memory that many of the Butler children had of this house was of a time when their mother, Ettie, reached up on a high shelf for what she thought was some braid sitting there. Upon grasping it she found that it was in reality a snake.²⁵ One can imagine the theatrics that ensued and understand why this left such an indelible impression on the children. They soon found that snakes were quite common around Joseph.

After a short time, a year perhaps, John bought a larger home in Joseph. Zettie recalled that her father hired a man by the name of Riley to "install new steps" on that house. But what stands out more in her mind is that they fed Mr. Riley dinner, during which "he filled his plate with potatoes and covered them with molasses!" and "he really smacked his lips over that!" Apparently during this time Ettie was able to provide her family and guests with some luxuries, including sweeteners with their meals.²⁶

Schooling was still somewhat limited in Joe Town, but the older Butler children attended the little school, which was taught by Mrs. Maggie Parker. They also had some schooling in the home of Mrs. Bland, and then later attended school in nearby Elsinore with Haley Bell as teacher.²⁷

After moving into their new house, the Butler children also passed through a variety of childhood diseases, as Zettie again reminisced:

That year we children had chicken pox, measles and scarlet fever. It is believed now that I had a little case of polio as my leg went lame and I walked on crutches for quite a while. My leg was never completely well.²⁸

In addition to the illnesses, Zettie also "remembered having a loose tooth and papa taking me to Uncle Andrew Ross' store where there were forceps." Of course the idea of having a tooth pulled with pliers is frightening to any child, so John, like any good father, relied on the time-honored practice of bribery to get the job done and sooth his little girl's nerves. "They said if I was good and had my tooth pulled I could have anything I wanted in the store. Out of all the nice things to choose from, I took a cute lacy bib for my baby brother Horace."²⁹



The Butlers' second home in Joseph – their house is on the right.

John and Ettie's 5th child and 2nd son, Horace, had been born in Joseph shortly before, on February 6, 1883.

At the time of Horace's birth, a "Brother Hyrum Harris" was teaching school in Joseph and boarding with the Butlers. John and Ettie later related that in the evenings Hyrum used to get his fiddle out and play. It was an enjoyable time for the whole family. Little 2-year-old Carrie's reaction was particularly fun. As her parents told her later, when the fiddle music began "I would be dressed for the night ready for bed, but I would start to dance with all my strength, and they said I had been dancing ever since!"³⁰

St. George Temple Trip

About the same time John and his brothers moved from Panguitch to Joseph, John and Ettie, and James and Lottie, took another very special trip, this time south to St. George. This was to be a special reunion of all the living children of John Lowe Butler and Caroline Farozine Skeen.

John's oldest brother, Kenion Taylor, and his wife Olive made the long 250-mile trip from their home in Spanish Fork to be at this reunion. His oldest sister Charity, and her husband Amos Griswold Thornton, came from Pinto, about 40 miles north of St. George. Keziah Jane and husband Lemuel H. Redd traveled about 30 miles south from Harmony. Sisters Sarah Adeline Allen and Phoebe came from Panguitch, accompanied by Phoebe's husband George Sevy. Youngest sisters, Lucy Ann and Alveretta Farozine, came from Paragonah with their husbands Joseph Barton and James Robinson.

The only one missing was Thomas, the youngest son of the family. John and James tried desperately to get him to come with them, but Tom was the only one unmarried and he knew that each of his siblings would be coming with their spouses. He viewed it as a "couples" thing, and being the only one without a partner, felt out of place, and no amount of persuasion would get him to change his mind.

The purpose of this reunion was to perform ordinance work in the new temple recently completed in St. George. Construction on the St. George Temple had begun a decade earlier, in 1871, and it was dedicated and ready for use in 1877. Unlike previous LDS temples built in Kirtland and Nauvoo, the temple at St. George was the first in which the ordinance of sealing together of families for eternity could be performed vicariously for deceased ancestors. This was the reason that the Butler siblings had come from far and near to St. George; they wanted to be sealed together as a family with their deceased parents, John and Caroline. So on October 7, 1881, they entered the St. George temple together and were sealed to their parents by priesthood authority.³¹

The Butler children's sealing to their parents did not end their trip to the temple, as John's niece Addie later recorded:

The family members remained for several days in St. George to attend to other sealing ordinances and did a good deal of baptismal work and some endowment work for the dead. They were successful in

finding at the St. George Temple a record containing many hundreds of names, including many family names that [they thought] linked Grandfather Butler with some of his forefathers dating back to 1640 in Massachusetts and further. The oldest son of Grandfather, Taylor Butler, hired the clerk of the St. George Temple, Frank Farnsworth, to copy these names into a large record book that became known as the Butler Record. Taylor stayed in St. George on this trip longer than the others in order to have this record completed so that names might be available to the family for temple work. This copying was quite an expense for Uncle Taylor, who was much interested in it. Because of this and other records, the Butler family was one of the earliest to have sufficient genealogy prepared to do extensive temple work.³²

John and his brothers and sisters had a wonderful time together in the temple. They were very excited about temple work, and the opportunity they now had of performing these ordinances, that were so important to them, on behalf of their deceased ancestors. Likely they used the detailed genealogy information their father had recorded in his autobiography shortly before his death. And as mentioned above, they were thrilled to find records of other Butlers in the temple archives, even though later they would be unable to verify that some of these "Butler" names they recorded were actually their ancestors. Nevertheless, they still had begun a work that would be pursued vigorously for generations to come by many of their own descendants.³³

During this family reunion at St. George in October of 1881, John and his siblings gathered to have a special family photo taken. They wanted this portrait to include all of the living children of their parents John and Caroline Butler, which posed a problem in that brother Tom didn't come. However, they had the foresight to bring a large picture of him and positioned it so as to include him, and make their portrait "complete," even though he wasn't physically present with them.³⁴

The enthusiasm John and his siblings shared in temple work lasted throughout their lives and annual family reunions at the temple became the norm. The St. George Temple was the first temple built in Utah, but three others were soon completed. The Logan Temple, in far northern Utah, was dedicated in 1884 and the Salt Lake Temple was finally completed in 1892. But most important for John and his family was the construction of a temple in Manti, about 65 miles north of Joseph. The groundbreaking for the Manti Temple was in 1877, and when John moved to Sevier County the Church members there were actively engaged in providing labor and donations for what they viewed as their temple, just to the north in neighboring Sanpete County. The Manti Temple was dedicated in 1888 and John and his family almost immediately began making regular trips to it.

Once the temple in Manti was completed, the annual Butler family temple reunions shifted from St. George to Manti, which was deemed "more centrally located." Travel to the temple was quite a sacrifice in those days; John's niece Addie shared the difficulty involved in making these trips:

Mother [Charity Artemesia Butler Thornton] usually went under great difficulties, Pinto being a long way from Manti, but this work and these meetings with her brothers and sisters were dearly regarded by my mother. The first time she went to the Manti Temple, she went to Harmony, where William Redd took her and his mother, Aunt Keziah, by covered wagon (the only way we traveled in those days) to Paragonah. There Aunt Lucy Ann Barton and Farozine Robinson joined the group and Uncle James Robinson took them to Richfield; Aunt Adeline came from Panguitch to join them there, where Uncles James and John Butler took the group on to Manti. The entire trip took at least a week. Aunt Lucy Ann Allred lived in Spring City, near Manti, and she also joined the group.³⁵

The “Butler children” decided to make trips to the Manti Temple annually. Addie shared that “they’d meet there once a year and do a week’s temple work. This custom was carried on for years, the children usually meeting during the month of June. On one of these occasions, work was done for hundreds of deceased relatives. The Butlers were intensely interested in accomplishing this work for the family names, the first of which had been secured in the St. George Temple in 1881. . . . Mother [Charity] said that sometimes there would be a large number of relatives gathered at these times, and much work was accomplished.”³⁶



The Children of John Lowe Butler I and Caroline Farozine Skeen – 1881

Top row: Sarah Adeline Butler Allen, Lucy Ann Butler Barton, Keziah Jane Butler Redd, Phoebe Malinda Butler Sevy, Alveretta Farozine Butler Robinson.
Bottom row: John Lowe Butler II, Kenion Taylor Butler, James Butler, Charity Artemesia Butler Thornton, Thomas Butler (inset).

John and Ettie's home was a gathering place for his siblings as they traveled north on the annual temple excursion, and they looked forward to this event with fond anticipation, as daughter Olive remembered:

They were diligent temple workers and later made many trips by team and wagon to the Manti and Salt Lake City temples. They would stop in Richfield from their homes in Parowan and Panguitch with their horses and sheep wagons. Every year for many years, mother [Ettie] would have the house all cleaned up and we would look forward to them coming. Some of our family would join them.³⁷

Head Surgery

After living at Joe Town for two years, John's head injury was still causing him terrible headaches. A piece of his punctured skull was pressing on his brain, and so arrangements were made for him to go to Salt Lake City to undergo an operation.

There was a very real risk that John would not survive the surgery, and even if he did he knew that he would have to remain in Salt Lake for some time convalescing. So before leaving for Salt Lake City, John sold his house in Joe Town and moved his family to his brother Tom's farm at Brooklyn. Here the family would remain over the winter of 1883-84, while their husband and father was away.

Brooklyn really wasn't a town; it was more just a locale. Uncle Tom's farm was located about 5 miles east of Joe Town, just north of the town of Monroe, and a little east and south of Elsinore, about 2½ miles away, where the older children attended school.³⁸ When the Butler family first moved to Brooklyn, John's brother Thomas was away serving a Church mission. He had been set apart as a missionary the previous spring on May 26, 1883 and called to serve in the Eastern States Mission. He was released to return home on January 19, 1884. His mission had only lasted 8 months, and one possible reason for it being cut short was so he could return home to take care of his brother's family.³⁹

Uncle Tom's missionary absence for much of the year explains why the children viewed his farm they had just moved to as "kind of run down."⁴⁰ It was "a hard winter that year" for John's young family, especially the early part when their Uncle Tom was still away. Along with worries about John's operation, little 3-year-old "Caroline became very ill." In addition, the family was out of wood to cook and heat with. But young 9-year-old John III stepped up as man of the house, and in company with 7-year-old Zettie and 5-year-old Sadie "went to the hills to get some" wood. It was dark by the time they started home with "a nice little load of wood." Despite their hardships they were in good spirits and happily sang a favorite little tune as they went: "Our little dog is gone, with his tail cut short and his ears cut long, bow wow, bow wow."

On their way home that night a man rode by who seemed quite puzzled. Remember, this was the early 1880's, the era of the "Old West" with bad men,

Indians, wild animals, etc., it was certainly not the norm to find three little kids traveling out of the hills alone in the dark happily singing! The man stopped and asked them who they were and what they were doing out alone so late. As he listened to them explain about their father being away undergoing surgery, their little sister Carrie very ill, and it falling upon them to get wood so she could have heat in the house and hopefully get better, this man's heart must have truly been wrenched! "The next day a nice load of cut wood was delivered to us and a nurse brought from town for Caroline," as little Zettie remembered. Hearing of their situation people in the area pitched in to help the family. As Zettie summarized, "everyone was so good!!"⁴¹

Things got easier once Uncle Tom returned from his mission and was able to help. Although shortly after his return the family had a bit of excitement, as Zettie wrote:

One night Uncle Tom came in all excited and strapped on his gun. Mother [Ettie] asked him what was going on and he said, "Horse thieves!" as he ran out the door. We heard some shots and Uncle Tom came back with the horses. He said he thought he had hit the thief. Next day we learned that a man had gone to a lady on the edge of town and asked her to bandage his right hand, told her his gun went off accidentally.⁴²

Meanwhile, in late 1883 at Salt Lake City,⁴³ John passed through the ordeal of surgery in 19th century conditions. During the operation the doctors removed a "piece of skull the size of a dime and almost ¼ inch" that "had been pressing on his brain."⁴⁴ Interestingly, this "cream color" piece of skull was given to John's daughter Carrie, who kept it as a precious memento of her father throughout her long 88 years of life. In 1968, shortly before her death, Carrie gave it to her sister Jane, who likewise cherished it as a keep-sake.⁴⁵

During the operation a silver plate was inserted in John's head to cover the hole left in his skull.⁴⁶ John's daughter, Mary, wrote that one of his brothers was in attendance during the operation. We can only speculate as to which brother this would have been. Thomas was out on a mission at the time, as was John's half-brother John William Butler. It could have been his oldest brother Kenion Taylor, who was then living in Spanish Fork and therefore closest to Salt Lake, but that seems unlikely because he had just returned that October from a mission in Alabama where he had contracted "brain fever," and was very ill himself at the time. The most likely would have been James. Mary also adds this interesting story about John's operation:

During the operation father dreamed that nine men were picking on a little man. He tried to get up and knocked the doctor and his brother away from his bed. Another doctor grabbed him and forced him to lay down. They told him if he had hit his head again, it would have killed him. He suffered much in later years over that injury. He left the hospital sooner than he should have, as he was warned of sickness in his family.⁴⁷

The operation was successful, in the sense that John didn't die during it and perhaps "gave him some relief," nevertheless, "he continued to have severe headaches" for the rest of his life.⁴⁸ John's daughter Olive shared that her "father was never really too well after his head was operated on – he had such headaches."⁴⁹ Jane, who was born five years later, recalled that her father's "health was never the same after" and that from her "earliest recollections Pa was in poor health." According to her, John "was sick all the time I remember him. He would have these terrific headaches and he couldn't stand to lie on the bed because it would move. They would put a quilt on the floor, and it would be solid so it would help. The children would have to be so quiet. His head was so sensitive. He could not stand the heat of summer."⁵⁰

However, even with all his suffering that was caused him through no fault of his own by an evil and malicious act, John remained "very kind and loving to [his] family and friends."⁵¹

In particular, all of John's children saw him as a kind and tender man, and as a loving and doting father. At the same time they watched him live his life, at least the entire time they knew him, in suffering. It would have been easy for him to become bitter, take out his suffering on others, or turn to alcohol, etc., as many a lesser man in similar circumstances has done, and yet he did none of these things. John's children respected their father deeply, as did all his family.

Heat was particularly difficult for John, so he often traveled in the cool of night when possible. When he had to be about in the heat of day, he'd place wet cloth or grass inside his hat.⁵² At times noise also troubled him greatly, and the children, even young ones, were asked to be extremely quiet when he was home and suffering. They didn't mind, they were willing to do whatever they could to help their beloved father.

The Cape

John's main source of relief against the headaches was a special cape, or cloak, that he had inherited from his father.

During the Church's Nauvoo period sickness was rampant, as they worked to drain the swampland and build their beautiful city. The Prophet Joseph Smith often went among the people, administering to them and performing miraculous healings. Even so, those sick were so numerous that on occasion he blessed articles to be used by others in healing the afflicted. Such was the case with a large broadcloth cape, or cloak, John's father had. John Lowe Butler Sr. was a close friend of the prophet's, one of his twelve ordained body guards, and Joseph blessed this cape according to the power of the priesthood he held, and told John to use it for the benefit and healing of his family.⁵³

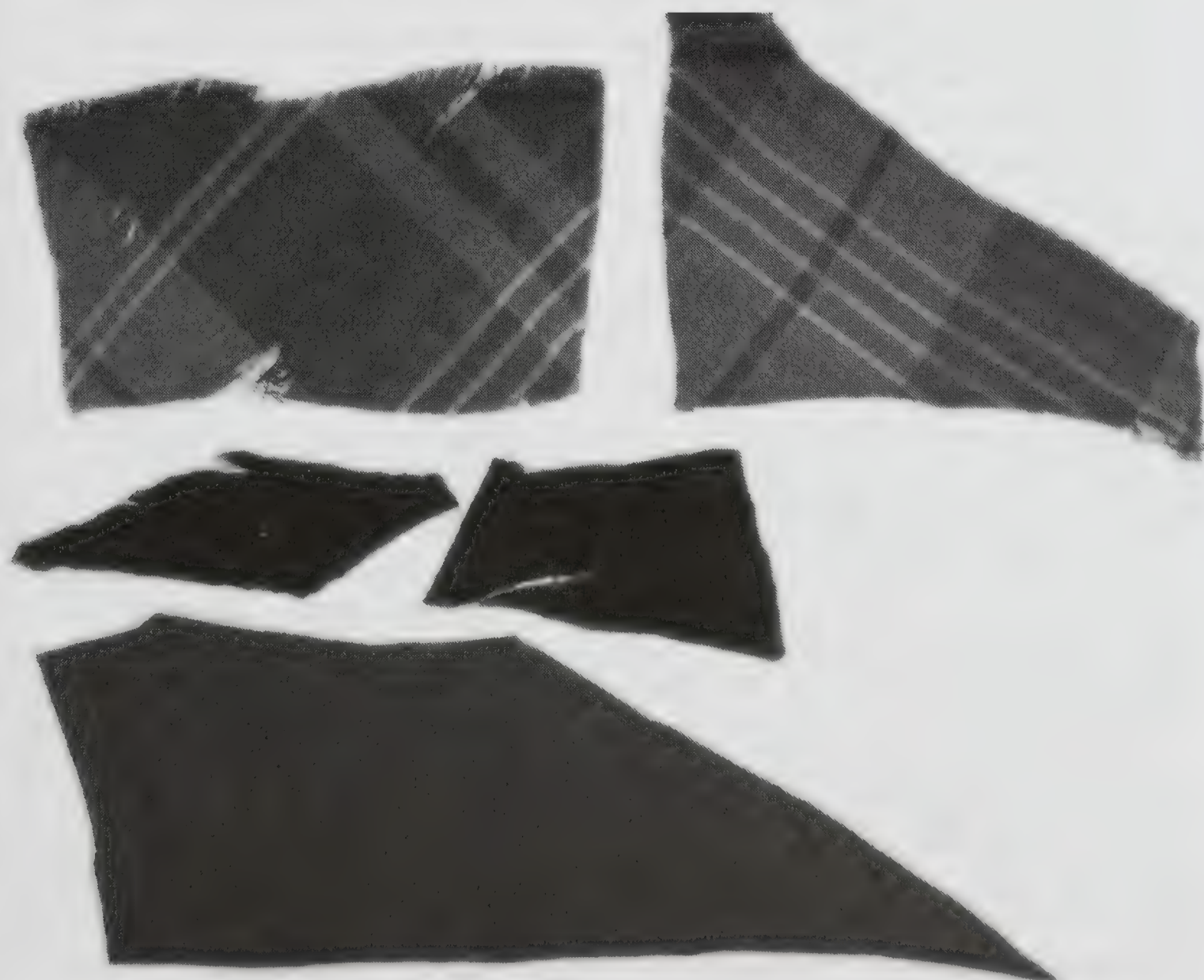
Ever since their Nauvoo days the Butler family had used the cape. As Olive related, John's father "had a large family and he was called many times to administer to the sick, and he hated to leave his family alone, so this cape was used as a protection to them in his absence." After his death, the cape was given

to John's namesake son, John Lowe Butler II, who used it in the same manner his father had, according to Olive:

This same cape was given to my Father and he used it over members of our family that were sick. Carrie was ill quite often and used it. I had frequent colds and childhood illnesses and I remember well that the cape was put over me many times. Father would put it over anyone that was ill, especially when he had to leave, and go over night to the ranch or in the mountains. . . . It was large and long, and almost circular.⁵⁴

This cloak was one of John's most prized possessions, and a cherished family heirloom. All of his children remember seeing their father wrap himself in this cloak when his pain became bitter, and receive comfort that still emanated from the Prophet's blessing invoked many years earlier.

It was also often put around other members of the family when afflicted and "through their faith in the blessing of the cape they were made better." Each of John's children remembered the cape being wrapped about them or laid over top of them when ill. In particular, John's daughter Carrie was extremely sickly when young and regularly suffered from a life-threatening ailment that will be described later. She "remembered being wrapped in the cloak when she was so ill and felt that it was a great help."⁵⁵



Pieces of John Lowe Butler's cape blessed by the Prophet Joseph Smith

Even after John's death the cape continued to be used by his family. Jane remembers being covered in it "many times" by her mother Ettie when she wasn't well.

The cape was made of black broadcloth, which turned brown with age, and was lined with a plaid material. After about 70 years of use, and having come across the plains and suffering many moves to various pioneer homes, which afforded only poor places to store and care for it, the cape became worn out and moth-eaten. So shortly after the death of John's wife Ettie in 1913, his daughter Jane cut up the cape and gave pieces of each type of cloth it contained to all of John's children.⁵⁶

Today these pieces of the cape are prized heirlooms among John's descendants. Even years after it was cut up and distributed among the family, we have accounts of people healed through faith in the prophet's priesthood blessing. In June of 1941, John's daughter-in-law, Bertha Thurber Butler, recorded one such incident:

Last month I took it [piece of cape] to a Daughter of Utah Pioneers meeting to exhibit it and tell something about it. About two weeks later I met Sister Barrus on my way to the Temple. She wanted to tell me her experience. She was at the DUP meeting and not feeling well, and when I told about the blessing of healing that had been placed upon the cape by the Prophet, she was so eager to take hold of it and felt that it would have the same power with it now. She said when she touched it there was a great thrill went all through her body. She gave testimony that this piece of cape really carried healing powers with it – she felt the power go through her system and has been better since that time. This experience has been worth something to me and I am sure I will value more fully this article with a Prophet's blessing.⁵⁷

Richfield

In 1884, John returned from his operation in Salt Lake City. He had hundreds of acres of farm property located inside the triangle formed between Joseph, Monroe, and Elsinore, as well as livestock that needed tending over the summer. But he had his brothers, James and Thomas, to help while he recovered from his surgery, along with his hired hands. In addition, his oldest son, John III, while only 10 years old, was becoming quite capable. By the fall of that year, John moved his family from his brother's farm in Brooklyn, but instead of heading back to Joe Town they went to Richfield, eight miles north.

Like the other communities in the Sevier River Valley, Richfield had only been settled permanently for a little over a decade, but it was the largest city in the area and the seat of both Sevier County and the Sevier Stake of the Church. Several of John's children were of school age now, and the move to Richfield appears to have been driven by the desire to provide better educational opportunities for them. Here his children would attend the district school and later the Sevier Stake Academy.⁵⁸

The Sevier Stake Academy was the equivalent of a private high school today. It was sponsored and administered by the Sevier Stake of the LDS Church and when it first opened in 1887 it was the only school of secondary education in the county. During the time the Butlers lived in Richfield the “Academy” was the premiere school in the area.

In Richfield, the Butlers initially rented an adobe brick house on the corner of 5th South and 2nd West, on the south end of town by the old mill. In fact, it was in the “old mill race” that John’s daughter Zettie was baptized, on March 5, 1885.⁵⁹

Daughter Carrie remembered this home fondly as having “lovely fruit and shade trees.”⁶⁰ Another memory of this house that Caroline carried with her throughout her long life demonstrated both her accident-prone nature, as well as her mother’s kind and tender care.

My first memories of mother [Ettie] was when I was four years old. We lived in a rented home in Richfield. Our living room had a fireplace, a fire burning and the old iron teakettle sat on the hearth where it was taken off the fire and set on the hearth, the steam still pouring out of the spout. Somehow, I can’t remember just how it happened, but guess I tried to step over it. I fell, and got a bad burn on my left arm.

Mother cared for me and sat rocking me in her little rocker, soothing my cries. To this day I can feel her loving arms around me, as so many times she had to care for me in sickness and such trials. She was so patient and understanding. She always seemed to know and understand how I felt and what to do for me. No one seemed to ever understand me like she did.⁶¹

Carrie also remembered that it was at this house that she fell and sustained a severe injury that would plague her and cause her parents much worry for years to come.⁶² But we’ll get to that story later

It was also in this home that Olive, John and Ettie’s 6th child, was born on January 26, 1885.⁶³

The Butlers lived in Richfield during the winter of 1884-85 so the children could go to school, but by the summer of 1885 they had moved out of their rented home and back to their farms in the vicinity of Joseph, Elsinore, and Monroe.⁶⁴

In the fall they moved to Richfield once more, but this time they purchased a red adobe brick home on a 4¾ acre lot, located on the northwest corner of 400 South and 400 West in Richfield “above the spring ditch.” At the time, this home was on the outskirts of Richfield both on the south and west sides, and the Butler’s property occupied most of their city block. After a lifetime of moving from place to place, and town to town, John would own this house for the remainder of his life, and it would be here that his life would end, thirteen years later.

John and Ettie's last four children would be born here as well: Jane on February 22, 1888, Kenion Taylor on May 10, 1890, Eva on December 9, 1892, and finally Leland Thomas on March 21, 1897.⁶⁵

Speaking of the circumstances of her birth, Jane gives us a partial description of this house:

I remember they said the winter of 1888 was very cold – that a mule standing close to the chimney froze to death, but that could not be the house where I was born, because the chimney was on an inside wall in the little lean-to on the south end of the house. A fireplace in the front room was the only heat we had, except the cook stove in the kitchen, and a little box heater in the Rock Room.⁶⁶

Perhaps the most dangerous part of any pioneer home was the fireplace, which in those days often sat at ground level, without protective screens or doors. Severe burns had been suffered by several Butler family members during their childhoods, and Jane was no exception.

I also remember mother said that when I was a few weeks old, it was so cold, and she made a bed for me in the rocking chair, placed it in front of the fireplace and put a stick of wood under the rocker. Olive came in and jerked the stick of wood out – it rocked forward, pitching me into the fireplace of hot coals. My hair was thick and my head had two bad burns where the coals stuck to my hair. Mother said it took so long for those burns to heal. I have the scars to verify this – one on the crown, the other on the left side of my head.⁶⁷

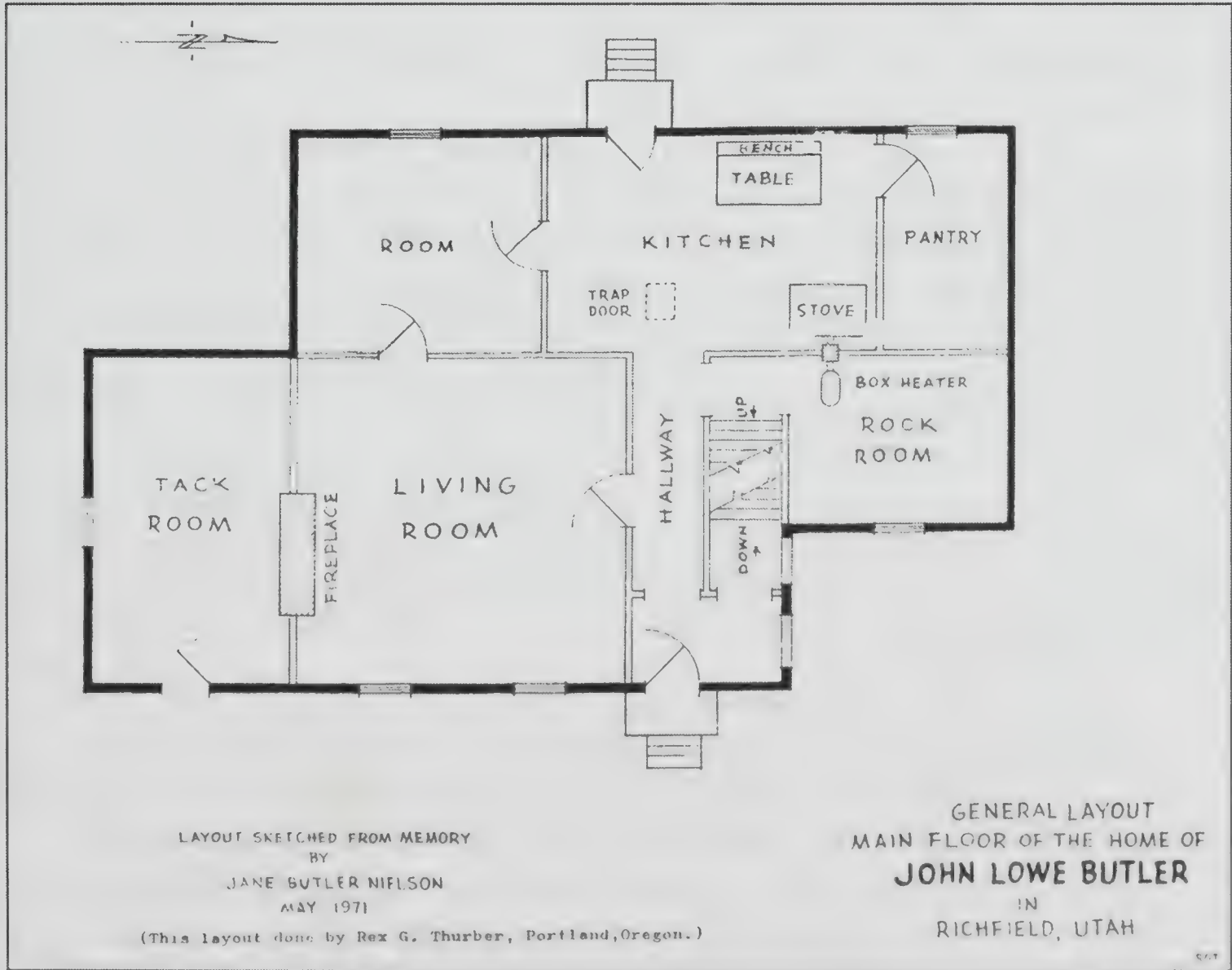
In spite of this inauspicious beginning, Jane had many fond memories of this house, as did all of her siblings. This was the home of their childhood and youth, they associated with it memories of a close and loving family, and they would retain many happy memories of this house into their old age.

Years later, Jane felt badly that they had no picture of their family home in Richfield. The house had long since been torn down, but Jane asked her nephew, Dale Butler, an artist living in Gooding, Idaho, to try doing a painting of it. Jane was always known as having an extremely good memory, and from her memory she described to him the house in vivid detail and the land about it, including the red sand hills behind it. When Dale completed his oil painting, "Jane was just delighted and thrilled and said it looked just like the house was."⁶⁸ I have personally visited the home site in Richfield, have compared the painting to the hills behind it, and was amazed at the likeness, so at least in that regard I can attest that the painting is extremely accurate.

In addition, Jane contacted another nephew of hers, Rex G. Thurber, an expert draftsman and engineer, who according to her specifications drew a floor plan of the main floor of the house. With this we can better envision the various events and stories in the Butler family's lives that will be related as this history progresses. In addition to the main floor, the house had a second story where the bedrooms were located, and a basement underneath.



*The Butlers' home at 400 South and 400 West, Richfield, Utah
Painting by Dale Butler – Floor plan by Rex Thurber*



Jericho

At the time John moved to Sevier County, or shortly thereafter, he acquired a substantial amount of farm property. Deed records show that he homesteaded a 160-acre farm that was situated about 2 miles northeast of Joseph, and about a mile and a half southwest of Elsinore, in an area that used to be called “Jericho” (see the map on page 183).⁶⁹ Because of its location, almost mid-way between the two towns, various records refer to John Butler as a resident of Elsinore, while others called him a resident of Joseph. Both are correct, and both are incorrect, depending on how you want to view it. He actually lived between the two towns, and then only during the late spring, summer, and early fall months. During the winter he lived at the home described earlier, in Richfield.

John had other farmland in the triangle formed between Joseph, Elsinore, and Monroe. His son’s (John III) autobiography states that John “had another farm some distance away, also 200 acres towards Monroe near where the sugar factory was built later.”⁷⁰ I have been unable to determine where either of these farms were located, but deed records show that John bought yet another six-acre property just outside of Monroe, in 1885.⁷¹ In addition, John also helped tend his brother Thomas’ farm at Brooklyn while he was away for several years on Church missions.

In short, the Butlers had several farms in the area, which can be somewhat confusing when, in stories, his children refer to their “farm.” However, the farm they refer to mostly, the one where they had a house and lived during the summers, was the farm at “Jericho.”

Almost all of John’s children state that the family lived in “Richfield for the winter so the children could better attend school,” and then moved to their Jericho farm during the summer, where they helped with their father’s sheep, cattle, horses, and farming operations.⁷²

Naturally, life on a pioneer homestead was a lot of work for the Butler family, but they had a lot of fun together too, and passed through a few “close places” as well. John’s daughter Zettie summarized how most of the children likely felt, “summers on the farm were the most exciting years of my girlhood.” The Jericho farm was yet another way in which they drew close to one another as a tight-knit family. For the rest of their lives John’s children would retain fond memories of Jericho.

The Sevier River passed through the Butler farm at Jericho, as did a number of canals, therefore swimming was a regular past time during the hot summer months. The children usually had a great time together, occasionally played pranks on one another, and at times narrowly escaped dangerous situations. Zettie shared one of the latter:

Sadie and I were swimming in the Sevier River one day. I went too close to a whirlpool and was pulled into it. Sadie tried to pull me out but was swept into it herself. Both of us very nearly drowned before Sadie reached a willow and pulled us both out. A very narrow escape!⁷³

John sought opportunities to spend time with his children, therefore when he could he’d take them on trips with him, in particular into the mountains to herd the sheep. As mentioned earlier, his oldest son John III spent a lot of time

herding sheep, so it was simply a job to him, but for his younger sisters, it was a special treat when they got to go with their father.

On one such trip John took two of his little girls, Carrie about 8 years old, and Sadie, roughly age 10. John's taking them on this trip likely had something to do with the fact that at the time Carrie suffered from severe nose bleeding. As she stated, "the mountain air seemed to be better for me in the summer time, as the hot weather [in the valley] caused my nose to bleed more."

John and the girls proceeded high up in the mountains above Joe Town, to the sheep camp. They camped on a lovely stream with trees and willows, and made their beds on the ground under a tent their father had "stretched over a frame work of lumber and logs." For breakfast Carrie fondly remembered her Pa making a fire on the ground to cook their food, and that he made pancakes she thought "were so good." They didn't have such "luxuries" as a table or chairs, but for little girls on a camping trip with their father, sitting on a log holding their plates on their laps was just fine.

The corral holding the sheep was about two or three miles upstream from where John was camping with his little girls. They hiked up together, but at the corral, as John and his hands "turned the sheep out to graze they ran in the wrong direction." John told the girls "to stay there as he would have to help turn them." But apparently the sheep had strayed farther than he had thought and it was quite some time before John returned.

In the meantime, his two little girls being typical children, got bored, tired, and hungry, so they decided to try to find camp on their own. "What a rough trip that was," Carrie remembered, "as we knew the camp was on this creek bank. We did not dare leave it, so followed no trail." Tired and very dirty the girls finally reached their camp. Sadie, being the oldest, helped them both wash up, after which the girls sat down to comb and braid each other's hair. All of John's daughters had very long hair.

Meanwhile, poor John had come back to the sheep corral, and finding his two little girls missing, began searching for them in a panic, calling their names as he went. It was during the girls' hair braiding project that they first heard their father's voice in the distance yelling, "Halloo! Sadie, Sadie!" The girls answered and John came running "all out of breath." He was ecstatic to find them safe at camp and grabbed them both and hugged them. Almost 70 years later, Carrie stated, "I can still see his eyes, as he came running and almost cried for joy to find his two lost little girls."

John doesn't seem to have been one who punished his kids much, at least not in cases like this, because afterwards all Carrie recounted was her father making a treat. "I remember how good the sour-dough bread tasted, baked in a Dutch oven."

All in all, in spite of getting lost and causing their father a fright, in the girls' view, "it was great fun." Especially spending time together with their father.⁷⁴

Another memorable aspect of the Jericho farm were the snakes, lots and lots of snakes, as Zettie related:

There were all kinds of snakes in Jericho – rattlers, blow, blue racers and water snakes. Frank Spencer lived with us two summers. He

teased a blow snake by throwing dirt on it and it raised up and blew in his face. Frank almost died of the poison. The blue racers would steal our eggs – take them in their mouths and go. I was wading in the warm springs and stepped on a water snake which promptly bit my foot, and can remember of killing at least three rattlers which came out from under the house.⁷⁵

Earlier, in their first house at Joseph, Ettie had the “thrill” of reaching up on a shelf and grabbing a snake instead of a strand of braid; now at their farm she got to deal with another case of snake mistaken identity, as Jane shared:

One of my earliest memories was when we were living at Jericho. Mother had made me a little doll bed and I had it out in the yard playing with it. I looked in the bed one day and there were two big worms in it. I ran into the house and told mother there were worms in my doll bed. Upon investigation we found two big blow snakes instead of worms.⁷⁶

But more dangerous than the snakes on the farm were the bulls. John was one of three men who bought registered Holstein bulls, the first pure-blood stock of this premier breed of dairy cattle brought into Sevier County. The only problem was that all three of these bulls shared the same evil disposition; they were “all very treacherous animals” and a danger to be around. The bull that a Mr. Staples from Annabelle bought reportedly killed him. “Andrew Ross broke the horns of his bull while fighting for his life and later killed the bull.”

Then there was John’s bull, named “Janwitt.” Zettie remembered once running for her life from Janwitt before jumping up onto an irrigation flume for safety. She had to sit helplessly on that flume for an hour, with Janwitt eyeing her like prey, until he finally gave up and went away. Janwitt wasn’t any nicer to the men, either. Jane remembered “seeing him racing through the field with several men on horseback chasing him.” John’s tolerance quickly reached an end, especially when the safety of his family was concerned. As Zettie summarized, “Janwitt was so vicious that papa sold him, and it seems to me he finally had to be destroyed.”⁷⁷

Perhaps the most memorable incident involving a bull at the Jericho farm involved Horace and Olive, who did what little kids do: taunted an animal they thought they were safe from and quickly found themselves in trouble. This account also gives us a good description of the Butler’s sheep operation, and a new innovation John began using, as well as the humorous foibles of childhood. Here is Olive’s story:

I think it happened the spring when I was just past three. We were living on a cattle and sheep ranch on the Sevier River at the mouth of a canyon. The winters were very cold. In the spring before the sheep were brought in, my brother, Horace and I had the habit of running down to the sheep corral to chase each other and play. We scrambled over the fences and climbed the scaffold which was at one end over the shearing pens.

This scaffold was used during the shearing. It held huge bags about 6 feet tall into which the men would put the wool as it was sheared from the sheep. I used to go down to watch them and I would climb all around the hole in the scaffold above the wool sacks and watch the shearing. Because the men didn't like me around, they told me that the hole would pull me through and they would haul me off to Provo with the wool and sell me to the factory!

One day Horace and I were listening to some neighboring men chastising our father for being the first man in the country to put up a barbed wire fence. At that time everyone had rail fences.

Father replied, "well, I've been having a lot of trouble with Reed Benson's bull. He has him penned just south of my sheep corral. He has chased some of the family but when he took out after the wife, I really had to do something."

The men agreed that Father had solved his problem.

That was where we went to play, so we decided to go and look at the new fence. We saw the bull and some cows on the neighbor's side of the fence and my brother picked up a stick and ran it along the fence, scraping the stick over the barbs, chanting, "Bull you can't hurt us now."

Just then the bull raised his head up, stared at us and began to paw the dust until a cloud went over his back. Horace continued to run back and forth scraping the stick on the barbs. Then the bull started to run toward us. He struck the wire fence and blooded his nose. He snorted and circled and pawed the dust and made a second attempt at the fence. This time, he broke the fence.

By this time I had run across the corral and was half way up to the scaffold over the shearing pens. Horace was right behind me urging me to climb faster, but I didn't want to go to the top as I was afraid that the hole would pull me through but he gave me a swift whack on the seat and flew up to the top where we huddled together for what seemed like hours and hours while the bull circled round and round the base of the scaffold, snorting and pawing with steam and blood pouring out of his nose while we shook. It seemed like we were there half of the day but we didn't climb down until that bull had wandered back out of sight.⁷⁸

Of course, aside from play, the children, especially the older ones, had their fair share of chores to do on the farm. Zettie's description of her chores is probably typical of her siblings' as well. "My chores on the farm were varied – one summer I milked six cows night and morning. I also helped haul hay and wood, drove team while father plowed, and the usual chores on a farm. I also helped mama sew clothes for my brothers and sisters."

Zettie also shared, that while living on the farm at Jericho they "attended Church in Joseph and Elsinore," and were also "active in Sunday School, Primary and Mutual."⁷⁹ Primary was an organization the Church had recently established for children. "Mutual," was short for the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations that were then being established throughout the Church for the youth.

In addition to their chores, the Butler children also engaged in some of their own money-making endeavors. For example, one summer Sadie and Zettie raised “doggy lambs,” meaning motherless lambs. These they sold to an Elsinore man in exchange for “a little yellow mare.” The two girls were thrilled with their little mare, which “was a real beauty” in their view, as well as the fruit of a summer’s worth of hard work. However, as Zettie related, they soon had to give up the little mare. “An old man by the name of Shock Behunin owned a little spot of land adjoining ours. He was somewhat mentally retarded, and claimed our land. In order to get rid of him we gave him our little mare and a little burro in exchange for his land.” Most kids would have been bitter at the unfairness of having to give up something so precious to them, something they had worked hard for, just to appease an unjust claim. But somehow John and Ettie had taught these daughters to take a more altruistic view of things. Instead of being bitter, they felt good inside and happy for the man. As Zettie put it, “he had a team now and was happy – he could go any place he wanted with his little light wagon and his ‘team.’”⁸⁰

Another aspect of the Jericho farm was the Indians that frequented the area. As mentioned earlier, Joseph was located along a major path of seasonal Indian migration. The Indians were friendly and often kind to the family, but as Zettie related some of the Butler horses still feared them.

While living in Joseph I had some frightening experiences. One time I had to go to the Elsinore store with a bucket of eggs on a big bay horse which was afraid of Indians. When I came out of the store to go home the horse was about to break his rope he was so excited at seeing some Indians. Several men untied the horse and tried to calm him, and I had them hold him until I got on with my bucket of groceries. They didn’t want me to go for fear I would fall off, but I left anyway, and surely had a fast ride side saddle until we were past sight of the Indians.

...

Papa would bring his sheep to the ranch to be sheared. One time he was short of help and had to have lumber from Richfield for shearing tables, so he asked me to go to Richfield that day, load up with lumber, and come back the next day. He had arranged for the lumber to be loaded for me. I drove a team which was quite gentle, but very much afraid of Indians. When I passed Elsinore on my way to Richfield and crossed the canal, there were some Indians. The horses snorted and started to run up toward the hill. The spring seat bounced down into the bottom of the wagon, and I fell down with it but still hung onto the lines. The Indians could see the horses were afraid of them so they ran and hid behind rocks, and I was able to return to the road and safely reach my destination.⁸¹

Such was life on the Butler family farm at Jericho, in the 1880’s, and early 1890’s. It was the era of the Old West, complete with Indians, pioneer homesteads, cowboys and shepherders, new-fangled barbwire, and little kids getting into trouble. It was a time when fond memories were created for a growing family.

Chapter Nine

Sarah Sariah Johnson

With John's move to Sevier County came another very important event in his life. Not only did John and Ettie's family expand with the births of six more children, but John's family grew even more dramatically with the addition of another wife and the children she bore him.

In early 1882, only a few months after John moved his family from Panguitch to Joe Town, John found himself in nearby Monroe talking with the Bishop there. The Bishop suggested that he take on a polygamous wife saying, "John, why don't you get married again?"

John, for whom it took 29 years just to find his first wife, and for whom polygamy was the furthest thing from his mind, replied in consternation, "Why, who would I marry?"

The Bishop responded, "Well, there is Sarah Johnson there."¹

Now this doubly surprised John. First because Sarah was just 19, half John's age of 38. He had "known her since she was 2 years old" and as a young man "she used to sit upon his lap."² But adding to his surprise was the fact that the Bishop who had just made this suggestion was Dennison Lott Harris, Sarah's grandfather!³

Her Parents

With Sarah's birth on July 11, 1862, her heritage within the Church already spanned four generations, an extremely unusual thing considering the Church had only been formally organized a little over 30 years earlier!

Sarah's paternal grandfather, Benjamin Johnson, was born on April 20, 1784, to Moses Johnson and Jemima Munger at Salem, Northumberland (now Snyder) county, Pennsylvania. Fourteen years later Sarah's paternal grandmother, Lovina Hayes, was also born at Salem, on April 17, 1798, to Pliney and Keziah Hayes. Benjamin and Lovina were married about 1820, and either before or shortly after their marriage, they moved to Kirtland in northeastern Ohio, where their first child, Walter, was born in about 1822.⁴

Unfortunately, available information about the Johnsons during this critical time in their lives is sketchy. What is apparent is that they lived in, or near, Kirtland until the early 1830's. Their last Ohio-born child was Eli, who was born in 1830 at Richfield, about 35 miles southwest of Kirtland. Between Walter and Eli, Lovina had given birth to James Willard, Mary Elizabeth, and Clara Ann.⁵ James died when just 8 months old.

In the early 1830's the area around Kirtland was ablaze with activity, as the recently organized "Mormon" church made its headquarters there. Benjamin and Lovina whole-heartedly espoused this faith, and by March 15, 1832 when their next son, John Oliver, was born had moved their family of young children to Missouri.

In Missouri the Johnsons endured the turmoil when Church members were violently driven from their homes in Jackson County. Most had crossed to the north side of the Missouri River and taken refuge in Clay County. It was here, during this difficult time, that Lovina gave birth to another son on November 8, 1833. They named him King Benjamin, after both his father and the Book of Mormon prophet who bore that title.

Sadly, about the time of King Benjamin's birth, the family's little 3-year-old Clara died. On top of that, about three years later, Walter, Eli, and Mary all died. Of all of Benjamin and Lovina's children, only the last two, John Oliver and King Benjamin, reached adulthood.

When King Benjamin was only 5 years old, he and his family, along with other Mormons, endured Governor Bogg's infamous "extermination order" and were driven from Missouri. Eventually the Johnsons settled in Nauvoo, where Lovina was set apart by the Prophet Joseph Smith to serve as a nurse. Benjamin and Lovina received their endowment ordinances in the Nauvoo Temple on January 21, 1846, shortly before being driven from yet another home by a mob.

From 1846 through 1850 the Johnsons made their way across Iowa and stayed in the vicinity of Winter Quarters, Nebraska and Council Bluffs, Iowa. In 1851 they traveled across the plains to Utah in the Alfred Cardon party. Then, in company with the Dwight Harding family, they came to North Willow Creek, Utah, on September 26, 1851. Here they took up farms and were finally able to settle down.

North Willow Creek was located on the eastern edge of the Great Salt Lake, in what is now Box Elder County, and the Johnsons were among the first eleven families to settle there. King Benjamin and his brother John Oliver attended the first school there, which like most pioneer community schools held only a three month term each winter. They also helped build the settlement's rock and mud fort, for protection from the Indians during the early 1850's Walker War.

In 1857 the town's name was changed to Willard. As she had done in Nauvoo, King Benjamin's mother Lovina served as a nurse to the community for the rest of her life. Lovina died of "rapid consumption" on January 9, 1859, and her husband Benjamin died in October 1862. Both were buried in Willard's Pioneer Cemetery.

King Benjamin had turned 25 two months before his mother's death. About that time, he met and fell in love with a 15-year-old girl named Mary Ellender Cheney Harris, whose family had only recently moved to town. The two were married on March 18, 1859.⁶

On her mother's side, Sarah's heritage in the Church goes back to its very earliest days, even before it was officially organized in 1830.

In 1793 a man by the name of Nathan Harris moved his family to Palmyra, New York, where he bought a 600-acre farm. As time went on, Nathan sold parts of his farm to his sons, as they grew to manhood and needed land for homes and farms of their own. One of those sons was named Emer, while another was Martin. Both became stalwart men of respectability and means. Martin continued in Palmyra, but Emer eventually sold out of his Palmyra holdings and moved to Mehoopany Creek near the Susquehanna River in what is now Wyoming County, Pennsylvania. Here Emer married Deborah Lott on January 16, 1819 and together they had four children: Emer Jr. (who died at birth), Martin Henderson, Harriet Fox, and Sarah's grandfather, Dennison Lott, who was born on January 17, 1825.⁷

Dennison was only a few weeks old when his mother died. A year later, on March 29, 1826, Emer married a 34-year-old spinster named Parna Chapell. Parna was lovely in body and demeanor and a good stepmother to Emer's three small children. She was the only mother they ever remembered. A year later, Parna gave birth to her own little daughter, Fannie Melvina, who was followed by three sons, Joseph, Alma, and Charles.

It was about this time that Emer's younger brother Martin was becoming increasingly involved with the young prophet, Joseph Smith. Martin firmly believed in Joseph's divine mission and helped him in a number of ways. Martin aided Joseph in his move from Palmyra to Harmony, Pennsylvania, about 40 miles northeast of where his brother Emer was then living. At Harmony, Martin served as Joseph's scribe for a time as he translated from the gold plates. When the translation of the Book of Mormon was completed, Martin was privileged to be one of the Three Witnesses who were personally shown the gold plates by an angel and heard God's voice from heaven declaring His witness.⁸ In addition, it was Martin Harris who provided the means for the first printing of the Book of Mormon.

When Emer heard that Martin was involved in the printing of the Book of Mormon, even mortgaging his family land to do so, he became very concerned. He decided to make the roughly 200 mile trip to Palmyra to talk him out of it. Here's how that family story was told:

In the early spring of 1830 Emer, who was living in Windham Township, Pennsylvania, traveled the distance to the old Grandin Publishing Company (in Palmyra) to warn his younger brother, "Martin, the Harrises are practical people. How can you be involved in a venture with rumors of golden plates and angels?"

Martin made no immediate reply, but stepped to the place where the copies of the Book of Mormon were falling from the press. He

picked up the first book, handed it to Emer, and said, "Read for yourself Emer."

Emer took the book home and read it in his spare time for several days until he finished it. Then he returned to Martin and placing his hands on his brother's shoulders looked him straight in the eye and said, "It is true, Martin"⁹

Emer joined the Church shortly after it was organized in 1830. He moved his family to Kirtland, Ohio in the spring of 1831, to join with the Saints that were gathering there. Here, Emer was in close association with the Prophet Joseph Smith. Through the remainder of his life, Emer's loyalty to Joseph never faltered, even during the severest persecution and turmoil. The same was true of his son Dennison.

Emer helped build the temple in Kirtland and the Harris family enjoyed the wonderful spiritual manifestations that attended its completion. But that peace was short lived, and Emer and other faithful Church members soon had to leave Kirtland and their beloved temple. In 1838, 13-year-old Dennison and his family found themselves far away in western Missouri, only to be driven out by the state militia shortly after they arrived. The family endured the grueling 150-mile winter exodus across Missouri, and escaped across the Mississippi River to Quincy, Illinois where they found a temporary home.

In 1840, Emer bought a 40-acre farm three miles northeast of a new city that was just beginning, Nauvoo. He moved his family there in the spring of 1841 just as construction began on a new temple. Emer worked on the temple as a carpenter, and at times 16-year-old Dennison helped as Emer's assistant, in addition to working the family farm.

For four years Dennison's life at Nauvoo was mostly peaceful, as the city grew miraculously. But then in early 1844, bitter enemies from without the Church and apostates from within caused tremendous persecution, and in particular sought the Prophet Joseph's life. It was during this tense time that Dennison engaged in a heroic act on behalf of the Prophet, against a secret combination of apostates planning to kill him.¹⁰

Among the apostates were a few high church leaders, who Joseph thought were his friends. These included William Law, Joseph's counselor in the Presidency of the Church, and Austin Cowles, a member of the High Council in Nauvoo. These men began secretly inviting others who seemed disaffected with the Church to attend a secret meeting at the large brick home of William Law. Their intent was to seize control of the Church by destroying Joseph Smith, because as they put it: "We can do nothing with him *by the law*, and for the sake of the Church we deem it our solemn duty to accomplish his destruction and rescue the people from this peril. We are simply *combining and conspiring* to save the Church."¹¹

The fallacy of their logic shows the degree by which they were being led by an evil spirit and not a righteous one. One does not take over the leadership of God's work by coup; God *calls* men to lead His work like he did Moses, and like he did Joseph Smith, directly! Did this group think God was so feeble that

He needed their intervention to save His Church? In reality, they set about to do exactly what the Book of Mormon, which they supposedly believed in, had over and over emphatically taught against, form a *secret combination*. But that same evil spirit that was leading them blindly along touched the hearts of many others as well, and they had little trouble finding like souls willing to join their group.

Austin Cowles invited Dennison Harris, one of his neighbors, to attend a secret meeting of the conspirators. A friend of Dennison's, Robert Scott, had received a similar invitation from William Law. Both Dennison and Robert were mere teenagers at the time and were quite perplexed by the invitation. Cowles and Law were friends of theirs, but what they were about seemed wrong to the boys. As they counseled together, wondering what course to take, they decided to take the matter to Dennison's father, Emer. Emer went "at once" and laid the whole matter before Joseph Smith. After doing so the Prophet asked the boys to attend the meeting and report back to him. He advised them to "pay strict attention, and report to him all their proceedings, at the first favorable opportunity." He then "cautioned them to have as little to say as possible, and to avoid giving any offence."¹²

The boys found "quite a number present" at the meeting that Sunday. They listened to hateful speech and strong rhetoric, which was designed to inflame the participants and arouse intense enmity against the Prophet. Most of the time was occupied planning how they could "get at" him, and effect an organization to do so.

Through all this the two boys sat as silent observers. After the meeting was over they were invited to a second meeting the following Sunday, while being "cautioned not to tell a soul of what had transpired at the first one." Nevertheless, "at the first suitable opportunity they called upon Joseph, related to him what had taken place, and gave him the names of those who had taken part in the proceedings." Joseph was surely saddened by what he heard and asked them to attend the second meeting and report back.

At the second meeting Dennison and Robert were amazed at the increased bitterness and evil spirit present. The conspirators seemed willing to justify anything to serve their cause and many appeared genuinely bloodthirsty. The meeting was adjourned to the following Sunday, and once again as soon as they found a fitting opportunity the boys met with Joseph and gave their report. On the following Sunday, before they headed off to the secret meeting, they met alone with Joseph Smith, as had become their custom, to receive any final instructions from him. This time the Prophet had "a very serious countenance" and told them:

This will be your last meeting; this will be the last time that they will admit you into their councils. They will come to some determination. But be sure that you make no covenants, nor enter into any obligations, whatever, with them. Be strictly reserved, and make no promise either to conspire against me or any portion of the community. Be silent, and do not take any part in their deliberations." After a pause of some moment he added, "Boys, this will be their last

meeting, and they may shed your blood, but I hardly think they will, as you are so young. If they do, *I will be a lion in their path!* Don't flinch. If you have to die; die like men; you will be martyrs to the cause, and your crowns can be no greater. But," said he again, "I hardly think they will shed your blood."¹³

Even with the possibility of death hanging over them, Dennison and Robert still were committed to go. Joseph's "sensitive feelings were touched by the faith, generosity and love manifested" by their willingness to undertake such a hazardous mission on his behalf.

Upon reaching the house of William Law, the boys were shocked to find the entrance blocked by armed guards given charge to insure that no one enter except those deemed part of their secret party. "After being scrutinized from head to foot, and carefully cross-questioned, they succeeded in passing."

The house was filled with men, pouring out charges against the Prophet. Bitterness was everywhere. "All seemed determined that Joseph should die," yet they debated how best to accomplish it. Through it all Dennison and Robert sat together quietly by themselves. This aroused the concern of William Law and Austin Cowles, who spent some time explaining to them how the Prophet had fallen and why they should join in ridding the Church of him. Throughout this the boys replied carefully, trying to avoid giving the least offense, saying things like they were "only young boys, and did not understand such things, and would rather not take part in their proceedings."

As the meeting progressed plans were made and the group was formed into a secret organization. In doing so each member present was requested to take an oath as follows:

You solemnly swear, before God, and all the holy angels, and these your brethren by whom you are surrounded, that you will give your life, your liberty, your influence, your all, for the destruction of Joseph Smith and his party, so help you God!¹⁴

Each person came forward to a table where Francis Higbee, who ironically was a justice of the peace, administered the oath. The oath was read, after which the individual being sworn said, "I do," and then signed his name to a written copy of the oath in a book lying on the table. Dennison watched in amazement while about two hundred took the oath. As was later related:

The boys sat gazing upon this scene, wondering how intelligent beings who had once enjoyed the light of truth could have fallen into such depths of wickedness as to be anxious to take such an oath against the Prophet of God and his faithful followers. They also felt no little uneasiness concerning their own fate, and almost dreaded the moment when the last one should have taken the oath.¹⁵

When all but the two boys had complied, the attention of the group was turned to them. Law, Cowles, and others tried vehemently to persuade them. Dennison and Robert tried to get out of it politely saying, "oh, we are too young to understand or meddle with such things, and would rather let others who are

older and know more do such work.” Adding that “Joseph Smith has never done us any harm, and we do not feel like injuring him.”

The crowd continued to push them to take the oath, but the boys replied firmly “No,” and as they rose to leave added, “we cannot take an oath like that against any man who has never done us the least injury.”

The crowd’s earlier voice of gentle persuasion then turned violent. As the boys tried to leave the room, one of the men stepped in their way, exclaiming: “No, not by a d—d sight! You know all our plans and arrangements, and we don’t propose that you should leave in that style. You’ve got to take the oath or you’ll never leave here alive.”

At that moment the boy’s situation was very precarious. The enraged mob hurled threats at them from every side and they heard one voice shout, “Dead men tell no tales!” Violent hands were laid on them. Swords and knives were drawn, and muskets cocked. One of the leading men demanded, “If you do not take that oath, we will cut your throats.”

For a moment it seemed they would be killed right then. But their imminent murder was prevented when someone pointed out that William Law’s house stood close to the street and someone passing by might hear and discover what was going on, and suggested that it would be better to execute them in the cellar.

With cocked muskets and bayonets pointed in their backs, the boys were taken to the cellar and surrounded by a mob with drawn swords and knives, including their formerly professed friends, William Law and Austin Cowles. One of these two gave Dennison and Robert one last chance to save their lives, saying: “Boys, if you will take that oath your lives will be spared; but you know too much for us to allow you to go free and, if you are determined to refuse, we will have to shed your blood.”¹⁶

Facing what they were sure was certain death, they nevertheless refused to turn against their prophet once again. But just as the blade was readied to kill them, “as if by Divine interposition” a voice rang out in the crowded cellar: “Hold on! Hold on there! Let’s talk this matter over before their blood is shed.”¹⁷

An argument ensued among the mob, during which a strong voice pointed out: “The boy’s parents very likely know where they are, and if they do not return home, strong suspicion will be aroused, and they may institute a search that would be very dangerous to us.”¹⁸

The logic of that argument prevailed and it was determined to let them go. Several times the boys were threatened that if they ever revealed anything they had seen or heard in the meetings, or if any member of their conspiracy even suspected that they had, they “would kill them at first sight.” They made it clear that many of them would “just as leave slay them as not.”

A guard accompanied Dennison and Robert from the house a ways, to prevent some of the more bloodthirsty part of the group from killing them anyway. Near the Mississippi River the guards debated among themselves whether or not it would “be best to slay the boys on their own responsibility.” Once again fear of being caught prevented them, as it was already late in the

afternoon. Instead, they let them go with one last threat: "Boys, if you ever open your mouths concerning anything you have seen or heard in any of our meetings, we will kill you by night or by day, wherever we find you, and consider it our duty."¹⁹

Joseph Smith had become so worried at their long absence that he could no longer remain at home waiting, so in company with Robert's older brother John, he had gone in search of them. Supposing that the conspirators might take them to the river, where they could kill them and easily dispose of their bodies, he had gone looking for them there. Joseph saw the boys approach with the guard, so he and John secreted themselves to watch what would transpire and help if need be. He was thrilled to see them released unharmed and once the guard was out of sight managed to meet up with the boys. After retiring to a secluded spot they told him the entire story. The bravery and loyalty of Dennison and Robert melted the Prophet to tears. Fearing for their future safety, Joseph made them promise that they would not "reveal what had transpired that day to a living soul . . . for at least twenty years." Dennison and Robert faithfully kept that promise.²⁰

As a result of this episode, Dennison's name became forever etched in the annals of Church history as an example of youthful courage. In the mid-1870's, long after his 20-year promise was fulfilled, Dennison related his account to Brigham Young, who stated that "it cleared up many strange spots in his memory."²¹ Dennison's account was the basis of an article published in the April 1884 issue of *The Contributor*, the monthly magazine of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, the recently established youth organizations of the Church. Sarah, a young woman at the time the article was published, surely must have felt a sense of pride towards her grandfather. Especially reading words like these that the article's writer penned at its close:

In that day, when all men's actions will be revealed upon the housetops, we shall no doubt see the names of Dennison L. Harris and Robert Scott among the world's heroes as stars of no small magnitude.²²

"The heroism of two boys saved the life of the Prophet for a time" and the conspirators were subsequently excommunicated from the Church.²³ A few months later, in June of 1844, members of this secret combination did manage to get Joseph and his brother Hyrum into a position where they could be successfully murdered. The two died as noble martyrs to their faith. The conspirators felt a temporary success in causing their deaths, but to their surprise the Church continued to progress forward.

Even in the midst of severe persecution, Dennison and his family helped finish the Nauvoo Temple. On February 7, 1846 Dennison was able to receive his endowment ordinance therein. The Mormon exodus from Nauvoo was then beginning, yet Dennison remained until that fall.

By the fall of 1846 mob violence had increased dramatically and armed forces had gathered to expel the last remaining Mormons. One account stated that "an army of 500 men was marching on to take Nauvoo by force." Dennison

and 24 other men, remnants of the Nauvoo Legion, “rode out to meet the 500 [and] their artillery, and put them to flight.” The mob reported that “there were thousands of the Mormons.” The illusion was explained by the fact that “the roads were dry and the 25 riders rode abreast and the dust rolled high and so they were magnified in the eyes of the mob in such a way that the mob drove back into Carthage.”²⁴

This Mormon victory was a temporary one, as mobs rushed Nauvoo shortly after and drove most of the remaining Mormons out, in what was called the “Battle of Nauvoo.” But three days before that “final battle,” Dennison had left Nauvoo and was then crossing Iowa to Council Bluffs. It was there that Dennison fell in love with, and married, a young 22-year-old widow named Sarah Wilson Cheney on March 7, 1847.²⁵

Sarah Wilson was born on September 20, 1824, at or near Nashville, Tennessee, to James Wilson and Ellender Shelfer. Sarah joined the LDS Church in her youth and made her way to Nauvoo. Either before, or shortly after, arriving in Nauvoo she married Alexander Cheney. It was there, on August 16, 1843, that Sarah gave birth to a daughter they named Mary Ellender Cheney. Mary was not only their first, but also their only child, because shortly after her birth her father Alexander died.²⁶

Like other Mormons in Nauvoo during 1846, Sarah and her little 3-year-old had started across the plains, to an unknown future and an unknown land somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. But after crossing Iowa, some of that uncertainty diminished when she married Dennison. At least now Sarah had a loving husband to help not only her, but also a father for her little girl. Dennison loved little Mary and adopted her as his own, from then on she was known as Mary Ellender Cheney Harris.

The newly formed Harris family remained for five years at Council Bluffs, in the Mormon settlement of Kaneshville. Here Dennison and his father worked building and repairing wagons for the vast companies of west bound emigrants, Dennison doing the blacksmith work and Emer doing the carpentry. During this time Sarah gave birth to two additional daughters, Deborah Jane and Sarah Ann.²⁷

When nine years old, Mary and her family came across the plains to Utah, as part of Captain Cutler’s company in 1852.²⁸ Her grandfather, Emer, and his family traveled in the same company.

Upon initially arriving in Utah, the Harris’ settled in Springville, near Provo. In 1854, during the Walker Indian War, Mary’s father was called by Brigham Young on a special mission to the Navajo Indians far to the south. This mission was filled with numerous circumstances of “extreme peril” during which Dennison saw “the power of God constantly manifested.”²⁹

After arriving in Utah, Mary’s family increased with the births of four brothers: Dennison Emer, Martin Lott, Hyrum Smith, and Joseph Alma.³⁰

During Mary’s childhood in Utah her family moved considerably. From Springville they moved to Alpine, then north to Willard, and then on to Smithfield in Cache Valley. The family only lived for a couple of years in Willard, but it was enough time for young Mary to meet, and marry, King Benjamin Johnson in March of 1859.

Her Childhood

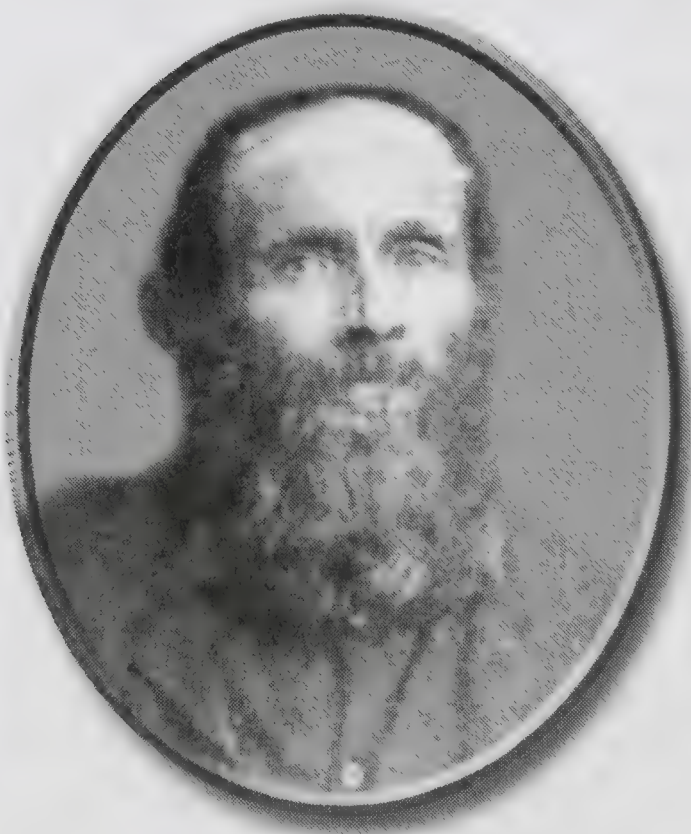
So it was that the King Benjamin and Mary Ellender Johnson family began in Willard. A year after their marriage the couple was blessed with their first child, Mary Lovina, on March 29, 1860. Then two years later, on July 11, 1862, Sarah Sariah Johnson was born to them³¹ at Willard, Box Elder County, Utah.³²

Sarah was named after her grandmother, and she would enjoy a close relationship with her Grandparents Harris throughout her childhood and youth. Her Grandmother Johnson had died before her birth and her grandfather Johnson died only three months after she was born, so unfortunately she never knew them.

A few months after Sarah's birth, her great-grandfather, Emer Harris, was called to the "Cotton Mission" in extreme southern Utah's Dixie region. In November of 1862 a number of Harris relations made the move south together with Emer, including Sarah's family and her grandparent's family. Dennison and King Benjamin settled their families in Virgin City, about 25 miles northeast of present day St. George (see the map on page 70).³³

The danger presented by pioneer fireplaces, mentioned earlier in regards to John Butler's children, reared its ugly head when Sarah was a baby as well. One of Sarah's granddaughters shared this story:

At the age of seven months her mother placed her in a rocking chair close by an open fire place where a fire was burning, telling Sarah's sister Mary, who was then [about three] years old, to watch her, while she went to the spring for water some distance away. While Sarah's mother was gone, her sister rocked her into the fire and ran crying to her mother saying, "Mama, baby fire." Her mother came running into the house and got her out of the fire, pulled off her burning clothes, but she was so badly burned she had to be wrapped in cotton for a year. Her left hand was quite badly crippled.³⁴



King Benjamin & Mary Ellender Cheney Harris Johnson

Life was hard for the Johnson and Harris families at Dixie. “They had a hard time with the Indians, grasshoppers, drought,” and even “a killing frost.”³⁵ In addition “malaria chills and fever were prevalent in the towns along the Virgin River” and many became severely ill, including Sarah’s grandfather Dennison who almost died.³⁶

Sarah’s family, along with that of her grandparent’s, spent summers tending cattle high up at Kolob Mountain about 15 miles north of Virgin City. This was a wonderful respite from the summer heat along the Virgin River. It was a beautiful setting where “wild hay grew up to the cattle’s knees and there was a splendid spring of water.” As they traveled between Virgin City and this summer ranch there was “a cave large enough to camp in, where they frequently spent a night.”³⁷ According to Sarah’s mother, the family spent this time at Kolob “looking after the Church cattle and milking cows.”³⁸ Also at times Indians used to come to Kolob and “nearly frighten them to death as they were not too friendly,” nevertheless “they never did any harm.”³⁹

When Sarah was 2 years old her mother gave birth to her first little sister, Julia Ann Elizabeth, on October 29, 1864 at Virgin City. Shortly after, her family moved 60 miles north to the settlement of Summit in Iron County. Summit was just a few miles south of Parowan and Paragonah, where the Butlers had recently moved, and it is while living here that Sarah first met her future husband, John. Of course, Sarah was just a small child at the time and John was a vibrant man of 20 or so years, who was already leading a family. Neither could have foreseen a future together and soon their families went separate ways, but their paths would cross again, about 17 years later.

At Summit, Sarah received two more siblings. A sister, Delila Jane, was born on July 28, 1866, but only lived for six months, and her first brother, Benjamin Oliver, was born on October 26, 1869.⁴⁰

After Sarah’s family moved to Summit, her grandparents continued to live at Virgin City for a time. However in about 1868, after her grandfather, Dennison, nearly died of the illnesses prevalent in that area, they moved north as well. They stopped for a time at Summit with Sarah’s family before settling in Paragonah. There Dennison made a friend of John Robinson, with whom he formed a company to build and operate a grist mill at the mouth of Red Creek. Dennison was a skilled blacksmith and had also previously gained experience in mill construction, having built one in Springville shortly after his arrival in Utah.⁴¹

In early 1871, at the end of the Black Hawk War, when the Sevier River Valley was just opening again for resettlement, Sarah’s family and her grandparent’s family moved to the town of Monroe.⁴² At Monroe, Sarah’s parents and grandparents were finally able to settle down permanently. This would be home to them for the remainder of their lives, and where all four would eventually die and be buried. Although Sarah’s life would later take her sometimes far away, Monroe would always feel like home to her.

At Monroe, King Benjamin and Mary’s family became complete, with the births of Sarah’s remaining siblings: Martin Emer on June 15, 1871, Alice

Almeda on April 18, 1874, Richard Eli on May 9, 1877, Alma Mosiah on June 3, 1880, and Nora Ellender on October 23, 1883. In addition, one record shows a child named Hyrum, born on April 13, 1885, who died a little over a year later.⁴³

With her family's move to Monroe, Sarah began attending school. As a young girl Sarah was "not very strong" and "awful thin." At school one day when she was about 10 years old, she decided to escape by crawling through a window that was only 8 inches by 10 inches in size. Being so thin Sarah made it out successfully, but when her friend Maggy Warnick tried it she got stuck, and the teacher had a time getting her back out. The teacher then proceeded to scold Sarah for getting Maggy stuck.⁴⁴

Sarah's family was quite poor. Of course many in pioneer Utah were poor, so it's uncertain whether or not Sarah even noticed her family's poverty. One account states that Sarah "never had any shoes until she was twelve years old, when she earned the material and her father made her some shoes." Being shoeless didn't seem to bother Sarah too much; as a child she ran around through the fields and dirt roads barefooted and even "danced and skated on the ice barefooted." As a result her feet "became very tough," which was demonstrated by this story:

Once when she went to borrow fire from the blacksmith, which in those days was very common as there were very few matches, she stepped on an iron which the blacksmith had just removed from the fire, and stood a few moments. When she went to move the iron had burned into her foot and had to be cut out. This laid her up for a long time.⁴⁵

Sarah's father was a farmer, who also "often peddled fruits in Piute County and different places where there were no fruits raised." In connection with this fruit business they often made trips to St. George. It was on one such trip that King Benjamin and Mary Ellender Johnson received their endowments in the St. George Temple, and were sealed together for eternity as husband and wife, on December 18, 1879.⁴⁶

Sarah's mother used to take in washing for others, to supplement the family's income and Sarah helped with that. Sarah also worked for her grandparents and she grew very close to them. Her dear grandmother, Sarah Harris, died on February 23, 1874. Sarah then lived with her grandfather for a year to help him during this time of sorrow.⁴⁷

On July 17, 1877, Dennison Harris was ordained a High Priest and also the Bishop of Monroe, by Apostle Erastus Snow. Sarah's grandfather would serve in that position for the remaining eight years of his life.⁴⁸

It was also in 1877 that work on the Manti temple began. Sarah's father was called on a Church mission to work on the temple during the early stages of construction and he moved his family to Manti. Sarah's sister, Nora Ellender, gave this description of the work there:

At two different times, King Benjamin Johnson and Mary Ellender went to Manti to help work on the hill and the Manti Temple. At first

the hill was made in two or three terraces. They were rocked up on the edge and the earth leveled, then another terrace was made and the ground leveled off. King Benjamin worked on the grounds and helped haul the stone. Mary Ellender cooked for other men who worked there.

I remember Mother [Mary Ellender Johnson] telling about working there while her son, Richard, was small. They were happy while doing this work on the Temple. While working there they would very often dig up petrified fish bones and also fruits. I owned an apricot pit taken from the Temple Site.⁴⁹

Sarah was a teenager during the time she lived with her family in Manti at the temple project, and certainly helped her mother with the cooking and washing done for the workers there. During this time she made a number of friends and acquaintances. One of these was a man by the name of Ross Nielson, who also worked on the temple. Ross would regularly tease Sarah about another man named Colton, “whom she didn’t like.” One night Ross and Sarah’s older sister Mary decided to play a practical joke and proceeded to place a log under the covers in Sarah’s bed, which was outside, making it look like a man was hiding in it. As Sarah came home late that night, she noticed “something in her bed,” perhaps she even thought it might be this Colton character. Naturally, a teenage girl finding a man hiding in her bed would be frightened, so she picked up a club and smacked it with all her might. Just then Ross and Mary “came out of the shadows laughing at her.” It might have been a good joke except for the fact that Sarah had hit the log in the bed so hard with the club that she hurt her hand.⁵⁰

When the walls on the temple were completed, Sarah and her family moved back to Monroe.⁵¹ She was almost 20 years old, and of an age eligible to be married, and soon she would become reacquainted with a man, unlike the Colton mentioned above, *whom she did like*.



Manti Temple under construction – photo taken in 1886

Polygamous Family

Which brings us to the time in early 1882, when John Butler is asked by the Bishop of Monroe to enter into a polygamous marriage, and suggests Sarah.

Polygamous family life during this period of Church history is often very misunderstood by people today, even by members of the Church, who over a hundred years after its discontinuance have little understanding of the practice. Too much space would be required to include an adequate treatise on the subject here. I will leave the doctrinal background, history of how it became part of LDS Church life, why it was instituted when it was, why it was discontinued, etc., to other works. But I will try to paint a picture of what life was like for the Butlers as a polygamous family.

First, it should be noted that only a very small portion of Church members ever lived a polygamous lifestyle. Many of those who did were Church leaders trying to set an example for others. Yes, there were a few scoundrels, wolves in sheep's clothing so to speak, who entered into the practice for selfish reasons, but their stay among the saints was usually short lived, as were their marriages. For people like John Butler, embracing the doctrine of polygamy was a sacrifice, one that he was willing to accept *only* because he believed it was a law given from God. Having lived in a polygamous family as a child growing up, John was already quite familiar with what it was like. He understood the responsibilities involved, and had even shouldered some of the responsibility for his father's wives after his death. The fact that he now, as an adult, was willing to consider taking on that same responsibility and make similar sacrifices, indicates his testimony that the doctrine was true.

John's exchange with the Bishop of Monroe shows another aspect of polygamy during the pioneer period of the Church. Often, faithful men were *asked* to take on additional wives by their priesthood leaders. A simple fact existed: through the hardships of pioneer life men died young (we can see that clearly in Butler family history). There were more women than men, and someone needed to form families with them.

The fact that John was requested by a Church leader to marry a polygamous wife also says a lot for John's faithfulness and standing in the Church. To avoid problems with "wolves in sheep's clothing" type men entering polygamy for lustful or other unfaithful reasons, by this time Church leadership was becoming very careful about who was allowed to take on additional wives, let alone *asked* to do so. For instance, a December 1878 letter to the Sevier Stake instituted a policy stipulating that men being recommended by local Church leaders as being worthy and fit to marry a plural wife, must first have that recommend submitted and approved personally by the President of the Church.⁵²

Perhaps demonstrating John's character and solid reputation even more is the fact that Bishop Harris was recommending that John marry his very own granddaughter!

Another important aspect of plural marriage in the Church is that it required the consent of the first wife; therefore, Ettie wielded veto rights in this decision.

The fact that she consented indicates her testimony of the doctrine. She may not have been thrilled with the prospect of another wife in the family, but she demonstrated her faith in being willing to make the sacrifice.

Neither John nor Ettie took the decision lightly; it was a matter of much discussion, deep soul searching, and prayer. Interestingly, they decided to include their oldest son, John III, even though only 8 years old at the time, in the discussion. Before making the decision, John and Ettie called this son in “for a private talk.”⁵³ John III later related to his son Ross the substance of that discussion:

Father [John III] told me that his father [John II] had been asked by the local church leadership to consider taking a second wife, and in his concern for such a step he not only asked his wife’s permission, but discussed it with my father in the presence of his mother. Grandfather’s feelings were that his son was old enough to be a participant in this momentous decision. Among the three of them they agreed that Sarah Sariah Johnson should be asked.⁵⁴

The wisdom of John’s action in making his oldest son, even as young as he was, a part of this life changing decision would have a critical and long lasting effect. Certainly John must have been inspired in this, because after his death it would be this son, John III, who would act as the glue that continued to bind his combined family together. Throughout his life, John III was always mindful of “Aunt Sarah’s” feelings and needs, as well as those of her children. At times the situation of a polygamous marriage was difficult for some of his sisters to accept as they grew older, but not for John III, “he always treated the second family with kindness.”⁵⁵ John III even bought a burial plot with his own limited resources, and years later when Sarah passed away he made sure that she was buried next to his father, her husband.⁵⁶ Even now, generations later, the descendants of John III continue to maintain a close relationship with the descendants of his half brothers and sisters through Aunt Sarah.

And so it came to be that John was married and sealed for eternity to Sarah Sariah Johnson, on April 10, 1882, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, by Erastus Snow. John’s new wife, Sarah, was described as 5’ 5” tall, weighed 150 lbs, with brown eyes and black hair.⁵⁷

Polygamous life was not easy at all for John or his wives. He had to maintain and support two wives and their children, guide an extremely large family, and make sure his time was divided so that all knew he loved them. It was not an easy balancing act, especially with an occupation that required him to be away from home so much.

On Ettie and Sarah’s part, they had to deal with the running of households without their husband always nearby. In addition, for several years after John and Sarah’s marriage, the two wives shared the same house together. Such a situation could easily foment discontent, selfishness, and a host of negative outcomes. Certainly in some polygamous families that was the result; however, that was not the case with the Butler family. Sure they had their differences, and there were a few instances where disagreements arose, but these were relatively

minor and seem to have been quickly resolved. Even though the two wives were strikingly different in personality, upbringing, and temperament, more importantly they shared the same strong faith, devotion, and desire to make things work, and that seems to be what really mattered. For the most part, the wives and children worked together harmoniously, and a true feeling of family love was manifested. As we'll see later, this would continue even long after John's death. The fact that the two families didn't just go their separate ways after their polygamous husband and father's death, but instead continued to work closely together and even moved together, is ultimate proof of the true sense of family and love that had developed between them.

As mentioned, for several years after Sarah and John's marriage, the two wives and their children shared the same house. Now two women, two masters so to speak, in charge of the same household could be a recipe for disaster. Here's one way these two made it work:

Sarah and Franzetta got along very well. One of them would cook one week, the other would sew or wash and iron, then the other would change jobs and cook the next week.⁵⁸

The Butler children referred to their stepmothers using the affectionate term "Aunt," which was typical in polygamous families at the time, at least those that lived harmoniously. Therefore, John's two wives were called "Aunt Sarah" or "Aunt Ettie" by the children of the other wife. During the six or so years they lived together in the same house, Sarah gave birth to three children.⁵⁹

Sarah's first child was born while the family was living in Joe Town, only two months after Ettie's son Horace was born. But for some reason Sarah was in Monroe, perhaps having gone there to be in the care of her mother, when she gave birth to a son on April 7, 1883. They named him Dennison after his great-grandfather Harris, while giving him the middle name of Lowe, one of his father's ancestral names. However, nicknames being the norm in the Butler family, Dennison was referred to as "Den" most of his life and therefore we will use that name through the remainder of this book.

When Den was just two years old his namesake great-grandfather, the Bishop of Monroe who suggested John and Sarah get married, passed away on June 6, 1885 at age 60. He was known as a very kind-hearted and tender man to his children, and one of his grandsons recorded sentiments certainly shared by Sarah and her family, "I do not think a father was ever held in greater reverence by his children than was this wise man."⁶⁰

The funeral was held two days later. It was a huge affair, as Dennison Harris had been a prominent bishop for a number of years. William Seegmiller, of the Sevier Stake Presidency, came from Richfield. He was among at least ten prominent individuals who spoke at the funeral, one of whom was John's brother, James Butler. The following description of Dennison's funeral gives us a sense of the scope of the event:

The funeral services were held in the new meeting house which was draped in mourning. About one thousand people assembled from different parts of the stake. . . . [the speakers all] bore testimony of his excellent qualities, his readiness at all times to give council, his many

fatherly traits and character and his honorable and loving family left to perpetuate his name. Fifty-three vehicles followed him to the grave side. His children, grandchildren and great grandchildren and numerous other relatives and friends deeply mourned his passing, yet hope to meet him in celestial glory in the world to come.⁶¹

Shortly after the Butlers moved to Richfield, while still living in their first home there (the house they rented), Sarah gave birth to her first daughter. She was named Mary, after her maternal grandmother. Mary was born on December 22, 1884, a month before Ettie gave birth to her daughter Olive. Because Mary and Olive were so close in age they were often called “twins.”⁶²

After the family moved to Jericho and back to Richfield a couple of times, Sarah gave birth to another daughter, on October 27, 1886 in Richfield. They named the little girl Farozine, giving her the middle name of John’s mother, Caroline Farozine Butler.

Government persecution against polygamous families increased progressively throughout the 1880’s, and by the later part of that decade it became very dangerous for polygamous men like John. As a result, he decided to separate his families and have them not only live in different houses, which would have been a practical move at some point anyway, but also have them live in different towns far enough apart to minimize suspicion by federal marshals. This was a difficult choice, as his daughter Mary described:

When the crusade against polygamy started, he had to separate his families. Aunt Cetty’s home was in Richfield for a time, and mother [Sarah] lived in Monroe. It was very hard for my father to have his families separated. He loved them, and always treated both families the same, and was good to them.⁶³

The distance was also a sad thing for Ettie and Sarah, who by this time had developed a love for one another, as was related by some of their descendants. “The two wives lived together . . . When the crusade started and they had to separate, they both cried.”⁶⁴



*Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler
with one of her children.*⁶⁵

This family separation likely occurred shortly before 1889, because Sarah was already living in Monroe on December 27, 1888 when she gave birth to her fourth child and third daughter.⁶⁶ They named this little girl Ellender, using the middle name of a grandmother like they had with Farozine. Only this time they used the middle name of her maternal grandmother, Mary Ellender Johnson. Sadly little Ellender's time in mortality was brief, as she died less than three weeks later, on January 15, 1889 at Monroe.

The Raid

Throughout most of the 1880's a bitter persecution was unfolding that affected the Butlers dramatically, but unlike previous periods of persecution the Mormons had endured, this was perpetrated by the United States Government itself.

The practice of polygamy wasn't part of the cultural norm in the United States or European nations, like it was in other parts of the world. Nevertheless, in the 1840's and 1850's when plural marriage was first instituted in the Church, there were no laws in the U.S. preventing the practice. It wasn't until 1862 that Congress first began passing "Anti-Bigamy" laws aimed at the Church's practice of polygamy. The constitutionality of these laws was highly questionable, being viewed as a direct attack on the Bill of Rights' guarantee of freedom of religion, and therefore they were not accepted as legal by Church leadership.

In 1882 Congress passed the Edmunds Act, which put "teeth" into the earlier unenforced polygamy laws, by making polygamy a felony punishable by up to 5 years in prison and a \$500 fine. In addition, while recognizing that proving an actual second "marriage" had been performed was difficult, the Edmunds Act stipulated that simple "cohabitation" was a crime, punishable by up to 6 months in prison and a \$300 fine. Interestingly, this act was passed just *after* John and Sarah were married and the Butlers became a polygamous family.

The law was supposedly passed on moral grounds, but in reality it had little to do with sexual practice. In fact, the definition given to "cohabitation" was that a man was criminal if he provided food and shelter on a regular basis for more than one woman. In short, it wasn't supposed immorality that was declared a crime, it was *supporting a family*.

In truth, the real intent of the designers of the Act was to destroy "Mormonism," at least as a political force.

To accomplish this the Edmunds Act, and the follow-up Edmunds-Tucker Act passed in 1887, included provisions directly designed to disenfranchise the Mormon populace. All registration and election offices in the territory were declared vacant and Federal appointees (non-Mormon) were installed in their place. Any person who was then living in a polygamous relationship, or ever had been, was deprived of the right to vote. Test oaths dealing with polygamous belief were required before voting, which of course barred a huge portion of Utah's population from the right to vote. Along the same lines, women's

suffrage in Utah was abolished. The Act also effectively removed from Utah the constitutional right to a jury trial, by stipulating that even the mere belief in the doctrine of plural marriage was sufficient cause to bar an individual from jury service. This, of course, applied to the vast majority of the citizens of the territory. Federal appointees were placed in all judicial, law enforcement, and militia positions, and all territorial schools were taken over by the federal government. Flying in the face of constitutional norms, the Act also made a legal wife's testimony against her husband both legal and compulsory! It also declared children of polygamous marriages illegitimate and disinherited them. Finally, as the coup de grace, the law called for the dissolution of the Church as a legal corporation and required the forfeiture of all substantial Church property to the federal government.

Most knew (especially the political powers in Washington) that this law was more an attack against the Church than individuals. Historical evidence clearly shows that this law was an effort to bring the Church to its knees as a political power, rather than the decree against "barbarism" that the politicians promoted it as.

For most polygamous men, like John, the choice was simply to abandon their families, which few were willing to do, or serve a prison term (usually 6 months) and pay a fine.

By the mid-1880's, with federally appointed judges staffing the courts in Utah who had a determination to convict polygamists, federal marshals began trying to track down and arrest suspected polygamist men. Among Mormons this became known as the "Raid," or the "Crusade," as some of John's children referred to it.

For the first few years the marshals mainly targeted high profile Mormon men, those in positions of leadership in the Church and communities. The marshals often used spies and tricks, like asking little children about their family or where their father was, to make arrests. However, the polygamists were also quite adept at avoiding capture. Most had secret hiding places built in or around their houses, and all had friends that would warn them of coming marshals. Some would move from place to place, being sheltered by friends in various towns. The Mormons referred to these measures as "living on the underground."

Some of these measures were very creative and somewhat humorous. Bishop Poulsen was said to have had a hiding place inside his haystack where he kept tools, a comfortable chair, and reading material with which he could pass the time while the marshals searched about his home fruitlessly looking for him. Stories are told of a woman who always kept a pan of apples and a sharp knife at hand. When warned of the coming of marshals, her husband ducked down in the cellar beneath the kitchen while she situated herself on a chair over the trap door, spread her skirt wide, and began peeling apples to make applesauce. There she calmly sat while the marshals were free to search wherever they wanted, except under her skirt, of course.⁶⁷

A book commemorating Richfield's centennial titled *Golden Sheaves From A Rich Field*, explained that some Richfield polygamists applied the term "underground" literally:

Many of the Polygamist men at this time went 'Underground' or hid from the U. S. Marshals, when they were rounding up these men. Tunnels were built which would run underground from one place to another. Lookouts were always aware of the movements of the authorities and the men were warned.

One such underground tunnel was uncovered not too long ago when Moroni Jensen was building on the lot where his house stands. It was a tunnel, supported by rocks on each side and went from the Blacksmith Shop belonging to L. P. Christensen and leading from the shop to the home of his first wife who lived through the block on the next street west.⁶⁸

One man who went on the "underground" was John's good friend from his Spanish Fork days, Albert King Thurber, who was now serving as John's stake president. As president of the Sevier Stake, A. K. Thurber was the highest church leader in Sevier, Piute, and Wayne counties, and as such he was a prized target of the marshals during the Raid. His wife's description of President Thurber's plight was typical of others during this time:

It was during these years that the "Raid" was instituted against our Church because of polygamy. . . . After the Edmunds Tucker bill became a law, those of our men who had entered plural marriage were never safe. Some of them went on what was called the underground. That is they were in hiding most of the time. Others were given prison sentences and served out terms behind bars.

My husband never was arrested for having two families, but he was on the underground quite a bit. During this time he was exposed to many hardships, although he had many friends who would do all in their power to make him comfortable.⁶⁹

Part of the reason President Thurber was never arrested is because during his ordeal "underground" he developed stomach cancer and died on March 21, 1888. Now free from fear of arrest he was able to return to Richfield where huge numbers gathered for his funeral. The line of people and buggies accompanying his body to the cemetery was described as "the largest funeral cortege ever seen in Sevier County." Among those attending the funeral was John Butler who, while holding the hand of his 7-year-old daughter Carrie, passed by the casket and looked one last time at the face of his Church leader and friend. It was a special moment for little Carrie who later related that her father "was quite a hand to take me with him different places" and that this funeral service stood out in her mind as "the first outstanding time he took me." Carrie long remembered looking into the casket and seeing President Thurber's "face as plain as can be." Little did John realize that this little daughter he was holding by the hand would someday marry one of President Thurber's sons, and that John's oldest son would marry one of his daughters, thus binding these two families together forever.⁷⁰

Prison Term

John Butler didn't have near the trouble with federal marshals trying to arrest him as President Thurber and others did. None of his children mention him hiding on the "underground," marshals coming after him, or any threat of arrest. Part of the reason for this is the fact that John was in the mountains so much with his sheep and cattle that his movements were hard to track. In addition, he and his families kept moving between Richfield and Jericho, and not being in one place certainly made it more difficult for anti-Mormons to catch on to the fact that he was a polygamist. Also, John maintained a fairly low profile; he wasn't a high Church leader, or a very noticeable polygamist, and therefore not much of a target for the federal marshals.

One more factor that delayed John's arrest for polygamy was the fact that major arrests of polygamists in the Richfield area didn't really begin until the latter part of 1888. Previously in Richfield the "Raid" had been focused on Church leaders and other high profile polygamists, but in 1888 the marshals' efforts were expanded dramatically. Church historian Andrew Jenson summarized, "more arrests and imprisonments for conscience sake took place this year than during any previous season."⁷¹ Previously the Raid "was not so bad in our portion of the Country," according to fellow Richfield resident Gottlieb Ence, but in 1888 "the Deputy Marshal came very frequently around annoying a portion of the community."⁷² It was at this time that John felt the need to divide his family, with Ettie and her children remaining at Richfield, while he established a home for Sarah and her children at Monroe.

In February 1889, fourteen Richfielders appeared at court in Provo on "cohabitation charges," and ten were sent to prison, including Richfield Bishop Joseph Horne and Gottlieb Ence mentioned above. Arrests and prison terms quickly followed for other Sevier County men.⁷³ It seemed only a matter of time before they reached John Butler.

However, it appears that by the fall of 1889, John and others seem to have become resigned to their fate, and appear to have gone to court willingly. They even held a special social in Richfield for these polygamists, right before they headed off to trial and a likely prison term. Hans Christensen, whose son would later marry John's oldest daughter Francetty, wrote a description of this "Polygamist Social:"

A party was given in the Hansen and Thurber Hall in honor of the brethren who were about to stand trial for living with their families. We had an enjoyable time, a good spirit was present. The exercises, besides dancing, consisted of speeches, recitations, singing and an essay written for the occasion by Sister Sylvia Bean. All the brethren who were to go to Provo shortly to appear before the Court expressed themselves "strong in the faith" and were willing to take the consequences of having performed their duties toward their families.⁷⁴

Anticipating that he would surely spend time in prison, before John left for Provo to appear before the district court there, he made preparations for a long

absence from his families, which included renting out his sheep herd. Then with a heavy heart he made his way to Provo. Historian Andrew Jenson recorded the result:

[Monday, September 23, 1889] – In the First District Court, at Provo, John L. Butler, of Elsinore, was sentenced by Judge Judd to eight months' imprisonment, . . . for alleged adultery.⁷⁵

At this time John's family with Ettie had their home in Richfield, while his family with Sarah had their home in Monroe. So why was John listed as a resident of Elsinore in the above record? If you'll remember, John lived at his farm at Jericho during the summer months and because this farm was almost equal distance from Joseph, Elsinore, and Monroe, his residence could have been designated using any of those names. In addition, according to some of John's children, the family attended Church in Elsinore during the summer of 1889 and were identified with the Elsinore Ward of the Church.⁷⁶

The fact that John did not receive the sentence of 5 years in prison and \$500 fine stipulated by the Edmunds Act for a polygamous marriage and the wording of his conviction as "adultery," indicates that the court had not proved that an actual marriage had occurred between John and Sarah. It is likely that John was convicted of, or simply pled guilty to, the supposed crime of "unlawful cohabitation."

John's sentence of eight months was unusual, in that the typical term for "cohabitation" was six months, but this can be explained by the fact that he was unlucky enough to be brought before a judge who had a reputation for loose judicial standards. Historian Melvin L. Bashore wrote:

Most Mormons were embittered at the discrimination and discrepancy in sentencing shown by the judges. Men arrested for hideous and blatantly immoral crimes were let off with light sentences or reprimands. Judge John W. Judd, a former Tennessean assigned to the First District Court in Provo, was prominent in these proceedings. He gave deliberate murderers light or suspended sentences, but *let the axe fall heavy on the Mormons.*⁷⁷

So it was that John became one of the roughly 1,300 men sent to prison for "polygamy." He was taken to the United States Penitentiary at Salt Lake City, known as Sugar House Prison.

A twenty-foot high adobe wall, four feet thick, enclosed the prison buildings and an acre of yard. Sentries armed with rifles manned catwalks ringing the exterior of the upper wall, and during inclement weather, they peered from turrets placed at opposite corners. On the west, near the heavy iron and wooden gates controlled by the turnkey, were a sentry box and reception room. Outside the walls, near the entrance, were outbuildings such as the kitchen, butcher shop, blacksmith shop, stables, women prisoners' quarters, and warden's office and home.⁷⁸

Shortly before John arrived, this old prison that was first built in the early 1850's had been expanded substantially to house the influx of "criminals" that were flooding into it as a result of the Raid. New cellblocks were added, including a huge one three stories tall, and the old adobe walls had been replaced with more solid sandstone walls.

When the Raid first began, Mormon men naturally felt a stigma that came with being sent to the penitentiary, but by the time John was "sent up the river" the prison population had become predominantly Mormon. By then a sentence in the pen actually conferred a sense of honor and status. Because so many Church and community leaders were, or had been, behind bars, the prison community had actually become somewhat of a social club. For many Mormons like John, a prison sentence "had all the aura and honor of a mission." Not long after George Q. Cannon, a member of the First Presidency of the Church, arrived he stated "would not miss it for anything."⁷⁹

Historian Melvin L. Bashore succinctly stated why these men felt no stigma in being checked into "Uncle Sam's Hotel:"

The common bond of brotherhood in the church and common sacrifice brought these men together in their trials. To a man they believed that their constitutional rights were being infringed upon. Even some non-Mormons acquainted with the circumstances and integrity of the accused did not look upon this across-the-board incarceration of the Mormons as containing any element of crime or moral disgrace. Most of the men thought it ridiculous to be put in prison for what they referred to as living with their wives and taking care of their children.⁸⁰

At trial, judges allowed men like John one last chance for an easy way out of a prison term. All they had to do was simply renounce their plural wives and families, divide up the property among them, and promise to associate with only



Sugar House Prison in the 1890's

one wife and family, and the man could simply walk away free. Those like John, who for the sake of their families *chose* prison over freedom, were considered heroes by the Mormon faithful, and even by the real criminals in prison.

Within the walls of Sugar House there was a marked distinction between this influx of Mormon “prisoners of conscience” or “cohab” as they were nicknamed, and the inmates who had committed real crimes, who were called “toughs.” Most of the “cohabs” were certainly not as tough as the “toughs,” but they had little trouble with them because they soon vastly outnumbered them. Of course John, who was a tough cohab, would have had little trouble anyway.

John was either housed in the new three-story cellblock, or in one of several wooden bunkhouses. In either case, having arrived near the peak of the incarceration of polygamists, John would have found the sleeping accommodations vastly overcrowded. If he found a bed at all, it would have been on a three-tier-high bunk, with two men to a bunk. The rows of bunks lined the walls surrounding a small heating stove in a tiny center lounge area. Behind a partition in one corner was a wooden box and a water barrel cut in two, called the “dunnigan,” in which the men could relieve themselves during the night. A few barred windows and ventilating shafts in the roof provided a measure of relief from the stuffiness. Hopefully John brought bedding with him, because the prison provided none. If he didn’t have his own bedding, he’d have to borrow some from a fellow inmate, or get lucky and be given some by a fellow Mormon due to be released.⁸¹

Another cellmate would not be the only one sharing John’s bunk; there would also be bedbugs, lice, and other vermin keeping him “company.” The bedbugs seemed to be the most memorable and grisly stories about them abound in the writings of former inmates. One diarist surmised that the prison’s real purpose was that of a “bedbug incubator.”

In any case, between the cold, the bedbugs, the odor of the “dunnigan,” and sharing a bunk with a dirty guy in a roomful of snoring stinking men, nights were not pleasant for John.

Bedding may not have been provided by prison officials, but John’s clothing was. Upon his arrival he was measured by a tailor and issued a previously worn outfit that perhaps “came close to fitting.” He was thus adorned in stereotypical prison fashion with striped pants and a short coat, in what they called the “see more cut,” as in, “see more of the seat of a fellows britches than coat.” About the outfitting process, one fellow “cohab” humorously noted:

After the suit of clothes, came two pair socks, one pair shoes, and a hat, and two suits of underclothes. I began to think Uncle Sam was a pretty good chap after all, after locking me behind two sets of iron bars, paying guards to watch me night and day, furnishing free board, and then to give me so many new articles of clothing. It was something I never had been used to, but under the circumstances I took everything that was given me.⁸²

Another indignity John likely suffered, at least initially, was the loss of his beard. Beards among Mormon men in John's day were extremely important to their sense of fashion, however, in prison all inmates were shaved weekly. The only exceptions were for the few "trusties" with a job taking them outside the prison, or if the prison doctor stated that it would be detrimental to the inmate's health to be shaved, which usually required a bribe.⁸³

Clean-shaven and dressed in his obviously popular prison stripe ensemble, John certainly spent much time out in the prison yard.

Within the yard were a hospital, solitary confinement facility, insane asylum cages, and two solitary "sweat boxes" used for extreme punishment. The other major structures adjoining each other were a bathroom, washhouse, and dining hall. The dining hall was rather breezily constructed, but as only fifteen minutes was allotted for eating, the caretakers did not feel the need for building anything too fancy. Several large tables ranged down the center of the room and a rough deal board nailed to the wall ringed the perimeter of the room. A hundred at a sitting were accommodated in the spartan surroundings.⁸⁴

Mealtime was an interesting experience; not only was the dining room "filthy, with lice sometimes crawling on the tables," but it was also incredibly noisy. Before mealtime, conversation was prohibited, but during a meal the noise and confusion was "simply bewildering," as one inmate described it, and



This photo, handed down through the Butler family, has the man in the front row, third from the left, marked and labeled on the back as John Lowe Butler II. If that is him, it would indicate that part way through his prison stay he had managed to gain an exception to the shaving requirement.

often fights broke out. And it's not like the food was good by any means. There were numerous complaints and protests against stale meat, maggoty soup, soggy potatoes, etc. Topping the list of food complaints was the general lack of variety: it wasn't just bad food, but the same bad food over and over. Even the water was poor. Brought by bucket from Parley's Creek, the water was often muddy and unfit to drink. The only thing the prisoners liked was the bread. "Despite their complaints, most of the men left the leisurely life of the prison heavier than when they entered."⁸⁵

One would consider worship to be fairly important to the cohabs, who were in prison as a result of their religious convictions. Each Sunday morning they were able to hold their own priesthood meetings and Sunday school classes, and in the afternoon they were required to attend a mandatory service. One Sunday afternoon a month the cohabs were permitted to listen to a general gospel sermon by one of their own, which, considering the high level of Church leaders then in prison, must have been a treat indeed. On the other three Sundays the prisoners would assemble in the yard and be forced to listen to local Protestant ministers, who came and preached to them from the wall. This was more an exercise in patience than worship for the cohabs, who generally disagreed with the sectarian doctrine they offered, describing it as "fried broth" and "poor food for a hungry man." Aside from these meetings, opportunities for religious worship were limited; prison rules even forbade anything but silent prayers.⁸⁶

John had been active, hard working, and engaged in something his entire life, yet in prison he was faced with a new challenge, day after day with nothing to do. Instead of the variety of the mountains he was used to, now each day seemed identical and each event therein regulated by the ringing of bells. As fellow prison alum, Rudger Clawson, said, "one day so nearly resembles another in every particular as almost to create confusion in the mind . . . one long, tedious, never-ending day."⁸⁷

Lucky prisoners were appointed as "trusties" and given jobs that took them outside the prison at times. "Regular criminals" appointed to outside jobs often tried to escape, so the warden began replacing "trusties" with Mormons. He found that even under the most favorable circumstances for escape the Mormons "clung to the prison." Unlike the toughs, the cohab's objective was to serve their appointed time and go home without further trouble.⁸⁸

To relieve the tedium, toughs and cohabs alike engaged in a variety of sporting activities such as football, baseball, boxing, foot races, even dancing, which got interesting at times. Many took up hobbies as well.

Toughs and cohabs mingled daily in a variety of recreations and amusements. To pass the time the men busied themselves manufacturing articles such as hair bridles, riding whips, placemats, gilded picture frames, baby rattles, fancy wood boxes, fish nets, and wood carvings. These articles were sometimes raffled off, which provided the inmates with an income to send to their families or to use to purchase supplementary food. The men kept a pet deer and a magpie. They weeded and cared for a fine flower garden. Prisoners with

musical talent were welcome additions to the glee clubs, choirs, and bands that varied in quality with the coming and going of inmates. Sometimes the prisoners would form in a line for a grand march around the yard to the strains of the prison band.⁸⁹

One of John's most pleasurable hobbies while in prison was woodcarving. In particular, during his prison stay he carved a beautiful golden eagle with large outstretched wings. This became a prized heirloom in the Butler family and was eventually given to John's son, Kenion Taylor Butler, who was "so thrilled to have it."⁹⁰

Finally, after serving six and half months in prison, John was discharged on Sunday, April 13, 1890, and allowed to return home.⁹¹ At the end of their prison stays many cohabs looked back philosophically on their months in prison "as a valued experience." Perhaps as John left the prison gates he felt like John Lee Jones, who recorded in his diary that he felt glad he "was considered worthy to be one of the number that was imprisoned."⁹² Certainly, John felt a sense of pride as he received a rousing send-off from his fellow cohabs when he left that day. As historian Melvin Bashore put it: "The stumbling block of imprisonment had been met triumphantly, and the heroes were welcomed home. Homecomings were sweet for long-separated loved ones."⁹³

John's happiness at being released from prison and returning home to his families once more was dampened, when only a month later his little 3-year-old daughter Farozine died on May 14, 1890, of "membranous croup."⁹⁴

Losing his little girl was certainly a bitter shock, but John was likely relieved to find most everything else well at home. During his absence, John's 16-year-old son, John III, had foregone his school term that year and had spent the winter working on the railroad in Nevada and hauling freight out of Milford,



The eagle John carved while in Sugar House Prison

Utah, to earn money for the family. In the spring John III came home and planted the crop on their farm at Jericho. After his father's return home, John III took the responsibility of tending the sheep in the mountains, allowing his father to spend the summer working the farm at Jericho, where he could remain close to the families he had been separated from for so long.⁹⁵

John may have been released from prison, but he still refused to abandon either of his wives and families, and therefore he was still at risk of being arrested again. However, a few months later Church President Wilford Woodruff issued what has become known as the Manifesto, ending the practice of polygamy in the Church. Efforts to prosecute polygamists began to relax and in time a blind eye was turned to already existing polygamous families like the Butlers. Continuing to prosecute them would have caused many women and children to potentially lose their provider.

A year later, John was arrested once more and brought to trial for polygamy, but this time his experience in court would be dramatically different than it was exactly two years earlier. His daughter Mary shared:

When the case came up for trial, another man's trial preceded father's. The judge asked the man what he intended to do about his second family. The man said he would let them shift for themselves.

The judge gave him five years imprisonment and \$500.00 fine.

When the judge asked father the same question, he replied: "I'll do the best I can for them."

The judge gave him 10 days in jail and only \$50.00 fine.⁹⁶

Historian Andrew Jenson confirmed Mary's account, at least in regards to the sentence:

[Wednesday, September 23, 1891] – In the First District Court, at Provo, John L. Butler of Elsinore, and Josiah Bennett were each sentenced by Judge Blackburn to 10 days' imprisonment for u. c. [unlawful cohabitation].⁹⁷

John would always remain a faithful husband to both of his wives and a loyal father to all of his children, but he would never face criminal prosecution for that fidelity again.

Chapter Ten

Tough Guy or Softy?

John was part of the “cohab” group in prison, there only because he was a kind man, willing to sacrifice himself for his family. He certainly wasn’t one of the real criminals or “toughs.” Nevertheless, John did have a reputation for being very *tough*. An acquaintance of his summed up these two key attributes of John’s character when he stated: “He was one of the kindest men I ever knew, but also he was one of the roughest men in a fight.”¹

John was in fact a fearless, powerful man, a formidable foe when the occasion called on him to fight, but at the same time he possessed a very gentle demeanor; he was kind, considerate, giving, unobtrusive, and sensitive to the point of tears, especially when he saw others hurt.

So what was he then, tough or soft? It is this seeming conundrum in his character that we’ll explore in this chapter.

Stature

Let’s begin by examining John’s physical stature and appearance. His daughter Olive stated: “My father was six feet 2 inches tall—very well built. He had blue eyes, hair was a dark slate color, in his youth it must have been light brown. At death he had a lot of hair. He also had a beard—and it was a pretty beard, rather dark.”²

Jane wrote that her father “was a large, well built man. He was six feet two and ½ inches tall, had broad shoulders, narrow hips, large feet, blue eyes and brown hair and beard.” Along with his physical appearance she added, “my parents were very kind and loving to their family and friends.”³

Son Kenion Taylor, or K.T. as he was called, said John “was an exceptionally strong man, a healthy man.”⁴

A grandson, Ross Butler, described John as 6’ 2”, “built like a wedge, wore a long beard.” And that “pictures of John Lowe Butler II show him to be a husky man, and evidently a very rugged and powerful man. His key position on the San Juan exploring expedition, in which the Butler Wash was the only physical feature of the country to be named for one of the expedition is indicative of his

strength.” Ross goes on to equate John’s physical prowess to that of his father, John Lowe Butler I, who “became a very strong man, insomuch that he was able to almost single handed withstand a mob of nearly 100 men on August 6, 1838, at Gallatin, Daviess County, Missouri. Later he was ordained a bodyguard to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and according to our tradition was able to out wrestle the Prophet, who was a very strong man. In the later years of his life of pioneering and blacksmithing he must have been a very strong man.”⁵

Regarding John’s strength, K.T. remembered visiting a man who knew his father back in his Panguitch days. K.T. was making a trip to Parowan to visit his grandmother, Sarah Smith McGregor, in February 1904, about five years after his father’s death. On the way they passed through Panguitch, as K.T. related:

We passed where an old man lived that had bought Dad’s old saw mill and shingle mill. Of course, it wasn’t running by now. This man lived at the mouth of [the] creek that was named by John Lowe Butler. This man told us about our Dad. He told us our Dad was *very generous* and was a *superman*⁶ *for strength*. This place was close to Panguitch Lake where Dad had his homestead.⁷

Outlaws

About 10 years after John’s death, another of John’s friends from his Panguitch days related this story, demonstrating his “superman for strength” and agility in a fight. Here’s how K.T. told it:

When I was 19, I went down to Salt Lake City to get my appendix out. This was my first visit back, and while there I went on down to Richfield, and I met this fellow in a store in Richfield. He had lived in Panguitch. This old fellow was in a chair in the grocery store. He was there warming his shins. He was a tottering old man. He said,

“I would like to know who your father was.”

“John Lowe Butler.”

“The one who homesteaded on Panguitch Lake?”

“Yes.”

The old fellow got up and hobbled over to me and said,

“I want to shake hands with you. I knew your father real well.” He mentioned several things that he remembered. Then he said,

“He was one of the kindest men I ever knew, but also he was one of the roughest men in a fight.”

I told him that my dad had always taught me when I was in the right never to take a whipping. And then this old fellow told me this incident.

At the farm at Panguitch my dad had six acres for grain. It was a moonlight night. These two men came into the yard and unsaddled their horses and turned them into the patch of oats, which was growing. My dad had told them “okeh,” however, they didn’t ask, but had demanded

a meal and a place to sleep for the night. Father said yes he would, but while I am getting your supper you go and get your horses out of that patch of oats.

They said no, they wouldn't do that—that they needed a good feed and they had a long way to go tomorrow. My dad sprung like a steel trap. He took one man with a left to the jaw, and a right to the other, and laid them out cold, and then he took their guns away from them.

When they came too, dad repeated his request, that they were to go take their horses out of that oat field. They did. The men wanted to leave. My dad said he had never turned anyone away for a meal and a night's lodging, that they could stay and eat and sleep.

In the morning my dad threw away the bullets and handed them back their guns. Soon after they left, here came a posse, looking for those men, and come to find out those two fellows were bank robbers or railroad robbers I don't remember which.⁸

Skilled Boxer

“Dad was quite a boxer,” according to K.T. John learned the art from his father, John Lowe Butler I, and K.T. described both John and John's older brother, Kenion Taylor, as being “real handy with their fists.”

John also taught his sons the skill of boxing and fighting, but most importantly he taught them to avoid fighting unless there was no other choice. “My dad taught me to watch a fight from across the street—never to go and get in—unless you have a worthy cause and know you are in the right,”⁹ shared his son. K.T. shared a story of his own and how his father had prepared him to stand up to a group of bullies:

I can truthfully say I never got whipped in a fight. Of course I haven't been in very many fights. When I first went to the Prairie [in 1903 when K.T. was 13 years old] there were six kids were going to whip me because I was a Mormon. I took them one at a time and I whipped five of them, but I didn't get a chance at the sixth—he ran.

I had gone down to play baseball (in Old Soldier) and it was my first Sunday there. John III had gone some place and I had to do the chores. We were playing ball and I told them I had to go do chores. They were short of players and didn't like me leaving to go do chores. I was good natured as they threw the ball at me as I was leaving. I picked it up and threw back and as I went on they threw it again and I did the same several times, then it was too far to throw back and I just waved to them and went on.

One of the boys called out “Let's riot the Mormon son of a b__ home.”

Well, they kind of followed me and picked up some rocks of various sizes and kept throwing them at me. Finally one hit me right on the ankle and that made me mad. And I said:

“Now you sons of bees—you come one at a time and I will whip all six of you.” There was Ray Darly, and Cluff Perkins, [and some others.]

I hope I haven’t put this like I was bragging. They just didn’t have any idea of self defense—and my father had taught me.¹⁰

As the above story demonstrates, John taught his sons “never to get into a fight unless it was forced upon [them], and [they] were sure [they] were in the right.” He also taught them that if they were in a fight “to never, never, take a whipping,” meaning never to just give up and get beat up, to keep battling. He told them, “you can always do better than you think you can.”¹¹

As you have probably surmised by now, as a boy John’s son K. T. had a propensity for fighting. Of course, John taught him how to fight, but he also tried to teach him that fighting was only rarely appropriate. K.T. had a “best friend” in Richfield named Chester Christensen, but even they had occasional fights. K.T. shared one of these: “Chester could never take a dare and one time while we were playing out on the spring ditch, he drew a line and said ‘don’t dare cross on my side,’ and then the fun began—so I had a lot of practice with my fists.”¹²

K.T. later shared the lesson John taught when he found out about his son fighting with a best friend:

The only whipping I got from my dad was when Chester Christensen made me mad and I picked a fight with him. My dad had a razor strap and I got it where it belonged, and then he lectured me never to get involved in a fight unless I was pushed into it, and then be sure you are right, then never to take a whipping.

My dad taught me that if a guy called me a “son of a b___” that was reason enough to fight. He also taught me if I was in a crowd and somebody was a big bully picking on a younger fellow, I was told to take his part—which I did some times.¹³

K.T.’s sister Jane related how even as a little boy her younger brother was ready to take on the world:

When K. T. was about four years old he loved to play in the ditch that ran by our house. David Henderson was the water master for our town. I remember he wore wooden shoes. The town’s domestic water supply came from this ditch and it was his job to keep the stream clean and flowing properly. He had warned the children many times not to play in the water as it muddied it. One day K.T. came running into the house and tore right upstairs. Mr. Henderson was right behind him and would have gone upstairs after him if mother hadn’t stopped him. K.T. was quite a fighter even at four and stood at the top of the stairs with his fists raised saying, “Henderson, don’t you dare!”¹⁴

Mr. Henderson didn’t dare, but when K.T.’s father got home and heard about the situation, I’m pretty sure *he did dare!*

K.T. was only 8 years old when his father died, so he wouldn't have seen John in hardly any altercations, however he did see his last fight. The setting for this was the Butler-Beck Mine (discussed in Chapter Twelve). John was then over 50 years old. In fact, this story took place only a couple of years before his death, and his health was already beginning to fail him. He had the head injury mentioned earlier and at the time suffered other illnesses as well. So hearing this story while understanding John's condition at the time, one can only imagine what John was like in his younger days in the peak of health. K.T. related:

I saw my dad in his last fight. When we lived at the mine and dad was going strong and his partner John Beck had a son who came to the mine and some people in Salt Lake City were sponsoring him to be a heavy weight champion boxer, and he worked in the mine and did a lot of boxing.

The bunk house built to entertain themselves. The bunks were built one on top on both sides and in the middle of the room was a boxing ring, and then they had these pads with stuffing in them—and they could spread them out on the floor.

This young fellow Beck was doing pretty good, and none could beat him—they had some good matches. Some of the older fellows remarked to him (young Beck) how good my dad was. He asked my dad; in fact he pestered him to box with him, but father said, “No, that is for you young fellows.”

And then on this day that young fellow was pretty cocky as the day shift came out and were on the trail up to the mine. There were about 20 of them, and as they were leaving they passed my dad who was burning charcoal. When you burn charcoal you have to let it smolder and then use in their forges for sharpening their picks and drills.

When the day shift was just starting up to the tunnel, my dad was shoveling this charcoal, and this John Beck's boy said, “Get to work you old Son of a B--.”

Well, that day in the mine several of the older men told him, “You sure made a mistake calling that man a Son of a B--.”

I didn't ask any questions, but I knew something was going to happen, and when the day shift came off, I saw my dad, who had gone to the house and put pants on with a belt. Now, my dad was built like a wedge—broad shoulders, and then tapered right to the ground, and so it was more comfortable for him to wear overalls with suspenders. This time he had changed his pants to have [a] belt cinched tight so he could hold up his trousers.

As the men started to come down the hill (my dad weighed about 225 pounds, they both did) dad asked the first man, “Were you the one who called me a Son of a B--?”

“No, I wasn't.”

The next man was asked the same question and he answered the same.

“No, I wouldn’t ever say such a thing.”

This son of John Beck during the day I guess had had second thoughts about his quip, and as they came out in line he was the last man, and he had in his hand a pick. Dad asked him the same question, “Were you the one this morning who called me a Son of a B--?”

He looked at dad and boldly replied, “Well, what if it was? What difference would it make?”

Then I saw my father draw back his arm and quickly it shot out and with his left hand slapped him on his right cheek (he was right handed), and then with his right hand father hit him an upper cut into the short ribs. The Beck fellow fell back and down with his mouth open with a groan. Then father picked him up like a child and carried him in the house and laid him on father’s own bed.

“My, I’m sorry I had to do this,” he said. Three ribs were broken and torn.

[As for John Beck, John Butler’s business partner and the young man’s father, K.T. related:]

John Beck approved, saying he got what he deserved—and also that he was glad because it brought to an end his idea of becoming a champion boxer.

This was the last fight he had. He soon became ill with dropsy or Brights Disease.¹⁵

Throughout his long life, K.T. carried fond memories of spending time with his father learning how to box and take care of himself, something fairly important in the era of the Old West. But what he remembered and appreciated most about his father wasn’t his *tough* side, it was his *soft* side. In closing the above story of John’s last fight, Kenion Taylor reflected: “My father didn’t leave me a dollar, but he left me a wonderful heritage, and I loved him because of the principles he taught us about honesty, and the importance of a testimony, and the importance of good honest dealing—to treat others as you would like to be treated.”¹⁶

With that let’s turn to John’s soft side.

Uncle John

As big and tough as John was it is interesting that he was also “a children’s man,” well known for being “so kind and loving with the children.”¹⁷ Daughter Carrie related that all the children in their neighborhood loved to be around him:

My father was a very kind loving father, all children in the neighborhood called him Uncle John and would run with us to meet him when he returned from his trips away from home. While we children would cry “Papa, papa,” the other children would join in saying “Uncle John.” He always had some kind of treat for all, mostly stick candy.¹⁸

Many accounts tell of how “Uncle John” would take the time to play with the children. Here’s one that daughter Jane shared:

He was very patient with children when health permitted. I remember of K. T. and I stepping on one of his feet, clinging to his leg, and he would walk off with us—this to our great delight.¹⁹

A Pushover For Little Girls

Of all children, John seemed to be particularly kind and patient with little girls, as daughter Olive related:

My sister Jane and I were always so thrilled to have him come home. He never tired of having each of us on his knees. We would braid his whiskers, and he was always so happy to have us with him. Thinking of it now, I think he may have been tired and could have gotten tired of having two busy girls comb his hair, braid his whiskers and generally speaking clamoring over him. To Jane and I this was a real thrill to have him come home and have these times with him. If he came in the night and we awoke we could run and jump on the bed, racing to see who could get to him first.²⁰

It seems amazing that a husky tough man like John would have the patience to allow little girls to sit and braid his beard, but this was a very common occurrence that most of his daughters remember doing, *a lot*. He truly must have been very secure in his masculinity! However, occasionally it got him into trouble, because self-assured or not, no man would want to be seen by another with a braided beard. Carrie related just such a circumstance.

One time when Carrie and her sister Sadie were about five and seven years old respectively, they were sitting each on one of their father’s knees “playing with his beautiful long, bushy beard while he was reading” as they often did. Carrie noted that her father “loved to read” and as he did so he was almost oblivious to the two little girls who had parted his beard in the middle and were each busy braiding her side. In the midst of this their mother Ettie answered a knock at the door. She called and said a man was there to see John. Realizing his predicament John quickly put down his book and frantically worked at unbraiding his beard. Like typical sweet angelic little girls, Carrie and Sadie “stood and watched him and laughed at his discomfiture.”²¹

Interestingly, John didn’t learn his lesson, because about a decade later he found himself in an even worse circumstance. Jane reflected that her “Pa was absent minded. Sometimes he would lose his gallises [suspenders] and would find them hanging down his back.” In regards to that absentmindedness she went on to share: “When I was about seven years old I was sitting on Pa’s lap brushing and combing his long brown beard which hung to his waist. I loved to do this and this day I decided to braid his beard into two braids and tie red yarn at the end of each braid. Suddenly Pa said, ‘Jump down Janie Pa’s got to go.’”

Quickly putting on his hat John headed out the door totally oblivious to the girlish artwork little Jane had performed on his beard. A few minutes after he

left, Jane explained what had happened to her mother, who “was really embarrassed” but could do little but hope her husband noticed before he got downtown.

Unfortunately, John *did not* notice. At the post office and everywhere he walked in Richfield “people laughed at his fancy beard,” but it wasn’t until he walked into Peterson’s Store and heard the clerks chuckling that he realized why.²²

One can easily imagine the mirth people felt in seeing big tough John Butler with two pigtail braids with red bows dangling from his chin, but few would have had the courage to laugh at him directly. When he finally realized he probably laughed hardest of all. Certainly no punishment was forthcoming to little Jane, regardless of the embarrassment she caused him. Jane was regularly doing things that confused him at first but in the end made him laugh.

On another occasion, when Jane was about 7 years old, the family spent the summer at the Butler-Beck Mine, and on the morning of the 4th of July she got up early and decided to celebrate. She thought, “I believe I’ll get a pan and bang it and say ‘Hurrah for the 4th of July’ and wakeup the kids.”

Looking around she saw a pan underneath the bed. Of course this was a “bed pan” and had been used during the night by the occupants of the cabin. No problem, she’d just empty it out the window.

What little Jane didn’t realize is that her father had risen early and was walking out next to the house, so when she threw the contents of the bed pan out the window, it landed all over John’s bare head!

Flustered and in utter dismay, as one can imagine, he yelled, “What’s the matter? What are you doing?!!!”

Mortified by what she had done to her father, little Jane burst into tears. Sadly she also realized that she forgot to yell, “HURRAH for the 4th of July!”²³

Apparently Jane was often in trouble as a little girl. Here’s another story she related:

My place at the dinner table was on a bench that was in back of the table. After eating I got sleepy and laid down on the bench and went to sleep. The older girls cleared the table and pushed it over the bench against the wall. Soon I was missed and the entire neighborhood was out looking everywhere for me. I must have tried to turn over as I remember raising up and bumping my head on the table, not knowing where I was I started to cry. Grandma Christiansen was in the house and heard me cry and rescued me.²⁴

Jane wasn’t alone in causing her parents a frantic search. John’s daughter Ann went missing one day as well. Ann was born to Sarah and John on June 6, 1891 about a year after her father returned from prison. Sarah’s home was at Monroe, but she and her children also lived at times on the farm at Jericho. While Sarah was working, little Ann’s 8-year-old sister Mary had charge of her, as babysitter. Mary related that one day when Ann was only 2, she disappeared:

The big canal was near our place and we were afraid she had fallen in. We hunted and hunted for her, and decided to go after the

man that could empty the water from the canal. On our way, we found Ann sound asleep on a neighbor's doorstep. They weren't home, so they hadn't discovered her for us.²⁵

Mary also related another more pleasant memory that happened about the same time: "It was a big event for me to be baptized a member of the LDS church. The baptism took place in the Elsinore Canal when I was eight years of age." A number of Butler children remembered being baptized in local canals and waterways.

Mary shared that at age eight she also "made my debut as a cook. It was on a Thursday, (fast meeting was held then) and my folks had gone to meeting. I made some soup and just as it was finished my father arrived home with three men. They ate heartily of my soup and praised me for its goodness."²⁶ Of course, even if the soup were not good, kind-hearted John certainly would have praised his little girl for it anyway.

John's daughters were very special to him and he loved to please them. Jane told of some special gifts he gave her:

Pa (as we called him) went to town in a wagon, I imagine it was Elsinore. When we saw him returning a short distance down the road, mama said I might go to meet him. He stopped the team and lifted me into the wagon, and there was a shiny red little rocking chair he had bought for me. I was so thrilled and delighted with it that for days I could not sit on it, because I couldn't sit in it and look at it at the same time, but knelt with my hands on the seat and rocked it back and forth.²⁷

One day Pa took me to Elsinore and we went into Mr. Marquison's store. He set me on the counter and Mr. Marquison was admiring my long, thick ringlets. He reached under the counter and brought out a darling little miniature Singer sewing machine and gave it to me. It was only about six inches high but a model of the real machine. The little foot peddle moved when I put my finger on it. I really prized that gift.²⁸

John also had a fun time working with his little girls. Earlier we mentioned trips John took with them herding sheep in the mountains. At other times he'd work with them on the farm. Carrie remembered one such time when she was perhaps four or five years old. It was springtime and she was working with her father as he was clearing out roots from the apple trees, getting a piece of ground ready to plant a garden. As John cleared out some of the roots he put them in a pan and it was Carrie's job to carry them out of the way and dump them in a pile. She did this several times, and then she got spunky and asked, "how much longer do I have to do this?"

Rather than get mad at such sass, John was amused and "just laughed and laughed." Carrie carried this vivid and fond memory of her father's good humor and hearty laugh for over 80 years.²⁹

Joker

John loved to laugh, “he had a wonderful sense of humor,” recorded many of his children. They also shared that he “was strong on practical jokes.”³⁰ He was very good-natured when a joke was played on him and he also had a clever mind when it came to playing practical jokes on others. John’s oldest daughter, Francetty, shared a joke he played on her:

Papa was quite a joker. One day he came in the house all stooped over with his hand on his side, groaning. I asked him what was the matter, and. he replied “I got shot!”

I let out a scream and made him sit down. With a twinkle in his eyes he held out a few lead shot in his hand!³¹

Jane shared an instance when her father was joking around with his wife Ettie, but in the process found himself getting “punished.”

Pa was late for dinner one night so the rest of us started to eat. Pa came in and had a long weed in his hand. He playfully hit mother with the weed and said, “How dare you start eating without me?”

He went to the wash stand and was stooped over washing when Olive jumped down from the table, grabbed the broom and gave him a healthy swat. Pa was so startled and sputtered, “What’s going on here?”

Olive replied, “Don’t you dare hit my mother!”³²

In the late 1800’s, during the time John’s children were growing up, Richfield had a curfew each night, put in place to curb juvenile delinquency. A bell would sound, after which it was illegal for any children to be out at night. A town marshal patrolled the streets to enforce the ordinance and would arrest any children found breaking curfew.

One evening K.T. and Jane joined a large group of older boys and girls who were playing games in the street, in particular two of their favorites, “Run Sheep Run” and “Relievo.” Two captains divided the kids into two groups and in short, one group would then hide from the other.

Jane remembered that while thus engaged, they “heard the city curfew bell ring but were having too much fun to go to our homes. We were in a huddle, dividing up into two teams for the next game, when Gus Bloomquist, the local policeman, crept out of the shadows, putting his long arms plus his billy club around our group and saying, ‘You can all come with me.’”

With that authoritative command all the kids did what most kids would do in such circumstances, they “scattered” performing “quite a disappearing act.” During their hasty escape, “K.T. rolled under Christiansens gate into a gooseberry bush.” Recovering from that he and Jane “both ran home all out of breath.” Once safely home they excitedly recounted to their “folks how we nearly got put in jail!”

They never noticed their father disappear as they were getting ready for bed, still excited from their narrow escape. Soon they heard a loud knock at their door, followed by a heavy gruff voice telling their mother:

“I WANT THOSE KIDS!”

In an instant Taylor and Jane “both rolled under the bed” to hide, but to no avail as soon they were even more horrified when they felt someone grab them by their feet and drag them out.

Fully expecting to find themselves captured by the long arm of the law, they instead saw “it was Pa and he was roaring with laughter.”³³

Sometimes it was “Mother Nature” that caused the joke. Before he was married John’s mother, Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler, made him “some new Buckskin breeches,” or pants, that “he was very proud of.” One day he was out riding, tending his stock, and got “caught in a bad rain storm.” Soaking wet, his beloved Buckskin pants “stretched out way long, so badly he couldn’t handle them so he took his knife and cut several inches off the bottom of each leg.” However, after drying over night the pants shrunk back to normal size, and the next morning he found that he had “Buckskin knee britches to wear!”³⁴

Riding in from the range wearing Buckskin shorts surely wasn’t the tough Old West image he wanted to portray. He certainly took some good-natured ribbing over that one.

Craftsman and Artist

Like his mother, John was quite a craftsman, skilled in working with a variety of materials. He was good at leatherwork, including making and repairing shoes. K.T. remembered that while in poverty, a year or so before he died, his father wanted to give him something for Christmas, so he cut up his buckskin pants and braided a whip for his son. K.T. said he guessed that’s why he “became so good with a whip,” because it was such a special gift from his father, but thinking back wished he could have had his father’s “buckskin pants, with all that fringe.”³⁵

K.T. related that John learned to be an excellent blacksmith from his father, and that he seemingly could build almost anything out of wood or metal.

Dad was really an artist. . . . He built all the cabins built at the Butler-Beck Mine. He made and tempered his own axe. With a piece of raw iron, he would make a set of shoes, put them on horses or mules.

He was very adept - building cabins, he would do all the axe work. When Old Faithful Inn was built, they sent to Russia for an expert axe man to do the work. Several of the old timers (Frank Nebeker at Filer, Idaho was one) told [K.T.] about [John’s] wonderful axe work. He could do beautiful tongue and groove work.³⁶

John was also a “good whittler” and made a hobby of woodcarving. We mentioned earlier the ornate eagle he carved while in the Penitentiary. Among the many other articles he made that became cherished family heirlooms, is a wood chest and a wood rolling pin that his daughter-in-law, Thelma Butler, used most of her long life. He made an ironing board and a horsehair chain, both of which were handed down through the K.T. Butler family. In addition, he taught his son K.T. how to make skis and a toboggan.³⁷

John also made horsehair blankets and taught his children how. His grandson Dwain described the process:

You cut boards and put them square on a table the size you want, and place the matted horsehair on, and keep damp by pouring water on every day or so, and in a few days the hairs start to move and crawl. In two or three weeks they dry, and you have a beautiful horse hair blanket.³⁸

Kind Hearted Service

It has been said the true measure of a man is the respect his children have for him. John's children had a lot of respect for him and saw in their father a man they truly admired. Over and over they each recorded how kind he was, and the good he did for people around him, if possible anonymously. Here are a few examples that Olive recorded:

My father was not the kind to talk of how much he did to help people, but I picked up bits of information throughout my life that showed me how much he did help people. My father had many, many other wonderful characteristics.

I can remember when he would come home with supplies of food such as large bags of rice, molasses, beans, salt pork, bacon, cracked wheat, sugar, flour and other foods. He would take part of these supplies out to the sheep men and the cowboys. Father and mother were in the habit of butchering a beef and seeing to it that the widows and needy were remembered with a portion of it. He would leave a good supply at the ranch for our family which would last for many months.

He had chuck wagons and sheep wagons equipped with beds and stoves. He did shoe repairing for himself as well as for his men; also, his own blacksmithing and upkeep of his wagons and equipment. We were never in want for the necessities of life (however, when I was very small, I thought we were poor because we did not have a big, beautiful glass bay window). I'll never forget the blue-eyed blonde haired doll I got for Christmas. It was so pretty.

In talking to a woman of 80 years, she told me she remembered when her father had the co-op store in Parowan, she said that "John Butler was the most generous man he knew."

One person said about father, "He was honest to a fault. He gave too much away."³⁹

As mentioned earlier, on a 1904 trip to Parowan to visit his grandmother, Sarah Smith McGregor, K.T. met a man in Panguitch, who described his father as "very generous." In Parowan on that same trip K.T. met another man "that had known Dad in his prosperous days, who knew of him buying groceries for a poor father that didn't have credit at the store."⁴⁰

Jane related another story of how the Butlers always helped those in need and enjoyed doing it:

There was a hermit who lived in a cave on the side of the hill. His name was Shock Buhannon. I was afraid of him. He came to our house

occasionally and mother would always feed him. He was very grateful and said he had no money to pay her. He said he had had a wagon load of gold and was driving it on the Milky Way when it broke through and fell into the Gulf of Mexico. He said he had recently received word that it had been found and as soon as they recovered it he would pay for his food.⁴¹

John's kind-hearted service was extended to his family most of all. He would do whatever was required to take care of them. An example of this is when Jane was "very small." She was sitting by the fireplace taking off her stockings and moccasins, when she noticed a big bug about an inch long with a strange tail hooked up in the air. She picked it up to show to her father and in doing so it felt like it bit her on her index finger.

When John saw it, he told her it was a scorpion. He then took a string and wrapped it around her finger below the bite, and another string around her wrist. Then he cut through the bite with his knife and proceeded to suck the poisoned blood out, after which he put some chewing tobacco on it and tied a cloth around it before releasing the string from the finger and wrist.

Apparently he did a good job of doctoring, because as Jane later remembered: "It did not swell, nor cause any more trouble."⁴²

Olive recalled that when she was about 11, she was very ill. The family was ready to head up to the Butler-Beck Mine for the summer, and at first her parents felt she shouldn't go, but then "the doctor felt it would be better to be away from people." Nevertheless, she "was supposed to stay quiet and not exercise." This was only two or three years before her father's death and John was "not well either," so the two of them spent much quiet time together. Olive remembered that "after we read all the books we had at the mine, he taught me to play cribbage. This is a difficult game but I learned it and enjoyed it very much."

Olive, Jane, and K.T. all loved to fish in the stream at the mine. Their tackle consisted of poles cut from nearby willows and a hook and line. "There was a certain good place to fish that was easy to get to and close to the house," recalled K.T. while adding, "that good fishing hole was reserved for Olive." Of this illness and John's special care for her, Olive later recorded:

Father also fixed up a good place by the fishing hole. He took the bark off a log for me to sit on where they could watch me from the house. The other children didn't bother or tease me so I would sit quietly there and catch fish for my breakfast. Father was very upset over me but tried very hard to not let me know it. . . .

Thinking back now, I may have had a slight stroke as I had blood clots and dragged my right foot and my left hand was not right. They also thinned my blood with quinine. Mother would take a piece of dough and flatten it out and put a measured amount of quinine in the center of the dough. She would fold it up and if one slight bit was left on the outside, it was really bitter. I shall never forget it. Father and mother put their hands on my head and prayed for me every day for a month. By the end of the month, I was well. There were two other girls

in Richfield that had the same thing, Hilda Oberg and a Clark girl. They both died.⁴³

Regarding Olive's recovery, her brother K.T. wrote: "It is most amazing how she outgrew her weakness and married and raised a family of two girls and seven boys. They are very handsome, beautiful and capable, and very thoughtful of their parents."⁴⁴

A Tender Heart

We've already seen John's tender-hearted nature demonstrated on a number of occasions, but at no time was this side of his character shown more poignantly than when his wives were giving birth. Daughter Carrie noticed, "he cried every time mother had a baby. He was so tender hearted."⁴⁵ Many of his other children echoed the same observation. This was a notable part of Olive's account of her own birth:

Every time mother had a baby he would break down and cry. When I was born father went running for the midwife, Grandma Ramsey. He stopped and knocked on the window of his brother Jim's home and asked Aunt to run to his home at once, that mother was having a baby. Someone had told mother that if she would take a drink of hot coffee it would relax her, especially if she was not in the habit of drinking it; so she did, and the baby really started to come fast. The aunt got there in time to deliver me, but the midwife didn't. So the story of my birth can be [told] in this one sentence; I was born on an awful cold night, while my father was running for the midwife.⁴⁶

Grandma Ramsay – The Midwife

The occupation of midwife was critical in a pioneer society with few if any doctors. As John's daughter Carrie observed, "my mother had no doctors for any of her ten children." Someone "running for the midwife," was also a common event when a prospective mother went into labor. Carrie continued, "when my baby brother Tom was born, I remember that I myself ran for several blocks to get the midwife. Of course there were no telephones then."⁴⁷

The people of Richfield were blessed to have a particularly adept midwife they lovingly referred to as "Grandma Ramsay." Carrie described Grandma Ramsay as "a cute little woman, and when she came [to a woman in labor] she came on the run," and added, "father would be crying."⁴⁸

Elizabeth Burns Ramsay was from England and after joining the Church with her husband Ralph Ramsay, had come across the plains by handcart in 1856. Her husband gained fame for having carved the eagle that once stood at the gate to Temple Square. A history of her published in *Our Pioneer Heritage* gives us not only an insight into this very interesting woman, but also into the medical treatment available to the Butlers.

Elizabeth Ramsay had no medical training—just an assignment and a blessing from President Young in which she was set apart as a

nurse, midwife, and doctor. With confidence, faith, and the will to do, she successfully operated, amputated, set broken bones and cured the common ailments of that period. She delivered over three hundred and fifty babes without losing a case, President Heber J. Grant being one.

After several years of practice in Salt Lake City, the family was called to settle in Richfield, Sevier County, Utah, and still later they were called to colonize St. Johns, Arizona. Here the cowboys and Mexicans gave the Saints much trouble. With the help of her son John, she removed bullets, and when one found its mark they would carry the body into the back room of the saloon, hold an autopsy and declare the person dead of bullet wounds. She even helped cut down the bodies after lynchings to declare them dead of broken necks. This treatment was extended to cattle rustlers and cheating gamblers.

In Richfield, the office of Grandma Ramsay, as she was lovingly called, was in her home which still stands just east of the Sevier County Courthouse. It had a table, a few chairs, several shelves filled with pills, powders, ointments, liniments, salves, cough and worm remedies, and many other items too numerous to mention. Her instruments consisted of a few scalpels, needles, scissors, tweezers, saw blades, a small hammer, a spool of heavy thread or twine, and a few obstetrical instruments with a package of scorched cloths—oven sterilized.

Transportation was by horseback or team and wagon. Once when a man in Joseph, Utah had been seriously gored by a bull, men raced for help with only the running gear of the wagon a distance of more than twenty miles, changing horses for fresh ones along the way. They put Elizabeth by the rear wheels and the cotter-pin came out, causing the gear to separate and spilling her onto the ground. Fortunately she was not hurt. When they arrived in Joseph she soon had the injured man comfortable and he lived many years to tell about it.

Oft times the simple remedies used by these first doctors, mixed with a generous amount of faith and prayers, were as potent as the wonder drugs of today. Some of these common cures were:

Ox-bile pills made from the bile found in the gall bladder of a slaughtered beef. The bile was mixed with browned flour and rolled into pills.

Quinine was mixed with moistened bread crumbs and made into pills for the treatment of common colds.⁴⁹

Grandma Ramsay brought the last five of John and Ettie's children into the world⁵⁰ and probably most of Sarah's children as well. She was a good friend of the Butlers. She not only was good at helping children at birth, she was shrewd in dealing with them as they grew up. Jane shared one such instance that occurred while they were living at the farm at Jericho:

Mother was going into town with Grandma Ramsey who was a midwife and assisted my mother in the births of several of her children. Olive and I wanted to go but mother didn't want us to. Finally Grandma Ramsey brought out a nickel and a dime and told us if we

would be good girls and stay home without crying we could have the coins and because I was the youngest I could have first choice of the money. Of course, being greedy, I chose the nickel because it was the largest. It was a bitter pill when I found the dime bought twice as much as my large nickel.⁵¹

Medicinal Matters & Asafetida

Having just shared a little about medicinal practices in the late 1800's, it seems fitting to mention another somewhat humorous one.

An interesting and lesser-known part of life for little children during the home doctoring era of the 1800's was a thing called "Asafetida." John's daughter Carrie remembered that when she went to school as a young girl, parents believed asafetida kept germs away, so she and her brothers and sisters wore a little muslin bag full of it on their chests. This was carried like a necklace, with a string around their necks and the asafetida bag tucked inside their clothing. Carrie remembered asafetida being a "gummy" substance that she thought came off the bark of trees, and that she wore it day and night especially in winter. The book *Our Pioneer Heritage*⁵² carried a cute article about the practice:

I remember when children wore asafetida bags as a deterrent to contagious disease germs. Many, too young to have shared in this odd bit of home doctoring or "cure all" have escaped the worst smell known to "preventive medicine."

To make an asafetida bag you sewed several lumps of the evil smelling stuff into a small sack with stout stitches. There it swung from frost until corn planting time, when germs presumably went away for the summer. Once in place, the asafetida bag was never changed, never removed. By winter's end, it had taken on quite a patina. And if the passing of time thinned or diluted the richness of its aroma, memory denies it. Mercifully, not all the kids were obliged to wear these germ repellants. But even a contaminated minority created a fearsome stench in a one-room school housing a hot stove and fifteen or twenty children.

Did the asafetida bag safeguard the wearer? Well, yes, but only because no germ with any other alternative would approach him for any reason, good or bad. Neither anybody else. Isolated as he was, what disease could he get? He breezed through the winter sleek and healthy, while the unprotected exchanged germs freely, and "came down" with everything.

Later in life, when Carrie read this article, she "surely laughed and chuckled" at the memory. She also shared when she decided to throw caution to the wind as well as her asafetida bag. While playing at the schoolyard a game was selected and the youngsters in charge said adamantly, "anyone with an Asafetida bag cannot play in this game!"

Chapter Eleven

Butler Family Life

In the previous chapter we explored aspects of John's character using stories from his children. A grandson, Ross Butler, recalled that when he was a boy his father, John III, "often told stories of his father, mother and family, for they were a close and loving family."¹ This chapter is likewise a collection of stories that portray other aspects of John's character and also what life was like in the Butler family. We'll start first with a few random observations from John's children.

"Father used to like to quote poetry," according to Jane who particularly remembered him liking a poem which began, "The curfew must not ring tonight. . . ." She reflected, "he really did quote poetry well."²

Jane was also impressed with her father's knowledge of astronomy: "He told about the stars. He could tell the time of day by the shadow from a post or tree. He showed the kids the big dipper and the little dipper." She added that "the Almanac was very important in mother's and father's life."³

As far as political views, Jane stated that her father "was a staunch Republican. He was not radical." But he didn't force his political views on his children and interestingly his son, John III, was a "staunch Democrat." Jane recalled that her father and oldest brother "kidded each other" about their political leanings.⁴

Jane also stated that her father "was a very fine woodsman. He would know how to survive under serious conditions. He would have been a very good scout."⁵ John spent a lot of time in the wilderness of the mountains or desert, and often took his children with him. Some of his oldest son's "favorite stories would deal with herding sheep when only 10-11 years of age, and using the Needle gun to keep coyotes away." John III "was 6' 3 3/4" tall, and as a boy big for his age, and his father gave him considerable responsibility. At age 11 he spent much of the summer alone at sheep camp."⁶

Responsibility and self-reliance were among the many things John taught his children.

Teaching His Children

More than anything John taught his children that they were loved, and he did this by spending time with them. As Carrie mentioned, "he was quite a hand to take me with him different places."⁷ As a little boy, K.T. remembered his father taking the time to walk down to the nearby Sevier River and take him fishing. It wasn't a grand excursion, they just "fished for carp and suckers" there, but John's little boy was so excited and "proud to catch a nice carp."⁸ The time spent with "Pa" was all that really mattered.

Aside from love, the most important thing John and his wives taught their children was right from wrong. John certainly disciplined misbehavior (although he seemed more prone to just laugh about it at times), but unlike other men of his day, it does not appear that John employed harshness or brute force very often when correcting his children. In contradiction to the biblical adage, John did "spare the rod." Even the fighter, K.T., only remembered getting a "whipping" once, by his dad's razor strap on his bottom, and the majority of that punishment consisted of a lecture not the strap. Aside from that, I have yet to come across any other account of John so much as spanking his children. Nevertheless, his children all grew up to be good, well-disciplined young men and women.

Here are a few stories of discipline and teaching in the Butler family. First Jane related that:

One evening K.T. and I were acting up at the table. Father warned us in his stern voice to behave but we kept up our laughing, etc. K.T. was sent outside to remain until after dinner. I had to stay at the table and eat when I had no appetite at all after K.T., who was starved, was outside without food and I was at the table eating and wasn't hungry.⁹

On another occasion K.T. saw a magpie in their tree. He "was a good shot with a flipper or slingshot" and so "he put a rock in his flipper and took a bead on the magpie." As he watched it fall from the tree, he was surprised that he actually hit it. He told his family about his success as a hunter, and was quite excited "until he found the bird was a tame magpie, a pet that belonged to [their] neighbor. The man had split the bird's tongue and it could talk." Although mortified, K.T. learned a great lesson when his father made him "take the dead magpie to the neighbor, tell them about what he had done and ask forgiveness."¹⁰

According to Jane, John often taught the children: "There are two things I will not tolerate, and that is a thief and a liar!"¹¹ Even as a very little girl, Carrie learned that both were cause for punishment.

When I was five, Sadie had a birthday party. Someone gave her one of these little glass desert dishes full of raisins. Each one of us girls had what we called these little tea boxes, real light wood, and pictures on outside, and we used them for our little trunks, as they had hinges on, and this would be where we would keep our little keepsakes. Sadie had put her little dish of raisins in her tea box. She went to get some one day and they were gone. So they inquired around, my mother

did. My oldest sister Zettie came to me privately and offered me some of her little trinkets if I would say I took the raisins. I replied, “but I didn’t!”

She said “that doesn’t matter.”

Then she offered me something more that I really wanted, so I said I would. I was so delighted I went with a hop skip and a jump to where mother was doing a washing, with one tub on a bench. I told her I had taken the raisins. She sat down on the other end of the bench and took me over her knee and spanked me good – with me crying.

Later Zettie took me for a walk and soothed me and made me feel better. Some time later I confessed to mother what really happened, and she said, “well, I don’t have any sympathy for you – you still needed the spanking for telling a lie!”¹²

In later life, as Carrie and Zettie reminisced over this incident, Zettie laughingly “confessed she was the ‘meanest’ one of the bunch!”

Carrie was very sick through much of her childhood and unable to attend school until she was nine years old. However, her mother Ettie taught her to read and otherwise schooled her at home. She apparently was a good teacher, because when Carrie could finally attend school she was able to start in her normal class level.¹³ Among the things Ettie taught Carrie during her home schooling was that she could run.

When I was nearly six years old we lived on Uncle Tom’s place. Mother wanted me to come and get my hair combed, then give me a lesson in reading, as she was teaching me herself to read. I decided I did not want to do that just then. She got very stern and started towards me. I thought the best thing for me to do was to run. Well, she taught me then and there that she could run faster than I could. I did run for all I was worth – and I was a good runner, but so was mother. I was running so fast my long hair stood straight out – and mother caught me by the hair! She also was very spry on her feet, but I surely did give her a merry chase.¹⁴

Sometimes parents have to correct the erroneous teaching their children get from other sources. This is a particularly difficult challenge when such comes from a respected source like a teacher at church or school, because the parent has to find a way to correct the error taught, without shaking the child’s confidence in the institution. Ettie faced such a situation with her 10 or 12-year-old daughter Sadie when an errant teacher at church taught her class of young girls “that they had the right to know who they were going to marry if they prayed with faith.” It was a totally incorrect principle and many mothers would have been mad at hearing such a thing, but Ettie, with a bit of divine help, rectified the situation with incredible wisdom, as her grandson, Reed Richards, related:

I don’t know if any of the other girls followed the teacher’s instructions but mother [Sadie] did. After she had prayed she had a

dream. She dreamt that a personage took her into a large room apparently a banquet room. There were many tables and everything was covered by a white sheet. However, the form of the dishes, glasses and all the paraphernalia for a banquet could be seen. The person that was directing her told her to look at the head table and said there is the man you will marry. She saw it was also covered by a white sheet that showed the form of the dishes and utensils and in the center the sheet showed it was covering a man sitting at the table.

Her dream then ended and in the morning she told her mother about the dream and how perplexed she was and wanted to know what it meant. And Grandma [Ettie], that wise little lady took mother in her arms and told her that the Lord was telling her that she would be married and not to worry because the Lord also was telling her that now was not the time to know who her husband would be. And mother was happy and pleased with the sweet interpretation, counsel and advice of a wise and knowing mother.¹⁵

As an older youth, Sadie had another experience involving inconsistent teaching at Church, but this was more humorous than problematic. For much of John's adult life he was quite prosperous and occasionally made trips to San Francisco. On at least one of these trips he brought back "some of the finery" for his "very beautiful daughters," including Sadie.

Sadie had some friends who invited her to come and spend some time with them at their home in Salt Lake City. Well, these friends were daughters of a Church apostle, and Sadie remembered hearing him give a talk in Richfield about the "evils of ribbon inserts in women's undergarments and the need for more simplicity and modesty in women." Accordingly, she "felt it would be inappropriate to go to the home of this apostle and embarrass his daughters" with "all these fine things that her father had brought her from San Francisco, so she left all these things home."

But "to her amazement when she arrived in Salt Lake his wife and daughters all had very fine under-things," and instead of Sadie embarrassing them, they all "felt quite sorry for this poor little country girl from Southern Utah" who had nothing but very simple clothes.

Feeling somewhat incensed at the perceived hypocrisy, Sadie went to the apostle and demanded, "What do you mean coming down and telling us how sinful this is, and now I find that your wife and daughters wear these things that you are objecting to?"

A bit sheepishly he responded honestly, "Look, Sadie, I can't get my wife and daughters to do anything I ask them."¹⁶

Honesty was a principle John seems to have stressed more than any other with his children. An example of this occurred one day when his daughter Jane was playing with a friend, Nora Thurber. The Butler's neighbor, Mrs. Christensen, had a plum tree with branches full of plums that hung over a rock wall into their yard.

Nora suggested, "Let's take some of Old Lady Christensen's plums."

Jane reflecting that she “had been trained not to steal,” responded, “No, that’s stealing.”

Nevertheless, Nora was determined, and climbed up on the wall and picked some of the plums, handing Jane a handful. Jane tried one and found that it was so sour that she couldn’t eat it. Jane shared, “I didn’t know what to do with them, so I put them down in the blouse of my dress. It bothered me to have them. I went home and upstairs where some carpet rags were in the old cradle, [I hid] the plums down in the rags. After going to bed, I couldn’t sleep—I was worried that Ma might go up and find the plums. But next morning I forgot it and went to play.

As always seems to happen, Jane’s parents found out about the plum stealing and soon she heard her father’s stern voice calling to her, “Daughter!” Jane immediately thought, “Oh, no, plums!”

Jane “assured Pa that *she* hadn’t stolen them.”

John patiently listened, but then advised her that she had taken some of the fruit and “you knew they were stolen—so you are just as bad as Nora!”

John then had her get the plums out of her hiding place and Jane “tearfully took the plums to Sister Christensen and asked forgiveness.”

Jane remembered “it was a bitter lesson” and for some time felt her “father had used very poor judgement” in making her take a bunch of useless sour fruit back, but in later life she would be grateful for her father’s wisdom.¹⁷

As a child, Jane seemed to have a propensity for learning “bitter lessons” but often in a humorous way. Here’s another of her stories:

A boy we called Wiff Whitehead (his real name was Nielson or Jensen), sat behind me in school. He was constantly unbraiding or pulling my long hair that was done up in braids. One day when he was pestering me the teacher threatened to make him stand in the corner if he didn’t stop. He continued so I took hold of one braid and flipped it back, popping him in the eye. The teacher threatened him again, he continued to pester so I tried not to let it bother me. When the bell rang for recess I got up to march out and a girl said, “Oh Jane, look at your hair!”

Wiff had taken his pocket knife and had cut one of my braids off! Mother had to cut the other one off to match. I was so mad that I was going to hate Wiff always!

Not long after that Wiff contracted typhoid fever and died. Our teacher, Rena Ogalvy and I took flowers to his mother from our class. His poor mother was so heartbroken she cried and thanked us over and over for being such good friends. I felt so bad and guilty because I had hated him.¹⁸

“Father was very devoted with the idea of having respect for the Sabbath day,” according to Jane, who also shared that in the midst of what appeared to all to be a very successful mining operation, he “never allowed his mine workers to work on Sunday.”

A fun example of his strict observance of the Sabbath occurred after the Butler-Beck Mine had failed and John was living there alone as hired caretaker.

A highlight of each week was when he would leave each Sunday morning and walk 2 miles up Deer Creek Canyon to the Silver King Mine, the owner of which was also a faithful Church member, and spend the Sabbath with them. On one of these trips he was surprised to find the men missing and the area seemingly deserted. Upon finally finding someone in the kitchen, he asked, “Where are the men?”

The response, “Well, they’re down in the mine.”

In dismay he exclaimed, “What? On the Sabbath?!”

He was then informed it was Monday! Alone on a mountain it’s easy to lose track of the days. The “Saturday” he had worked so hard preparing for this trip, in reality had been Sunday, so the Silver King men later joked that it was *he* who was the Sabbath breaker!¹⁹

John also always paid his tithing, even later in his life when he was in the depths of poverty, as Jane related:

He was a staunch tithe payer. When we were so poor we didn’t have enough to eat, and he took the cow, the only one we had, and paid his tithing. He was sick from then on, and when he died he died in poverty.²⁰

John made prayer a central part of Butler family life also, as Carrie remembered:

My parents loved the Gospel and they taught it to me. We had family prayers in our home night and morning – we would surround our table with chairs back to the table. There was close unity and love in my father’s family.²¹

Faith & Spiritual Insight

I have not found any record of callings or positions John held in the Church, nor did his children mention any,²² nevertheless there are numerous accounts demonstrating his strong faith, devotion, and testimony of the gospel. Perhaps the lack of positions in the Church had much to do with the frequency in which he moved from place to place, and the amount of time he spent in the mountains away from home. It certainly was not due to any lack of fidelity, testimony, or living of gospel standards on his part. John was a true “Saint” throughout his life.

In addition to teaching his children to live gospel principles and keep the commandments, John’s children also noted that he demonstrated a keen spiritual insight. “My Father seemed to be filled with the spirit and believed so strong in the spirits on the other side,” stated John’s daughter Olive, who shared the following example:

When Father was working in the mountains and away from home he had something that could have been a very bad accident. But somehow it was avoided.

In the meantime mother had a feeling that things were not going right, and she prayed for them that day and wrote it down, and when he came home and told her of what almost happened, she checked what she had written down, and it was at the same time. When they compared notes they both knew the Spirit of the Lord had been with them, and that their prayers had been answered.

This happened many times. I remember my parents talking about various incidents during their life time when the feeling of the need for faith and prayer for someone away from home would arise and they would pray for them, and their prayers were answered as the loved one away from home was helped through this faith.²³

John was quick to use the priesthood he held to bless his children. Olive shared that “when father would leave to go to the sheep and cattle camps he was always so concerned over the family that if there was any sickness he would always administer to them before he left. I do know that John Lowe Butler II, my father was very prayerful and very concerned over any illness in the family.”²⁴

John’s church service extended well beyond his family also; even after his death that service was continued by his wives and children. Olive shared that a year and a half after her father’s death, their friend Sister Thirza Thurber was ill, so her mother Ettie sent Horace to her house to help with anything she needed. The night Thirza died, Horace and her son stayed up comforting her as she passed away. Not realizing how ill she was, Ettie “felt so bad to think she had failed” to go herself. Ettie also wished that she had told Sister Thurber about her own children and “their spiritual growth.” Because “she felt that would be the first thing [John] would ask Sister Thurber when she joined them in the spirit world.” According to Olive, Ettie “was that converted to the spiritual maneuvers of the church.”²⁵

John was also a patient missionary. A man named McCarty had left the Church years earlier due to some perceived, or perhaps even real, dishonesty by some involved in the United Order practiced in Sevier County in the 1870’s. Even with his head hurting so bad that he had to travel at night, John would take the time to stop at the McCarty’s on his way home from the mine. John would politely listen to McCarty’s concerns and feelings, and find ways to share his testimony and preach the gospel during their conversations. A few years after John’s death, Olive met up with the daughter of this McCarty and shared that she was then “a very good LDS” and that “her father was reconverted back into the Church by my father’s preaching.”²⁶

John passed his missionary spirit on to several of his children as well. His daughter Jane remembered that when she was in fourth grade she’d often walk home from school with her friend Maggie Erickson who belonged to the Methodist Church. They’d often “argue about religion” but neither convinced the other which church was right; finally they simply “settled with a pact to meet in heaven and settle it then.” It was a remarkably wise way for two school girls to settle the impasse really. But it didn’t come to that, shared Jane about 75 years later: “It is now 1974 and I am 86 years old and was told Maggie Erickson joined the L.D.S. church, married a Mormon man and was living in Nevada.”²⁷

Temple Trip For Carrie

Perhaps in no way was John's faith demonstrated more than in his dealings with his daughter Carrie. Carrie was sickly throughout her childhood and youth, with a number of ailments and several times seemed almost certain to die. Her worst childhood ailment began as a result of an accident, suffered at the Butler's first home in Richfield, the rented house that had "the lovely fruit and shade trees."²⁸ Here's how Carrie told the story:

When five years old I well remember playing out in the yard. My eldest sister Zettie was washing dishes in the wooden sink close to the kitchen door. I had a willow pushing it up through the spout where the dish water would come out and empty into a large barrel. There were three steps. I ran inside to see if my willow came through, then turned to run down the steps, when I fell. Zettie was laughing at my pranks when I turned to run down the steps. I lost my balance and fell. They found later that I had broken a blood vessel back of my left ear. I was unconscious when they picked me up. I finally came to, but felt very ill, and in about an hour I vomited about a quart, more or less, of blood. My nose started to bleed. The blood had been draining into my stomach. I was an invalid with hemorrhages from the nose for several years. It would bleed from six to twelve hours at a time. The doctors could do nothing for me.²⁹

As a result of this accident, she became so frail and the recurring nosebleeds so dangerous, that she was kept out of school and taught by her mother until she was almost 9 years old. While at the family farm in the summer of her 9th year, 1889, she endured the worst episode of all, one that nearly took her life.³⁰

The water was turned out of a large ditch or wash that came out of the canal above us, and overflowed when the water was high. When the water was turned out it left large pools of water all along where it ran through our land, and flowed into the Sevier River. As those pools had fish in them, we children went down there to catch fish with our hands.

About 11:00 A.M. my nose started to bleed, and bled continuously for twenty-four hours, the longest time yet. I would be so weakened they would have to feed me with a spoon. Everything possible was done to stop it with no avail.

The next day the bleeding finally did stop, but for one week she "lay so helpless." The doctor gave up all hope telling John that "there wasn't anything they could do, the little blood left would turn to water, a dropsical condition would set in and that would be the last of [Carrie.]" With that John came to his little girl's bedside and promised to take her to the newly completed Manti Temple, where Carrie would be administered to within those holy walls. This wasn't an easy trip in those days, but to John any sacrifice was worth saving one of his children. Carrie remembered, "Mother sat close to my bed sewing and preparing for the trip. Father put in the covered wagon a straw stuffed tick and made a good soft bed for me."

Carrie, in company with her father and mother, left their farm and drove to Richfield, where they stayed overnight with her Uncle James Butler. There it was decided that Aunt Lottie, who was also in poor health, would accompany them, along with her eldest daughter Elizabeth to care for her. Also making the trip were some “lovely cookies” that Elizabeth had made. Carrie remembered these well, such are the important memories of childhood!

It is over 50 miles from Richfield to Manti and it required a very long day of travel by team to get there. It was after dark that night when they arrived at the home of John’s sister, Adeline Allen, who lived at the foot of the hill the Manti Temple sits atop. Adeline had previously moved to Manti with the purpose of serving in the temple.

Carrie remembered that “when we got up that morning I was so bloated they could not get my dress on. They ripped them out and pinned them on the best they could. They said I was like glass, they could see the shadow of their finger through my ear lobe. Father carried me up the path to the Temple. . . . I well remember his eyes and realized he was praying with all his heart. . . . Father took me into a lovely room where three men administered to me, and then father and mother took me home to Aunt Adeline’s and put me to bed.”

For the next three days John and Ettie continued to serve in the temple. According to Carrie, “my parents took me with them each morning where these men would give me another blessing, then my cousin would care for me while my parents went through for endowment work for the dead. My condition improved each day until Friday the last day was over. No sign of my dropsy was to be seen, and has never bothered from that day to this.”

The doctor was quite surprised and remarked, “well, if she lives through her developing period she may outgrow it.” Carrie did outgrow it, “the next four years I could not do the things other children did, but the nose bleeding slowly dwindled.” Very surprising to all of her brothers and sisters, Carrie would live another 80 years after this special temple trip. However, as we’ll see later, this would not be her last brush with death, nor John’s last act of faith on her behalf, or example of his spiritual discernment which would involve her.

John’s children making trips to the Manti Temple was not isolated to this one occasion with Carrie. Jane related a trip she took as well:

When I was 8 years old I went with Uncle Jim and his family to Manti and stayed with Aunt Adeline. I went to the Manti temple and was baptized for several people. That experience was one of the great thrills of my life. We made the trip in a wagon over very dusty roads.³¹

Filthy Tobacco

“Gee, I’m surely thankful for the teaching of my parents and the Church and especially I’m glad that I have nothing to do with the filthy tobacco habit.”³²

John and Ettie’s oldest son, John III, recorded the declaration above shortly before his death at age 63. He is among several of John’s children that testified that adherence to the “Word of Wisdom,” the Church’s prohibition against the

use of tobacco, alcoholic beverages, tea, and coffee, was strictly taught in the Butler home.

This may seem at odds with a comment John makes at the end of a letter to his wife. This sweet love letter, written at the time of Ettie's birthday and a few months before their wedding anniversary, is the second of only two examples of John's own writing that I've found. As such it gives us a rare insight into his personality, heart, and faith. His spelling has been left unchanged, but remember that with little access to dictionaries and computerized spell checking, few spelled well in John's era.³³

Jerico Mar the 3rd 1889

Address to Mrs. N. Fransetta Butler
by her husband John L. Butler

Dear Eta,

You will be thirty-four years olde tomorrow it will be sixteen years next June since we covenanted in the house of God to travel life's journey together and if we maintained these covenants to extend through the countless ages of eternity.

Sixteen years, Oh the veried trials and plesures we have passed through in so shorte a time and my harte swells with gratitude that in all those trials you have been a kinde and affectionate companion, a wise council, and an indulgent mother. You have also been especially kinde to my mother, a mother to my brothers, and a true Later day Saint, and when the hand of affliction rested heavily upon me it seemed to awaken every faculty in you to soothe and incourage and strengthen my faith in the gospel and also my affection for you. Even your hand laid upon my fourhead was a soothing balm. Well mite the aged poet Guerold Massey say in adressing his companion:

Tis long, long since our new love
Made life divine
But age inricheth true love
Like noble wine

I can truly say that my prayers to my heavenly father is that our affection may continue to grow stronger through out time and all eternity.

Now Eta I am weak and my appetite has controlled me but out for the sake of the many blessings I have received from my heavenly Father (and you are the gratest by far), for the sake of our children and the principles of the Gospel, I will make another atempt to quit the filthy habit of smoking and if the Lord will help me and strengthen me I will not smoke any more after this day.

J L Butler

Jane stated that her father quit smoking “as a birthday present for Etty,” which confirms what he wrote in the above letter. Still, John continued to chew tobacco some. Jane shared that “he bloated up all across his chest. The doctor said he had this poison in his body so much that he had fat around his heart, and so it would be dangerous to quit chewing.” Even so, Ettie said that “he used very little” and that “he was sorry he had used tobacco.” Even with his own struggles, John apparently did a fairly good job teaching his children to avoid the habit, because only one of his thirteen living children smoked.³⁴

Now, lest the reader judge John inappropriately because of his struggles with something that is very much shunned by society today, especially by faithful members of the LDS Church, John’s tobacco use should be viewed in the context of the time in which he was living.

It should be remembered that in 1833 when the Lord gave Joseph Smith the revelation now referred to as the Word of Wisdom,³⁵ he mercifully did so “not by commandment or constraint” but in the form of counsel. The Lord knew it would take a couple of generations for these habits to get worked out of the Church’s collective system, to the point where the members really would see it and live it as a commandment, as we do now. Mercifully, there followed what we might think of as a *phase-in* period. As the Church members and leaders grew stronger, they would begin to realize that anything the Lord “counsels” them to do is really a “commandment,” but this process would take many years. The push for Church members to view it as a commandment didn’t occur until well after John was married, and it would be well after his death that Church policy was instituted to deny temple admittance or priesthood to those who disobeyed the Word of Wisdom.

For members of the Church today, it is very different. Simply put, unlike our forebears, *we know better*. We can now also see clearly the “evils and designs . . . of conspiring men in the last days” that the Lord “forewarned” us about when He first gave the commandment.³⁶ In short, for Church members today, the *phase-in* period is over. We have had generations of teaching, so that now anything short of complete compliance with this law signifies rebellion on our part. Paul’s teaching to the ancient Athenians about idol worship applies to us today regarding adherence to the Word of Wisdom: “And the times of this ignorance God *winked* at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent.”³⁷

Church members today who are very familiar with this law should remember, God is done “winking.”

When the Lord gives clear understanding like Church members now have, He expects strict obedience. It is different for them now than it was in John’s day.

Even so, John understood the power of a father’s example in the lives of his children. Nor was he a hypocrite, he *lived* what he *taught*. So in the late 1880’s when his children were growing older and the Church was encouraging all to live the Word of Wisdom, John gave up a difficult habit as indicated in his letter. Besides, it was a wonderful birthday present for his dearly loved wife.

Household Chores

Like most pioneer households at the time, in the Butler family there was a distinct division of labor by gender. As Olive reflected, John “felt it was enough [for his girls] to keep up their religious training, schooling and the art of homemaking. Mother and the girls never thought of working in the fields, or for anyone else.” Of course, when John’s health declined towards his death, the girls would hire out to support themselves and help the family. The girls also helped with milking and other chores around the house, and as Olive pointed out, “all of the girls learned to ride a horse and to drive a team of horses such as modern girls drive cars,” as well as learning “cooking, bread making, sewing, spinning and dyeing wool, and carding it into a roll.”³⁸

Ettie was considered by all who knew her as the ultimate pioneer homemaker, expert at many household skills and extremely hard working, “a very busy woman throughout her life.” Uncle Jim stated “that she did more work with her hands than anyone he knew.”³⁹ Jane left us this synopsis of some of her skills:

Mother could do all kinds of repair work. She had a shoe last, and made and repaired all of our shoes. She tanned the leather and made moccasins for me until I was in the third grade. To make the braided fabric soles last longer she melted balsam gum and soaked the soles in the gum, rubbed them in sand and let them dry for several days on the roof of the house. She would then sew leather tops on the soles. The soles would not wear out and would go through several changes of tops before being outgrown. Mother made starch from potatoes, lye from wood ashes, dye from mahogany bark and indigo root. She used Indian paintbrush to make red dye. She made her mill soap, dried fruit and vegetables. She was a beautiful quilter with stitches so tiny and even. She gathered, carded and spun wool on the spinning wheel. Using a loom she wove the wool yarn into fabric. Her sewing skills came in handy with six daughters to raise. She eventually bought a Singer sewing machine. It had a big wooden case that fit over it. My mother was also a kind and good neighbor, loved by all. We didn’t get cookies very often and when we did we couldn’t understand why mother didn’t like them and always gave them all to us kids.⁴⁰

John made regular trips to Provo to sell wool from his sheep to the large mill there. Olive related that sometimes from these trips “he also brought back leather, a half cow-hide at a time. The heavier part was used for soling the men’s and cowboy’s shoes. The fine or thin leather of the belly was used for the women’s and children’s shoes.” In particular, Olive carried a special memory of her mother making a beautiful pair of black velvet slippers, with sewn on sole leather, just so Olive could look nice on stage in an event at school.⁴¹

Candle making was another important household chore in pioneer times. Carrie mentioned having “watched my mother make candles many a time. She had little tin molds, with a string for a wick. Mother melted the tallow and filled

these molds, making about six candles at a time, and I remember the string sticking up.”

It was a thrilling time for the children when the family got their first coal oil lamp. According to Carrie’s memory, it was the mid-1880’s after they had moved to Richfield, and one day John “brought home this glass lamp, with a handle, or glass ring at the side to put a finger through to carry it. He brought it in and set it up on the mantle and we all gathered around as he lit it. We were thrilled and most admiring of this better light.”⁴² In reality it was nothing compared to today’s electric lights, but it was a huge step up from candles.

Housecleaning was considerably different during pioneer times. Olive gave us this insight into what the process was like in the Butler home:

One of the interesting things I remember was when mother and daughters house-cleaned they would whitewash the walls and put clean carpeting down with clean straw for padding which would have more spring than modern carpet. It would be from wall to wall, and each year this would be taken up and a new padding put down. The Nottingham lace curtains were washed, stretched and re-hung with a beautiful decoration on the hook that held the draped curtains back. It was a large room with several windows. Mother made use of her front room, unlike some people that would not allow children in the front room. She allowed children in her front room at various times.⁴³

Sewing was a big part of life for the women of the Butler family. Ettie was an excellent seamstress. Early in her married life all sewing was done by hand, but Ettie eventually acquired a pedal-operated sewing machine, which Jane described as having “a big box on top,” and “a long bobbin.” She never did have an electric sewing machine.⁴⁴

Olive shared that when John made trips to Provo taking wagonloads of wool to sell at the mill, he would “bring back bolts of factory cloth, enough to make dresses for two families so some of us were dressed alike. Mother did a lot of sewing and each of the girls learned to sew as we grew. Zettie, the oldest girl, was a big help to her when sewing for the younger ones.”⁴⁵

Of course, in such a large family, clothes were handed down from older to younger children. However, Ettie was creative in “making-over” these clothes to fit and personalize them for the recipient. Even so, for children at the end of the hand-me-down line, like youngest daughter Eva, everyone knew that the outfit used to belong, albeit in a different form, to someone else. For example, Olive remembered that when Eva would go to grade school in a newly made dress, one of the first questions her classmates would ask was, “Whose was it?” Kind of sad for a little girl sporting what to her was a lovely new dress, but Eva “took it quite well.” Olive remembered coming home once with a “quite new style cap (kind of sporty looking)” that she had bought with money she earned working away from home. She decided to give it to her little sister. Eva was surprised and thrilled to have something really “brand new,” even store bought, and exclaimed, “Oh, now when they say ‘whose was it’ can I say it was ‘botten’ for me!”⁴⁶

Because of her skill as a seamstress, Ettie's children remembered that she always had lovely clothes, especially during the family's prosperous years, and that she was poised and graceful as she moved about.⁴⁷ Her children were dressed well also, for instance Olive remembered wearing "red wool flannel petticoats which were considered a luxury."⁴⁸

Even Ettie's work clothes seemed classy. "Mother used to wear a long white apron with tucks and homemade insertions," according to Olive, who added, "the wide strings which I tied many times for her had the same trim." Perhaps what stood out most of all to Olive was a huge petticoat Ettie had. "I remember ironing a white islet embroidery petticoat of hers that she made long before I was born. It was about 5 yards around (or so it seemed to me) but I always liked trying to iron all of it."⁴⁹

Ironing was considerably different in the days before electric irons. Ettie had three irons that were kept hot on the wood stove,⁵⁰ as the one she was using cooled she simply exchanged it for another to keep the process moving along.

Worn out clothes were torn or cut into strips, sewn together, and woven into rugs and carpets. Ettie "prepared the material for weaving yards and yards of carpet" according to Olive. All the children have fond memories of these rag carpets and rugs adorning their home.⁵¹

In addition to sending wool from their sheep herd to the mill in Provo, the Butler women also processed it for home use. After picking and carding it, some was used to make bats for quilts. Ettie was known as a "beautiful quilter."

After preparing the wool into rolls, Ettie would make it into yarn using a large spinning wheel set up in the attic. She then wove the yarn into fabric on a loom or used it for knitting. As Olive put it, "she did the knitting for so many."⁵²

The children remembered that Ettie often would retire to the attic to spin, after the other household chores were completed. Olive also carried a special memory of her mother spinning and in particular the patience she demonstrated:

Before I was old enough to go to grade school I walked in mother's shadow and asked so many questions and remember that she did up her house work in the forenoon, then dressed in a brown alpaca 12 gore skirt which had buckroom (stiffening) about a foot wide in the bottom of the skirt which was lined. She wore a shirt waist with a white collar.

Then I followed her up in the attic and watched her spin wool into yarn. I can see her now, as she stepped so gracefully back and forth and turned the big spinning wheel. The way her skirt rippled and flared about, I thought she was so beautiful.

I coaxed to spin. Finally she let me try by standing on a bench. She patiently helped me and when I fell down she said I had spun some yarn and had helped her.

At that time my ambition was to grow tall, wear a 12 goured skirt and spin yarn with a big wheel. Well, that was a long time ago, and if we had that spinning wheel now it would be quite a valuable antique.⁵³

Rather than spin, the kids were enlisted to hold the skeins of yarn while their mother wound it into balls. To them it seemed her hands were always moving, always doing something, never idle. Years later, as her children celebrated the 100th anniversary of Ettie's birth, Olive reflected on her hands:

Yes, Mother did many things with her hands but I never remember seeing her drive a team or ride a horse and have wondered if she did. Mother did many things for me and the last time I looked at her dear hands, I thought then of how useful they had been and how much she did for me. That memory has stayed with me along with regrets that I didn't do more for her.⁵⁴

One of the things Ettie did with her hands was knit, and almost all her children described her as an amazing knitter. If knitting were an Olympic event, it seems that Ettie would have been a gold-medal contender. Carrie shared:

I never did see a person that could knit as fast as she could. And she knit the socks for the whole family, ten children. I have seen her start a stocking when we would be all around the fireplace for the evening, and when we would all get ready for bed she would ask someone to put some more wood on the fire, then she would cuddle herself over near the hearth and say that she was going to stay up a while. The next morning I noticed that the stocking was practically finished.⁵⁵

Home Evenings

K.T. was amazed at his mother's multi-tasking ability; for instance, she could read stories to them and knit at the same time:

One of my fondest memories was when I was a child, in Richfield, at our home there. We laid down on the home-made carpet in front of the fireplace, and mother would read the Improvement Era from cover to cover, out loud—and she would be knitting while she did it. That is one of my fondest memories. I don't see how she could do it. She loved the Church books and magazines.⁵⁶

“We had some beautiful home evenings. . . most all our evenings were Home Evenings,” K.T. remembered.⁵⁷ Olive described the setting of this nightly family time:

Our living room was divided into three parts, the fireplace in the middle of the end of the room. On one side was a storage space to put large chunks of pine logs and above that shelves to the ceiling. On the other side was a pioneer secretary painted the color of sagebrush. We made a semi-circle of chairs around the fireplace and I would sit on a three-legged stool and loved to listen to their stories which included the days of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young coming across the plains. Our family brought 11 across the plains and none died.⁵⁸

Ettie's place in this setting was in front of the sandstone fireplace, with whatever book or magazine she was reading from resting on "the stand table." Reading or not, her "hands were always busy." K.T. stated that "her knitting would usually be long, black stockings as we kids always had to wear them in cold weather." The children would be gathered around her comfortably on the rag carpet listening and playing. The younger kids, like "Baby Lee Tom," when he came along, would be playing with K.T.'s "prized wooden horse that Papa had carved" for him, or perhaps with some clay horse or figure that K.T. had molded from the red clay around their house, and Mr. Jeppson baked for him in the brick kiln near their home where the kids loved to play. Eva and Jane would often be playing with their dolls or "brushing and braiding their shining long hair." In addition to listening to their mother read, they would also play games and engage in other activities. For instance, occasionally "Eva would play on a make believe piano," while K.T. sang, "For I Am a Mormon Boy." K.T. fondly remembered singing in a boys' chorus, and "how [his] heart would swell" whenever they sang that song.⁵⁹ K.T. also shared that:

Sometimes we would put on shows. Eva would be the Prima Donna and play on her make-believe piano and sing some old songs such as "My Pretty Red Wing" and then Jane would come along and steal the show by singing in her sweet, lilting voice, "Sweet Adeline" or "Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home."

Lee and I, I am sure, made good audience until I could stand it no longer and would have to get my share of the limelight and would attempt to stand on my head on an apple limb or cut leaves off the tree with my braided whip.⁶⁰

Saturday evenings were a special time, if for no other reason than "Saturday night baths . . . in the old bathtub," including a whopping "whole teakettle full of hot water to warm it up." K.T. described how as a child he "loved to sit on the front hearth of the old cook stove while I dressed." That is "until one morning someone put a hot stove lid on the hearth," and "for some time I just did not enjoy sitting!"⁶¹

Happy Childhoods

Like those wonderful evenings spent as a family together, much of the Butler children's childhood life seems idyllic, and in many ways it was. Of course, there were occasional accidents and near tragedies. For instance, it seems several of the Butler children survived some near drowning incidents in the Sevier River. But in these it seemed a sibling was always near at hand to save the day, like this time shared by Jane:

One summer day Aunt Lottie, Carline, Ernest, Mother [Ettie], Olive, Taylor, Eva and I went on a picnic down by the river. There was not much water in the river so we did not think of danger. We were wading and splashing in the water when Olive and Carline stepped into

a deep whirlpool and neither of them could swim. The rest of us made a chain, K.T. going first and grabbing Olive's hand. We had a real struggle getting them out but finally pulled the exhausted girls to safety.⁶²

However, sometimes it was a sibling that precipitated the trouble, as Mary remembered:

Father moved us all out to the farm at Jerico, ten miles from Richfield, when I was about four years old. I remember well the day four of my half-sisters (Zettie, Sadie, Carrie, Olive) and I went floating in a big wooden tub. It was on a slew by the Sevier River. Watercress grew abundantly there, and the water was shallow. We had a gay time until my half-brother John capsized us.⁶³

Jane shared that when the danger was real, her oldest brother John III was there to rescue, not sink:

I was with Zettie, Sadie and Olive playing in the meadow. I slipped and fell into a deep wash that was full of water. My sisters screamed and my brother John who was working in the field came running to my rescue. He had a shovel over his shoulder and he jumped in the wash and pulled me out.⁶⁴

To little Jane her older brother John III "looked as tall as a telephone pole." Standing at almost 6 foot 4 inches tall, John III actually looked like that to most people. His future wife, Bertha Thurber, recounted that the first time she ever noticed him it was at the Sevier Academy. John was playing with some other friends and as they came running past her one of her classmates remarked in amazement, "That fellow is John *Lowe* Butler, he should be called John *High!*"⁶⁵

Just like coming to his little sister's rescue in the water, John III always acted as protector of his younger siblings. Zettie shared another such instance:

I attended a dance in Elsinore one evening and was asked to dance by a young Mr. Barney whom I didn't care for, and I declined the invitation. The young man became quite upset and demanding when my brother, John, came over and they walked outside together for a little talk. Later, the young man came to me and said, in his peculiar drawl, "You don't have to dance with me – I've made different arrangements with your brother."⁶⁶

Dances were regular events for the Butler children growing up, as Carrie shared:

When I was thirteen I went to a Primary party where they were dancing. My toes just would not stand still. I commenced dancing a little with my arms out in a circle, and my nose started to bleed, and that was the end of my dance that day, but as time passed I got to dancing. I was about fourteen when I could first dance with the young

folks. And when I was fifteen I made up for lost time. We had dances for the young teenagers in the Academy Hall, a church building. . . .

We had a nice crowd of young people. Times were much different in some ways. We had church Sunday afternoons, leaving the evenings free, and it was our custom to gather at the different homes and have very nice times playing games, music, and such things.⁶⁷

A girl like Carrie may not have been able to get her “toes [to] stand still,” but for a boy like K.T. the challenge was keeping them awake.

When I was old enough to be a Deacon, I took Cora Erickson to a Deacons’ dance. I soon got all the dancing I wanted and fell asleep on a bench in the corner, and Cora had to wake me up to take her home. I was very embarrassed but Cora acted like she was glad to be my girl.⁶⁸

Jane’s oldest brother may have been her protector and hero, but like any older brother he was also her teaser. On one occasion the kids were talking about their births, when Olive stated that “Grandma Ramsay brought me.”

Jane, curious about her birth, asked, “Who brought me?”

John III teasingly replied, “A squaw brought you—and she said she would come back and get you—and she never did!”

Little Jane believed him, especially later as she looked in the mirror in her bedroom, and saw she had brown skin and hair, and on top of that she noticed that her hair was fuzzy and she had trouble keeping a bonnet on. She began to cry, as in her mind it all made sense: she was an Indian!

When her mother found her and asked why she was crying, Jane said, “I want to be your little girl!”

Somewhat surprised, Ettie stated, “Why, you are my little girl.”

Thinking her mother was just trying to pacify her, Jane retorted, “No, I am not—I am a little Indian girl!”

Ettie told John III and the others that Jane really believed she was an Indian girl, and for some time they all “bent over backwards” to convince Jane she really belonged to them. It took a while, because she still thought they were all trying to just pacify her.⁶⁹

Another big surprise for little Jane was when she found out that her mother actually had legs. You see, little girls like Jane wore dresses, but they were shorter than the full-length dresses adult women like her mother wore, and she had never seen her mother without her long skirt before. “I knew she had feet,” related Jane years later, “but I didn’t know she had legs—you see I went to bed before mother did, and she was always up in the morning.” Then one day Jane found her “mother sitting on the edge of her bed putting on her stockings,” and “was really surprised to find out that she had two legs!”⁷⁰

Zettie recalled another interesting surprise. She was a young teenager at the time, and her side of the family were living at the farm at Jericho that summer. One day she was sent on her own to Richfield with a team and wagon for supplies. While there, she stayed overnight with her father’s second family and

helped her stepmother, Sarah, with a party for the younger children. As Zettie related, a literal party crasher made the event quite interesting:

Claud Baker's billy goat got loose and came to the party. He went right into the middle of it, and was butting kids on all sides. Aunt Sarah and I caught him by the horns and held him while the children ran into the house. We really had a struggle to get into the house ourselves without the goat!⁷¹

K.T. recalled that their neighborhood had lots of kids, and was alive with fun as they'd gather together:

The good times I remember as the most fun was playing run sheep run in the evenings in the streets of Richfield. Sometimes we had a bonfire, all the neighborhood kids would come—boys and girls would be there—we would roast potatoes and have a picnic. Olive was the fastest runner in the games. . . .

We made our own play things in those days—cross bows, spool wagons, willow whistles in the spring, and tick tack for Halloween, flippers and sling shots, stilts, yarn balls with a piece of rubber in the middle, and we molded horses and cows from clay.⁷²

Jane and K.T. certainly did create some interesting “play things.” Among these were little wagons, with thread spools for wheels, and tiny harnesses for a rather unique team of “horny toads and lizards.” Jane left us this description:

When we lived in Richfield we loved to play in a deep wash in the brush west of our house. The walls of the wash were cut straight down into the red clay and sand. K.T. made a narrow dugway, wide enough for a spool wagon and about two blocks long down the wash. He caught two lizards and made harnesses of string that fit over the lizards. He hooked the lizards on to a spool wagon and was determined to break them to haul a load on that dugway. He tried for hours to train the lizards to stay on the dugway but just as he thought they were doing well they would take off over the edge, turning the wagon over and tangling the string harness. He tried for a long time before finally giving up.⁷³

Of course, in K.T.'s version he related that it was Jane who “was a great little teamster on the dug ways,” and that “she helped to claw out the red dirt to make roads and farms for our horny toads and lizards.” At times they'd “bath in the spring ditch before” heading home, but usually “it was hungry and dirty kids that went home to mother for supper of lumpy dick.” *Lumpy Dick* was a type of flour and milk boiled pudding made in pioneer times, often when food supply was short. It was considered to be a treat by most children at the time. As K.T. remembered, “Mother had a way of making everything taste good,” while adding, “but we did have good fresh cows milk to make it go down easier” as well.⁷⁴

Sometimes the “play things” K.T. created did not work as planned, and that’s putting it mildly, as you’ll see in this story told by Jane:

K.T. invited Chester Christensen to come and sleep with him in the tree house. They had a piece of pipe several inches long, it was part of a toy cannon belonging to Chester. They decided to really scare the neighborhood on the fourth of July. We had a keg of black powder and some fuses in the grainery and K.T. felt he knew plenty about explosives so the boys got up just before daylight and tamped plenty of powder into the pipe cannon and fastened a fuse on one end. They lit the fuse and ran around the corner of the grainery to wait for the explosion, but nothing happened. K.T. peeked around the corner just as the device went off with a terrible bang. Mother and the rest of the family rushed out to see what had happened. There was K.T. shocked and bleeding mashed into the crisscross sticks of pine in our wood pile. The blast blew that toy cannon all to pieces. One piece cut a three inch limb off our silver maple tree. After pulling K.T. out of the wood pile we discovered his face was peppered with black powder burns and he had many small cuts and several specks of powder in the white part of one eye. At age 84 he still has some of that powder in his eye. Other than suffering from shock Chester was okay. That event really spoiled our Fourth of July, but was successful in awakening our corner of town.⁷⁵

K.T.’s misadventures in the tree house continued, as Jane related, but this time it was Jane who plotted against her brother:

K.T. built a tree house in our apple tree, took his bed roll up there and planned to catch the culprits who raided our cherry tree. I whispered his plan to a few of my close friends. After it grew dark and K.T. had gone to bed in the tree house my friends and I quietly crept toward the cherry tree. As K.T. heard us approaching he jumped from his hiding place and we all turned and ran as hard as we could. One boy jumped over the rock wall at Thorsen’s place, knocking a rock onto the sidewalk I was the last one running down the sidewalk and with no street lights I didn’t see the rock so tripped and fell. K.T. was screaming with delight at catching one of the thieves and was very disappointed it turned out to be me.⁷⁶

School is the setting where children learn many of life lessons that go far beyond what is taught in books. See if you can pick out what Jane really learned from this story:

Eliza Dahl was another teacher. We had double desks and Irene Seegmiller was my desk mate. Her father had been to a political rally and had heard a pretty new song, “Sweet Marie.” She sang me the words in a whisper. I told her I had some cousins who had been at the rally and that the way she sang it was not like my cousins had heard so

I sang my words to her. Suddenly our teacher said, "That's enough girls, after school you girls can come to the front and sing for all of us!"

I thought she might forget but at the end of the day she told us we should sing for the class and I was to sing first. I stood and sang as loud as I could:

Sweet Marie come to me, not because your face is fair,
But your soul so pure and sweet makes my happiness complete,
Makes me falter at your feet Sweet Marie.

The teacher then told Irene it was her turn and Irene started to cry. The teacher had mercy on her and didn't force her to sing.⁷⁷

Jane summed up the lesson she learned that day, "I was so mad at myself for not thinking of crying too!"

One of K.T.'s embarrassing moments dealt with a hat, not a song. As he put it, "Hats were always the bane of my life. They had a way of hiding in the oddest places and I could never find mine when I was in a hurry. One of my most embarrassing moments was forgetting to change my old red 'loppy' hat that I wore when I milked the cow. When I got to school the children started to snicker and point fingers at me and to my chagrin I found I still had on that silly little chore hat."⁷⁸ Of course, in the late 1800's hats were much more of a status symbol than they are today.

Unlike K.T., who was without doubt all boy through and through, and Jane who had a touch of tomboy in her at times, little Eva was all girl. K.T. shared:

Eva had an obsession to play the piano. It is surely a shame she didn't have the opportunity to take lessons. She was a very beautiful girl and looked so pretty in pink. She had a large pink bow she wore in her hair and a pink sash on her white dress. She grew even more beautiful as she grew up and older people even today, after not seeing her for so many years still remember her for her beauty and her sweet ways. The boys early started to admire her. . . .

Eva had the nesting instinct strong in her. She used to always have her doll near at hand when we were gathered around the fireplace. Sometimes I would have to play papa when she had the urge to play house. She would make mud pies and cakes and she baked them on mullen leaves and put to dry on a board all frosted with weed seeds. I could stand being a nice papa just so long, then I would have to turn into a villain and run away on my stick horse and maybe kidnap her doll. I would have to make sure it was the rag doll with the button eyes that she called Rosie. I early learned not to touch the doll with the bisque head and the kid body. She guarded this one so well, and would have hysterics if I so much as made a pass at that one.⁷⁹

One way for K.T. to regain his masculinity after "playing house" with Eva was to go hunting. Hunting was a significant part of Butler family life. Especially while working in the mountains, they used fish and wild game to supplement their food supply. In connection with that John taught his children

ethics in hunting and did not tolerate wanton killing, as this story by K.T. illustrates.

Horace was my ideal and I was always at his heels when I could. One time in the mountains when we needed fresh meat, Father went up one side of the creek and Horace and I went the other side. Horace saw deer come over the brink of a hill, he shot at it, then another came over the hill and he shot at it, not knowing he had hit any of them. We walked on and soon we saw fresh blood and found all three of those deer lying dead. Soon Papa came and he was unhappy we had so much venison on hand. There were three point deer. The rest of the day we spent our time skinning these deer and cutting them up and delivering the meat to neighbors because father would not let any of it go to waste.⁸⁰

Thomas Butler

Another aspect of the Butler children's happy childhood was John's brother Thomas. "Uncle Tom, as [they] always called him, was greatly loved by his nieces and nephews."⁸¹ As mentioned earlier, Thomas Butler was the youngest of the Butler Brothers, and for whatever reason never married. Except while away on missions, he always lived close to John's family and therefore most of his children, at least the older ones, developed a close relationship with him. Even though a relatively young man, Thomas was well respected and widely known in southern Utah,⁸² and seems to be universally described as tender-hearted and kind, especially around children. Carrie remembered that when she was about 8, Uncle Tom had sold some sheep and "let me hold the thousand dollars in my hand, so I could say I had held that much money."⁸³

As described in chapter eight, when the Butler Brothers partnership was dissolved and the three brothers moved from Panguitch to Sevier County, Thomas established his own farm at Brooklyn, just north of Monroe. Even so, he regularly worked together with his brother John and therefore had a little shack at the Jericho farm that he lived in at times. One day, when Jane was a tiny girl, she tried dressing up as a mother, complete with a large apron. Unfortunately, the apron was tied on the wrong side of her and dragged *behind* her "like a train" as she walked. All dressed up she visited her Uncle Tom "in his little shanty" near their house at the Jericho farm. Seeing her in this rather odd domestic attire, Uncle Tom greeted her with, "well, how are you old mother Bunch?"⁸⁴

Uncle Tom seemed to have a soft spot in his heart for this little 'old mother Bunch, even siding with her against an older sibling, as Jane shared:

Sadie and I were in Uncle Tom's shanty. Sadie wanted to go somewhere and didn't want me to go so kept running around things trying to lose me. I was determined to go with her so stuck right with her. Finally she disappeared and I couldn't find her. Uncle Tom had been observing what was going on and could see I was pretty upset.

There was a big old cradle in the shanty and it was full of clean clothes waiting to be sprinkled for ironing. Uncle Tom pointed to the cradle and of course I investigated and found Sadie buried under the clothes.⁸⁵

Another of Jane's stories showed that she viewed herself as "Uncle Tom's" little girl:

Uncle Tom had a farm out in a community called Brooklyn. I was out there one day and a little lamb came up to me. I tried to pet it and it ran away so I chased it. Pretty soon I looked up and all I could see was lucerne and grass so I laid down and started to cry. A man in a covered wagon came by, there was a big barrel of water tied on the side of the wagon. The man picked me up and asked me whose little girl I was. I said, "I'm Uncle Toms."

The man, a freighter, knew Uncle Tom and promptly took me to him.⁸⁶

According to the Church Historian's office, Thomas Butler served three missions.⁸⁷

His first mission was to the Eastern States, being set apart to serve on May 26, 1883. He was released on January 19, 1884, likely so that he could return home and help his brother's family while John was away having the operation on his head.

He was set apart on May 4, 1885 for another mission "to United States," as the record states. At the time, Mormons in Utah Territory often spoke of "the States" meaning the eastern half of the United States.

Thomas' last mission was to the Southern States, for which he was set apart on November 3, 1890. Jane described his departure:

Uncle Tom was preparing to go on his third mission for the church and we were all outside bidding him goodbye. He was going to Manti to meet the train and was being taken in a small one horse cart. I climbed up on the wheel to give him one more goodbye kiss, the horse backed up, I fell off the wheel and it ran over me. Fortunately I wasn't hurt but was very mad because my little tin, embossed cup was completely crushed.⁸⁸

No one realized it then, but this would be the last time little 3-year-old Jane and her siblings would see their beloved Uncle Tom.

Thomas labored as a missionary "with great zeal and faithfulness," for a year and a half. But then, while working in Virginia, he contracted "malarial fever" and his illness became so serious that he was released to return home where they hoped he could recover.

In the late 1800's it was not uncommon for missionaries assigned to the Southern States Mission to contract life-threatening illnesses. In fact, John and Thomas' oldest brother, Kenion Taylor Butler, had served in the same mission a few years earlier. He developed "brain fever" while serving in Alabama and had to return home on October 16, 1883. Then, for the next two and a half years Kenion Taylor suffered poor health, until he died on May 1, 1886.⁸⁹

Thomas was released on April 4, 1892, but never made it all the way home to Sevier County. He was met in Salt Lake City by his brother James and his family, who were attending general conference and the ceremonies surrounding the completion of the Salt Lake Temple. During his mission, in addition to, or perhaps in connection with the malaria, Thomas had developed carbuncles on his body. A carbuncle is a painful abscess larger than a boil, usually with one or more openings draining pus onto the skin, and is usually caused by bacterial infection. So while at Salt Lake the group went to Becks Hot Springs to bathe, likely with the hope of helping Thomas' carbuncles. However, instead of making him better, Thomas contracted "blood poison" through the open sores "making him very sick and in a few days he died" in Salt Lake City on April 16, 1892. His cause of death was recorded as "blood poisoning superinduced by malarial fever."⁹⁰

Thomas was only 40 when he died, but in his short life he had already done much genealogical and temple work. Due to his keen love of family, in 1888, only two years before his last mission, Thomas contracted to have a large monument erected at the John Lowe Butler family plot in Spanish Fork cemetery, along with marble headstones for each grave.⁹¹ Only a few years later Thomas was buried next to the family members he had honored and had strived to make sure were remembered. It is important that Thomas be remembered as well. He didn't leave posterity of his own, but he did leave a valuable legacy through nieces and nephews, who loved "Uncle Tom" deeply.



Memorial to Thomas Butler made at the time of his funeral

Chapter Twelve

The Butler-Beck Mine

When released from prison in the spring of 1890, after having served his term for polygamy, John's life returned somewhat to normal, as he engaged once more in his occupation of herding sheep and cattle. Over the years his horses, sheep, and cattle had made him a reasonably wealthy man.

As described earlier, he wintered his stock out on the Utah desert, near Milford, but his prime summer pasture was in the high Gold Mountain area southwest of Joseph, and in particular around the headwaters of Deer Creek.

Even though his wife Ettie "had never been up to the grazing area," one night she dreamed she was there in a narrow canyon, which easily fit the description of Deer Creek Canyon. In her dream she noticed a dove sitting on a rock and as she approached it saw that the rock it was sitting on was quartz, laden with gold.¹

Ettie told John about the dream, but neither had thought any more about it, until one day when John was herding his sheep in Deer Creek Canyon and noticed a dove sitting on a rock, and not just any rock, it was sitting on a deposit of quartz. John had some mining experience, so he did some prospecting in the area and took out some samples that looked like they contained gold. When he returned to the valley he had the samples assayed, which confirmed that he had found a very rich deposit of gold and silver. John felt it was a good omen, all fitting neatly with Ettie's dream, so he immediately filed claims and began making plans to develop a mine.

A January 3, 1897 article about his mine in *the Richfield Advocate* newspaper² stated that John discovered the deposit in 1889. That is likely in error, considering that John went to prison that year. Also his oldest son, John III, who worked considerably with his father in the mining effort, stated that it was after his father got back from prison that the mining venture began. Most of the accounts written by John's children state that he made the discovery in 1890 or 1891. The *Richfield Advocate* article stated that John's brother, Thomas, was involved in some of the initial work on the claim. That would indicate that John discovered the deposit and filed his initial claim during the summer of 1890,

between his release from prison in April of that year and Thomas's departure on his final mission in early November.

The same article mentions two others who were early partners with John in the endeavor. One was a fellow resident of Joe Town named David Giles and the other was John's youngest half brother, John William Butler. Little is known of David Giles, other than he must have died before the 1897 article was written, because it refers to him as "the *late* David Giles." Of course, we know much more about John William Butler. He had recently returned from a mission to the southern states in 1885 and since that time was homesteading near Richfield, not far from his three half brothers. He was also a newlywed, having married Betty Christina Bulow on May 25, 1890, a little over a month after his brother John L. returned from prison. Through the remainder of John's life his brother John William was close at hand.³

According to the article, John L. Butler soon bought out David Giles, and his brother Thomas as well, which made sense considering Thomas was leaving on a mission. It also states that the "first assay and surface specimen showed \$251.00 in gold and silver," a fabulously rich deposit, especially considering the value of a dollar in the late 1800's.

The Carrie Tunnel

Aside from the initial assay and the filing of claims, "nothing further developed" at the mine site the remainder of that fall, according to John III, except for "plans made to work it the next year."⁴

The next year, as John proceeded to tunnel into the hillside, the prospects of the mine became even more astounding. The vein he followed "assayed \$1,100.00 a ton in silver and gold," according to his daughter Jane, who stated that the ore "assayed so rich that it was almost unbelievable."⁵

John named his mine after his fourth child, 11-year-old Caroline, who later explained why:

About 1890 or 1891 my father located a mine high up in the Gold Mountain District. When they did the first work in this tunnel father named it the "Carrie Tunnel," because I was quite ill when he left home so seemed to have me on his mind.⁶

Actually, the whole mine was initially called the "Carrie *Mine*." It wasn't until after other claims were filed, other tunnels developed, and a mining corporation was formed under a different name, that this first and main mine tunnel was called the "Carrie *Tunnel*." As described earlier, during much of Carrie's childhood she was sick and at times on the brink of death. It's understandable that her father would want to create some permanence bearing her name, and what better than a rock tunnel with a bright future.

With the mine's prospects ever improving, John felt certain that he had been directed to this site by Ettie's dream. Likely this is the reason he disregarded counsel, given for years, by Brigham Young and other Church leaders to not

chase after gold and mining, but stay with the land and community industries. In his mind, surely this was different; there was Ettie's dream, and the gold was right there, "the richest strike on Gold Mountain!"

Soon the mine was taking John's full attention. Not only the family's means, but also their time, became fully invested in the mine. That fall the sheep were sold and eventually John "put all of his assets into the mine."⁷

The numerous skills John had acquired during his life were all put to use, as the mining operation quickly grew. His skill as a woodsman was used as they harvested timber in the area. His knowledge of milling came into play as he built a sawmill up Deer Creek to produce lumber not only for timbers to support the mine tunnels, but also for the numerous buildings that would occupy the site in the form of cabins, a future ore mill, and many other structures. Having operated a freight business enabled him to transport a plethora of materials and supplies to the mine site over extremely difficult terrain. His service as part of the San Juan Mission, and many other pioneer endeavors, helped prepare him for the many roads that needed to be built, grading, and other projects around the mine. Perhaps most valuable of all was his skill as a blacksmith. Mining requires quantities of iron products such as ore carts, tracks, wagon hubs, metal brackets, and other parts, as well as tools like axes, rock drills, hammers, and so forth. John was kept very busy making and/or repairing all these things for his work crews.

John's older children were also actively engaged working at the mine, and as time progressed his entire family would spend summers there. Of his children, John's sons John III, Horace, and Den were the most engaged in the mining operation. John III "worked in the mine and mill constantly as long as the work lasted, earning good wages which were used to pay for development work in the mine, and he thus helped his father with all he could spare."⁸

Horace also worked at the mine throughout its duration. Horace was only about 7 or 8 years old when development work at the Carrie Tunnel first began. On his first trip to the mine, his mother Ettie was "worried sick about his safety" because she knew that "the trail was very steep" and treacherous. After returning home, Ettie asked John "if he had put Horace on a safe horse." John responded, "Of course, he rode on the horse that was carrying the dynamite." Now that might not seem "safe" to most people, but to John it seemed like a good idea; after all, the dynamite was always carried by "the most sure-footed animal in the pack."⁹

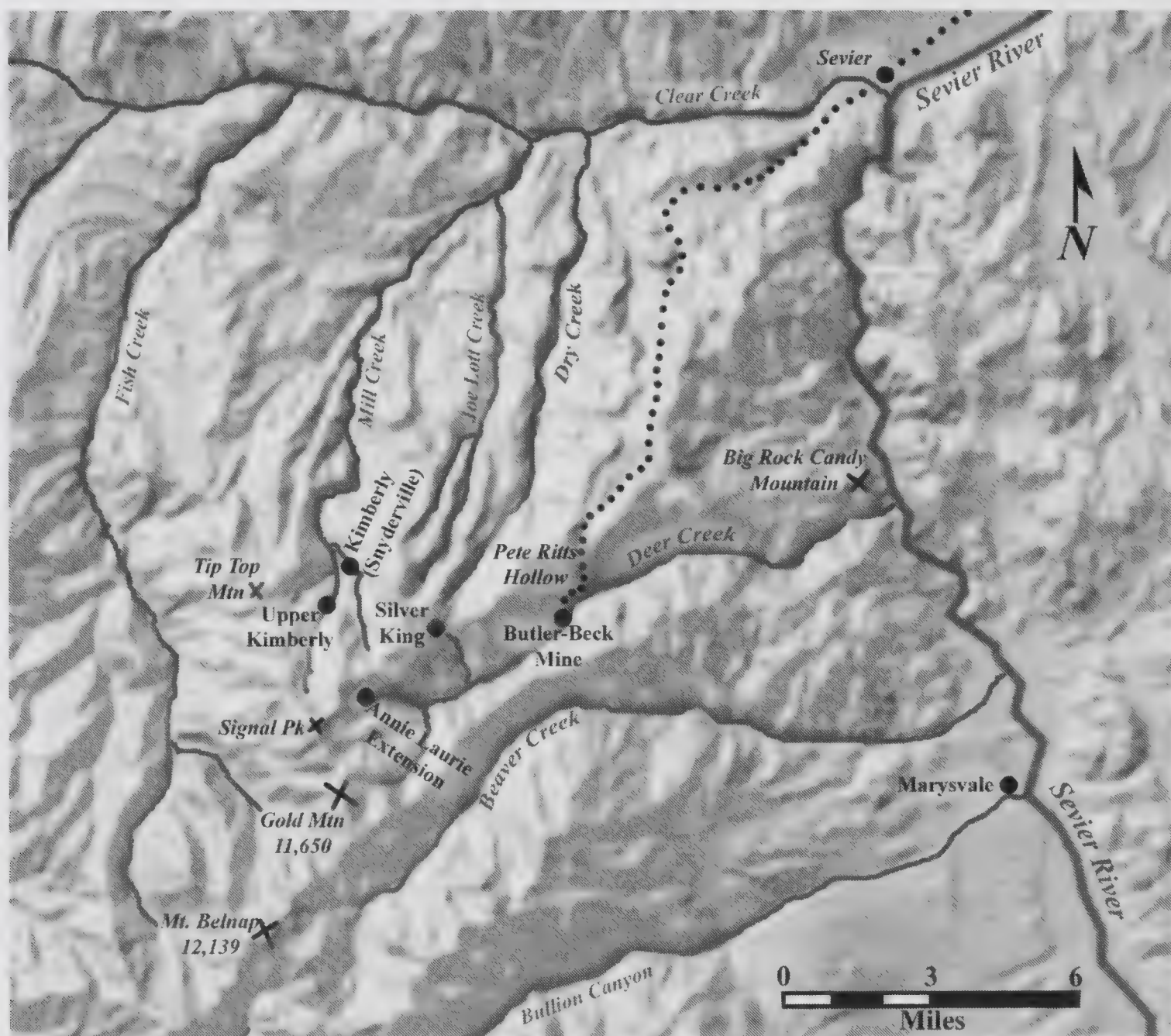
The mine was situated along Deer Creek, about six and a half miles west (upstream) from its confluence with the Sevier River. However, the Butlers' route to the mine did not follow the creek. Lower Deer Creek canyon is a deep narrow rocky gorge, and at the time there was no wagon road up it. Instead the Butlers route to the mine proceeded into the mountains about six miles southwest of Joe Town, close to where Clear Creek joined the Sevier River. From there they traveled southwest, likely following the route of an existing (in 2011) ATV trail that goes up Clear Creek Wash, Sage Flat, Twin Lake, and

Skinner Spring, but ends before going down Pete Ritts Hollow. They then dropped down the very steep draw named Pete Ritts Hollow, to the mine site.¹⁰

The route took at least two days to travel and was very difficult and dangerous, with narrow dugways traversing steep mountainsides. It was especially treacherous for the men hauling freight, and stories of accidents en route abound.¹¹ Many of John's children described what a frightening, but also awesome, trip it was. Such was K.T.'s memory of his first trip to the mine:

I remember when only three years old [1893] I was taken to the Butler-Beck Mine, tied on the top of a pack on a pack animal. Mother didn't go up that summer as she had baby Eva and she was too small and mother's health was too delicate. The older brothers and sisters went and took me along to relieve mother, I guess, of the work and worry of caring for her three year old "Comanche."

I have always thought I remembered that first trip away from my mother, lashed on that high pack, going over very steep trails and dugways. Looking down at the creek far below impressed me so vividly I have always thought I remembered that part of the trip.¹²



Gold Mountain District

Common route taken to the Butler-Beck Mine

The difficulty of the trip notwithstanding, once at the mine site the visitor was greeted with a truly idyllic setting. The location was surrounded by breathtaking mountains, trees, a beautiful meadow, rock formations, beaver ponds, and flora, with Deer Creek running down the middle of it all. Jane gave us this description of the setting, as well as the scope of the operation her father had created:

The mine that John Lowe Butler developed was located upstream from where Deer Creek empties into the Sevier River. The mine was located between two knolls, a low knoll on one side of [Deer Creek] and a high knoll on the other side. Above this narrow section between the knolls the canyon flattened out for quite a space. In the flat area John built a sawmill, blacksmith shop, raster, an assay office, corrals, sheds, etc. He built a cook house which was a very long log room with double bunks in each back corner. There was a door leading into the store room, a door going into a bedroom and another door going into the cellar. The cabin was built right into the side of the hill, with no windows on the side toward the hill. There was a long table and benches where 35 men could be served. Opposite the table was a cook stove, shelves and side tables for supplies and convenience in preparing meals. About a city block up the canyon from the cook house, on the same side of the canyon was the mine tunnel where the first mining was done, this was known as the Carrie Tunnel. Across the creek [a small creek running into Deer Creek] from this tunnel was the bunk house.¹³

A number of cabins were also built by some of the workers who had families with them and others that wanted to go to the effort of building a cabin. Jane recounted that John built at least two "log cabins, one for our family and one for dignitaries who came up to visit."¹⁴ She also related that the family's cabin was pretty rustic, especially when it rained. "The cabin had a dirt roof. There was only one place where it didn't leak and that was in the middle of the floor."¹⁵ She learned this the hard way the first night she slept in it.

The first time I went to the mine I was five years old. I went with my sister Zettie and my Uncle Jim Butler in a dump cart. They had come down to the valley for supplies. The fifty mile trip was over very rough roads and was quite a trip. The road ended at the little knoll and from there on was just a trail. We walked from where the road ended and Uncle Jim carried me on his shoulders, part of the way. Coming around the point of the knoll we could see Sadie and Carrie watching Horace drive or ride around and around on the raster. The raster ground the quartz into finer pieces to make it easier to later refine the ore to get the gold, silver and lead. We came through the underbrush about where the blacksmith shop and sawmill were later built. Zettie told me to hide behind her skirt as she called, 'Who, who.' They looked up, crossed the creek and started toward us. When I stepped into sight they all came to me with lots of hugs and kisses. Jim then took pack bags back to the cart and brought the supplies and horses down to the mine.

I felt much wanted and very important and got to sleep with Sadie in an upper bunk. During the night we had an electrical storm, in the narrow canyon the thunder really sounded terrible. The roof was not water tight and the rain dripped through, soaking our bed. Horace dragged his bed to a dry spot and called, "Come sleep with brother," so I snuggled down between him and Pa and felt quite safe.

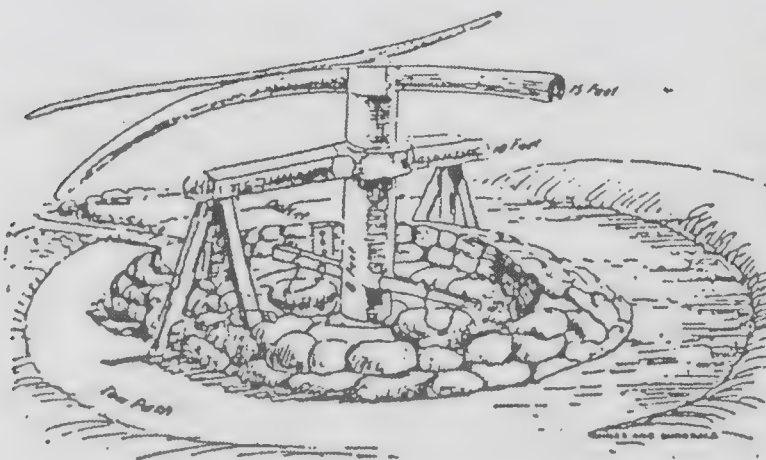
The next morning was bright and sunny and we took buckets and went up the canyon about a mile to the raspberry patch. I rode with Sadie on a gray horse. I rode behind the saddle and still remember my hips felt like they were breaking. They gave me a cup for berries and set me under a berry bush. I remember looking up the hill and it was just red with raspberries. We got our fill of berries that day.¹⁶

The "raster" Jane saw Horace working when she first arrived was a crude but effective device to process ore. Spanish miners had introduced it to the New World in the 1500's. Its real name was an "arrastra" in Spanish, but the Butlers had anglicized and shortened it to "raster."

Because of the difficulty and expense of hauling ore out to be processed elsewhere, John needed some method of processing the ore on site. In the early stages of the mine the expense of acquiring a stamp mill was out of the question, so as Jane mentioned, the Butlers had built an arrastra to grind the quartz ore and extract the precious metals.

The Butlers' arrastra consisted of a shallow, circular pit a couple of feet deep and about eight or so feet in diameter. Slabs of hard granite or basalt lined the floor, forming a flat "grinding" surface. Rocks were piled and mortared around the outside forming a short circular wall. Through the center was a main upright shaft that passed through a supporting beam resting on triangle supports on each side. Flat-bottomed "drag" or "grind" stones were attached by chains to a lower beam on the shaft and a horse or mule was hitched to an arm extending out from the top of the shaft.¹⁷

To use the arrastra, the quartz ore was broken into walnut-sized chunks with a sledge hammer and placed into the circular milling area. The horse or mule then walked in a circle, on a towpath around the arrastra, which caused the "drag" stones chained inside to crush and grind the ore into powder. Water was added to produce a slurry, which was washed in sluice boxes. Quicksilver



Left: Drawing of how the Butler's arrastra likely appeared.

Right: Photo of a mule driven arrastra in operation.

(mercury) was eventually introduced to the mixture, which removed and amalgamated the gold present. The amalgamation was later heated to separate the quicksilver from the gold. The gold was poured into an iron “brick” mold and the quicksilver reused.

Merrill ‘Doc’ Utley, in his history of mining efforts in Utah’s Piute County entitled *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain*, mentioned the effectiveness of arrastras like the Butlers’:

This contrivance is not a difficult one to make and often in skilled hands does good work and is one of the best substitutes for the regular stamp mill. . . .

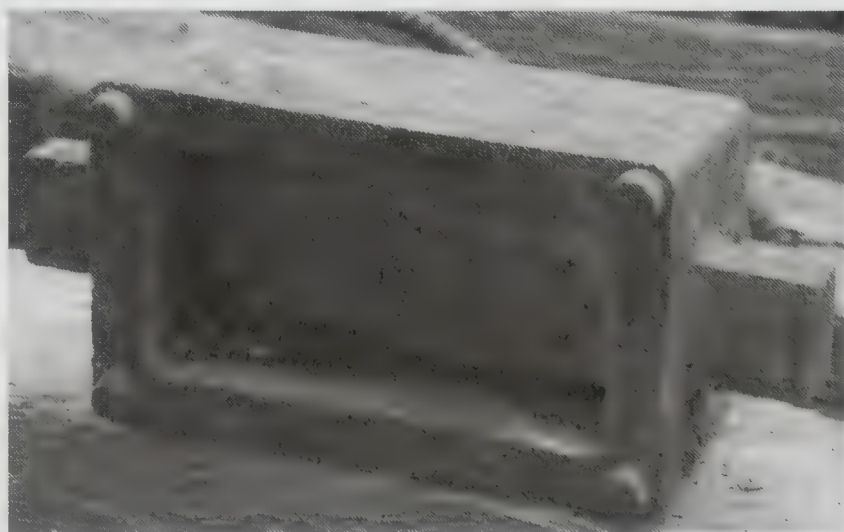
These antiquated methods were almost unbelievable by our modern standards but they were the best to be had under the conditions and, although slow and laborious, it was surprising the recovery rate of some of these ingenious devices. During the early 1890’s when the 12 to 14 mining camps were operating on Gold Mountain, every one of them at one time or another resorted to this early antiquated system of milling their ores.¹⁸

The Butler’s arrastra apparently worked well, as John’s children related “they had been turning out gold bricks right along”¹⁹ during this time. Of those gold bricks K.T., a little boy at the time, related:

Mr. Gottfredson was the assayer. He not only did the assaying, but melted the gold into bricks. I remember he told me I could have one of the bricks if I could pick it up. I couldn’t even get my fingers under the edge of one of them! They were about the size of a house brick but a different shape.²⁰

Of the mine itself, and the work inside it, John’s daughter Jane gave us this description:

The Carrie tunnel was where John made his first big ore strike. Once Pa took me in the tunnel in an ore car. The men pushed it along tracks to take out the ore. It is hard to describe the smell of the damp air that was in the tunnel. A small icy cold stream ran from the tunnel. It was all timbered up for quite a distance, then they would tunnel off to one side, this was called *drift*, straight up was called *rise* and straight down was called *shaft*. As we went in it was pretty spooky, with candles flickering from the miners caps or from an occasional lantern or candle stuck in a timber. Our voices echoed and the sound of picks and



An iron mold taken from the Butler-Beck Mine, used by them to make gold bricks.

bull hammers really roared. When they got a hole drilled and were ready to blast Pa took me close to the mouth of the tunnel. The man with the dynamite would call, 'Fire,' and each man would pass the word along. The men would all run and dodge around a corner to protect themselves from flying rock. The explosion sounded like the entire mountain was caving in. Smoke fumes from the powder floated out, it was very frightening for me. The ore car was then taken in to be filled with the new ore, it was pushed out on the tracks and the ore was put in a dump cart ready to take to the crusher.²¹

Although blasting things to bits with dynamite would certainly appeal to men like John, who still had a touch of little boy left in them, mining work in the late 1800's was extremely physically demanding. Only men with strong bodies and nerves of steel could endure working in tunnels several hundreds of feet deep, like the Carrie tunnel, with no ventilation, cramped quarters, and only dim candle light to guide them. They were only an errant breath away from that candle plunging them into total darkness; anyone with any degree of claustrophobia would not have made it as a miner then.

With no air compressors to run jack hammers or power tools of any kind, they worked exclusively with heavy hand tools. Aside from picks, shovels, and ore carts, the miner's main tool was called a "drill." But this was not the kind of drill that most people are used to seeing today. 'Doc' Utley explained what an 1800's miner's rock drill was like and how it was used:

A four-pound hammer called a single-jack and a two-foot piece of 3/4 inch steel sharpened to a chisel bit on one end with which they drilled their holes in the rock by holding the steel with one hand and striking it with the hammer in the other hand. They'd rotate the steel 1/4 turn after each strike of the hammer. This way they would gradually drill a hole in which they'd insert the sticks of dynamite to blast the rock to pieces so they could haul it outside and dump it as they followed the vein, hoping with each round that it would widen or get richer.²²

Other drills were also used that had hard metal bits on the end, but all consisted of long heavy metal shafts that were struck with heavy sledge-hammers. Day after day of working like this, miners developed arms and shoulders that were incredibly strong indeed.

Right: Drills used by miners in the late 1800's.



The Butler-Beck Mine Incorporated

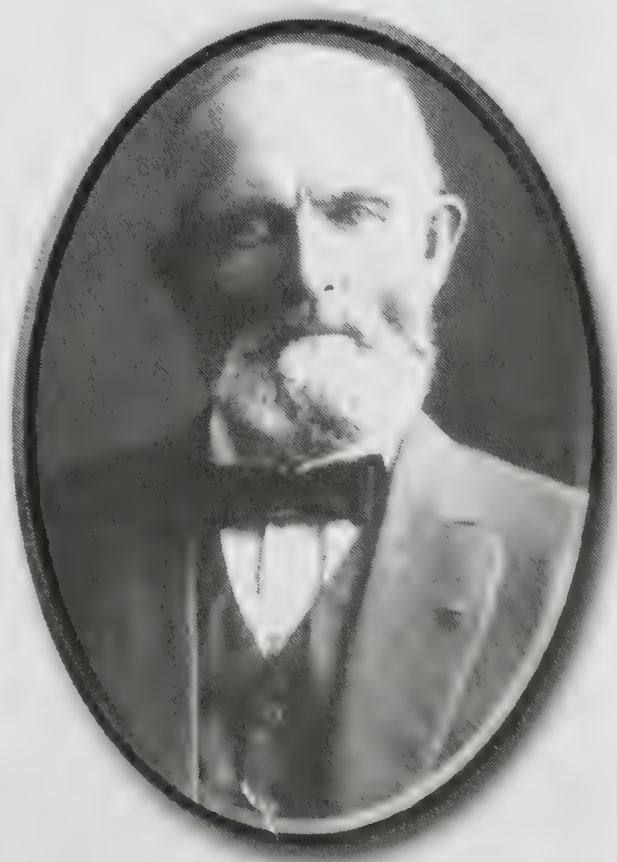
As the mine developed and additional capital requirements became apparent, John brought in a partner named John Forsythe Beck, and sold half of his interest in the mine to him. John's ties to the Beck family extended way back to his childhood and youth, when both the Butler and Beck families were early pioneers in Spanish Fork. While John L. Butler had moved from place to place in Southern Utah, John F. Beck had remained in Spanish Fork. Nevertheless, the two had obviously remained in contact, and John Beck expressed keen interest in the Carrie Mine operation.²³

The simple arrastra allowed the Butlers to process small quantities of ore from which they were making a good profit as a small operation. With little equipment there would have been no reason to go into debt. By doing most of the mine work themselves there would have been little expense, so had they continued with just the arrastra, the gold and silver they extracted would have been almost all profit. In hindsight, operating the mine as a small family business would have been ideal. However, everyone felt that John had discovered a major gold deposit and the only way to reap its potential would be to build a facility capable of processing large amounts of ore on site. This meant purchasing a stamp mill, hauling it to the site, and building the infrastructure to house and supply it.


In August of 1893, John had hauled out a 1/2 ton load of ore and had it processed at a smelter, to test the viability of the ore with large scale processing equipment. It netted over \$100, a very promising sum. Soon after that he sent another 1/2 ton sample of ore to Thomas Stringer, an acquaintance of John Beck's from Spanish Fork, who was a milling expert then working with mining interests at Park City, Utah.

Stringer was very impressed, and as a result made a special trip to Deer Creek and personally examined John's mine. For \$10,000 he offered to sell them a steam-powered five stamp mill, set up and operational at the site. He assured John that it "would pay for itself in four months time."²⁴

On July 21, 1894 the mine was incorporated, so that stock in it could be sold to pay for the purchase of the proposed stamp mill, and the cost of the buildings and other structures necessary to operate it. The name of the new corporation was the Butler-Beck Mining Company. An article in the August 4, 1894 *Deseret Weekly* newspaper announced the venture stating, "A company was organized last Saturday for the purpose of erecting a mill and operating the Butler mill." The article then listed the corporate officers.



John Forsythe Beck

<p>No 1006</p>	<p>CAPITAL STOCK \$50,000.</p>	<p>1541 Shares</p>
<p>BUTLER-BECK MINING COMPANY.</p>		<p>Incorporated July 21, 1894, under the laws of Utah Territory.</p>
		<p>July 14th 1895</p>
<p>Richfield, Sevier Co., Utah.</p>	<p>This Certifies that</p>	<p>is entitled to</p>
<p><i>One thousand five hundred and thirty one</i></p>		
<p>BUTLER-BECK MINING COMPANY,</p>		
<p>subject to the terms and conditions of the Constitution and By-laws. Transferable only on the books of the Company by endorsement hereon and surrender of this Certificate.</p>		
<p><i>John L. Beck</i> Secretary.</p>	<p><small>DANFORD PUBLISHING HOUSE</small></p>	<p><i>John L. Butler</i> President.</p>

John L. Butler was president, John's brother James Butler vice president, John Beck secretary and treasurer, John L. Levey as a director, and John's half brother John William Butler as another director. The article concludes with information pertinent to potential investors: "The property is stocked at 500,000 shares at par value of \$1 each. Operations will begin in a short time."²⁵

Construction of the mill facilities and set up of the five stamp mill, boiler, and other equipment proceeded through the fall of 1894. The mill itself was in place in December of that year, however the necessary chemicals and other supplies had not yet arrived. In addition, they still needed to complete various other aspects of the project necessary to get the ore from the mines to the mill and handle to the ore, which work was naturally slowed as winter in the high mountains bore down on them. Once all that was completed, and their workers' efforts were focused back in the mine, it took more time to get enough ore extracted to make it worth starting up the mill. It wasn't until June 20, 1895 that the mill actually started crushing ore.²⁶

John's daughter Jane gave us this description of the mill, its location, and operation:

A five stamp mill was also constructed on the opposite side of the canyon from the raster. It had at least three levels going up the side of the mountain. The top level consisted of a crusher where the ore was dumped and crushed. It then dropped down to the next level into the five stamp section where five huge iron posts raised and lowered crushing the quartz even finer. The ore then dropped to the next level to a room where there was a big wooden tank with copper straps around it and an endless belt with water running over it. It washed the quartz sand out into a low part of the flat below the mill. It was pretty and white and fun to play in. I well remember that big wooden tank with copper bands. The big tank and some smaller wooden tubs held quick silver which was used to collect the gold dust. There were several tent houses for the mill hands and the assayers and their families. A dugway was built along the mountain side, extending from the Carrie Tunnel past the cook house, over a bridge that crossed the ravine and straight to the top section of the mill where it dumped into the crusher.²⁷

The prospects for John's venture looked brighter than ever with the mill now in place, but in reality the mill would be the company's downfall. We'll touch more on that later.

By this time the Butler-Beck Mine no longer consisted of just the one claim on which John had established the Carrie Tunnel. By the time the business was incorporated, John had established "a group of eight good claims called the Carrie, Tennessee, Tesora Lode, Buckhorn, Dream, High 5 Amended, Crosscut Carrie, and Dove."²⁸ On several of these, mine tunnels and/or shafts were being developed. Aside from the Carrie, the most prominent of these seems to have been the Tennessee, which was located high up on the hillside above and to the left of the original Carrie Tunnel.

Jane left us a description of the Tennessee and a special memory she had of it:

The Tennessee shaft of the mine was high on the hill above our big cabin, with just a trail leading to it. The road from the shaft had to go several miles around the mountain to reach the mill. This shaft was equipped with a winch, a big iron bucket fastened on a cable. It could be turned by hand to raise and lower the bucket. I remember when Pa took me down in that bucket. Two men were there with picks, shovels, drills and hammers. They seemed very pleased to see me.²⁹

The distance from the Tennessee Mine to the mill was not “several miles,” although it probably seemed like it to a little girl like Jane. The map drawn by her oldest brother John III shows the road being perhaps a half mile between the two sites, and was downhill most, if not all of the way, which aided in the transport of the ore. Jane also shared an interesting experience her brother had in this mine.

[John III] told the following story about the Tennessee Tunnel. He said that he and Pa had ridden horses to the valley to vote. They had kidded each other all the way as John was a staunch Democrat and Pa was a staunch Republican. When they returned to the mine a couple of days later John went to the tunnel to continue his work. He entered the shaft by climbing down a series of ladders. The final ladder was about six feet from the floor of the mine. He didn't have a light and was planning to light a candle when he got to the bottom. Swinging his feet down he struck something soft and furry. Thinking it was a bear he had landed on he swung back up in a hurry. He got a lantern and returned to find a steer had fallen into the shaft. It had two broken legs so had to be killed. It was a big job butchering the animal and hauling the meat to the top of the shaft.³⁰



Beaver pond at the Butler-Beck Mine mill site – September 1, 2009

*The Butler-Beck Mine
site in 1969.*

*This photo was taken from
on top of "The Knoll" where
the Butler children hiked,
looking west towards Gold
Mountain (seen in the
distance on the left). The
arrastra was on the left of
the beaver pond and the mill
was on the right between the
pond on the cabin. The
cabin seen here is not the
original Butler cabin, but
was built on the same spot
and has since been torn
down. The Carrie tunnel is
on the right about 100 yards
past the cabin site.*



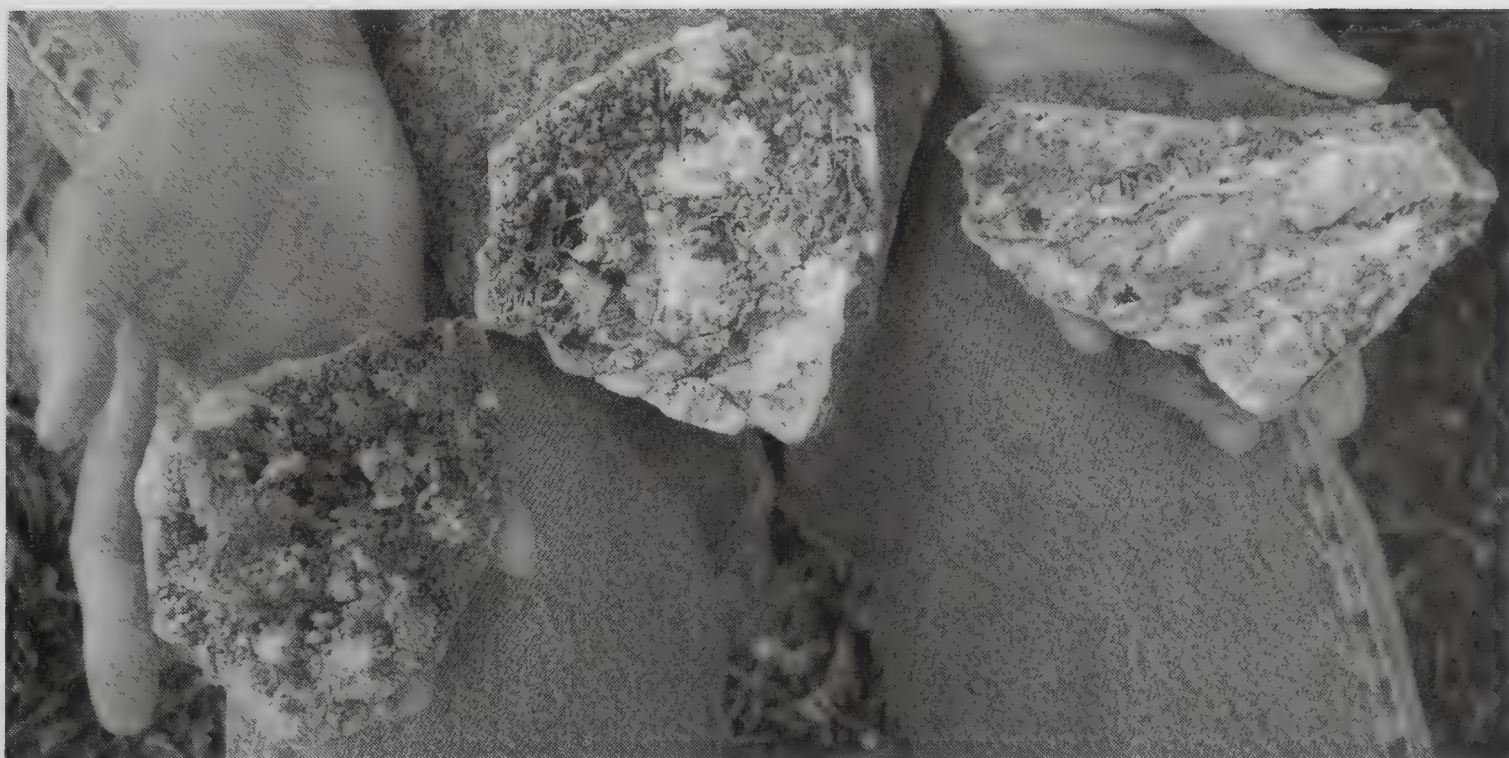
The Butler cabin site looking east towards the mill site along Deer Creek - 2009

K.T. Butler in front of the Carrie Tunnel at the Butler-Beck Mine in 1969.

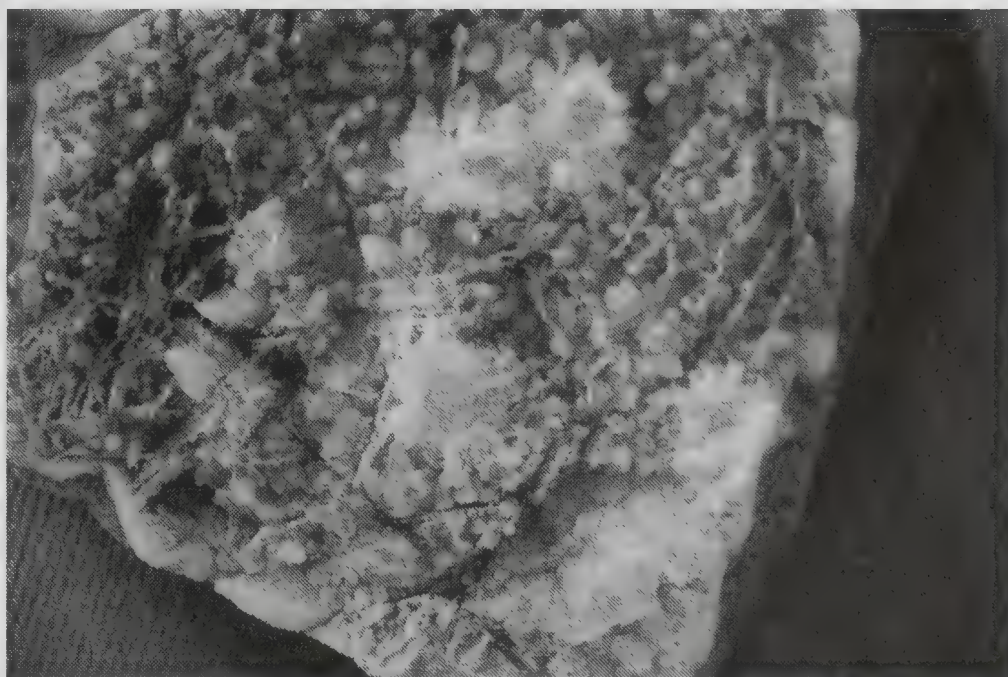


Ross Butler in front of the Carrie Tunnel at the Butler-Beck Mine in 1977.



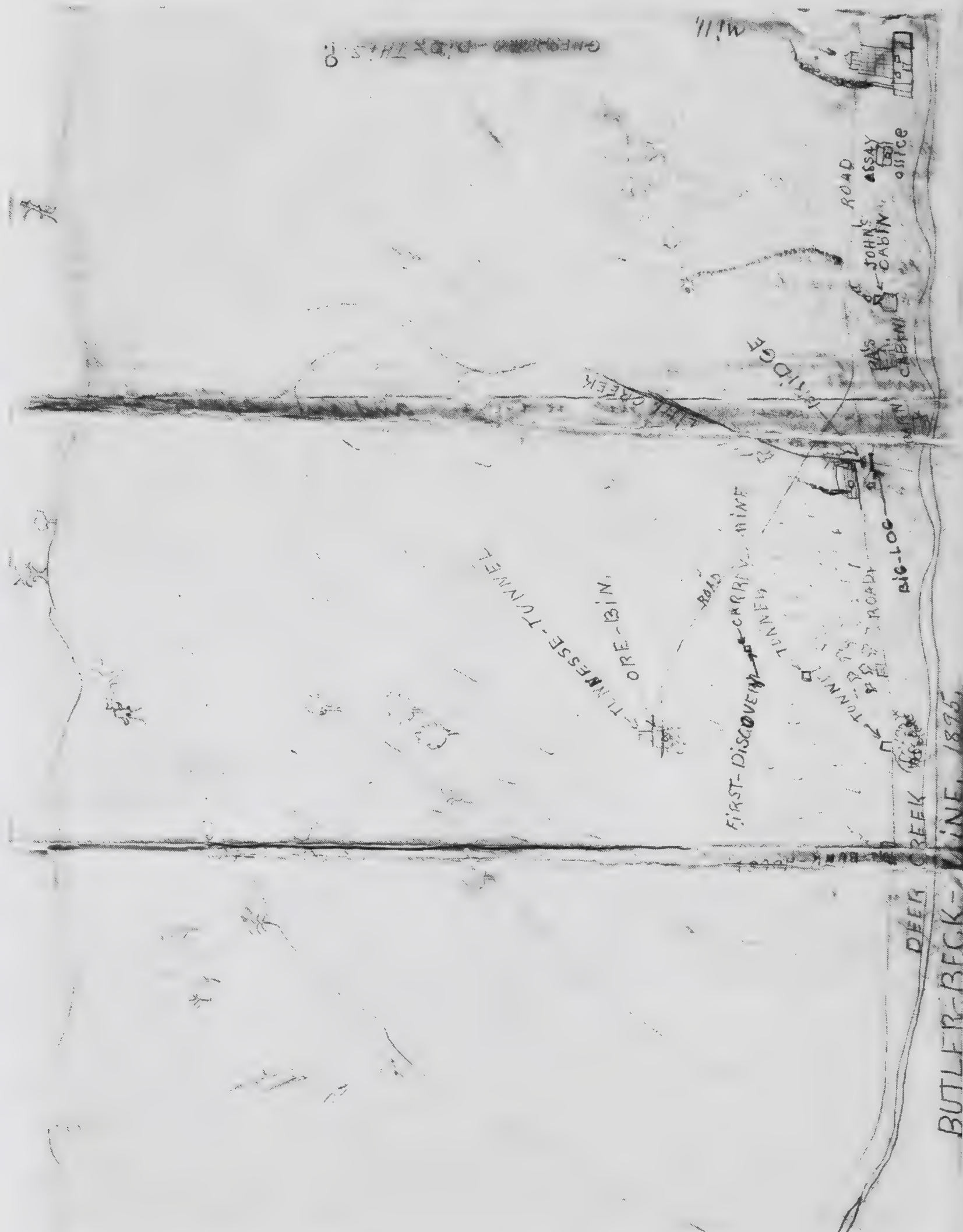


*Ore samples from the
Butler-Beck Mine*



Big Rock Candy Mountain - September 2009

This was a prominent landmark for the Butlers as they traveled from Southern Utah to the Richfield area. It sits just north of where Deer Creek empties into the Sevier River.



*Map of the Butler-Beck Mine site as it existed in 1895.
Drawn by John Lowe Butler III on the back of a letter dated January 3, 1937.*

Ettie's First Visit

During the first years of the mine's operation, John's wife Ettie had been pregnant with, and then looking after, their youngest daughter Eva, who was born in Richfield on December 2, 1892. Because of this, it wasn't until probably the late spring or early summer of 1895 that Ettie, who had the dream of the dove sitting on a large deposit of gold, first went to the mine.³¹ By then her husband and children's mining efforts there had been underway for several years, most of her family's assets had been sunk into the mine or mortgaged against it, the Butler-Beck Mining company had been incorporated the previous year, and the elaborate five stamp mill was just about ready for operation.

John had "connected [Ettie's] dream, and thought it was a good omen. He felt that this surely was the mine Ettie had seen in her dream." But when Ettie first visited the mine site "she told all the family that that was *not* the place she saw in her dream."³²

Nevertheless, with ore that "assayed so rich that it was almost unbelievable" and everything they had already invested into the operation, the mine was going forward regardless. It was simply too late to turn back now; besides, everything was looking increasingly promising. A fortune seemed almost within their reach once the mill was up and running!

Ettie's dream may have seemed like an *omen* of good fortune, but an accident during her first trip to the mine did not! Jane shared that story and in doing so gave us a little more insight regarding the route they traveled.

Mother didn't go to the mine until I was about seven years old. I think it was Will Ogden who took us up to the mine that summer. As I recall, Pa, Mother, Olive, K.T. and I made the trip. We were all walking except Olive and Eva who was the baby. Pa decided the trail was pretty risky so he had Olive and Eva get off the wagon and walk too. They hadn't gone far when the team gave out and started backing up, tipping the wagon over and dumping everything down a brushy canyon. I remember finding some flat irons and a spool box containing needles, pins, buttons and thread. Fortunately it had been well tied with string so none of the items were lost. I found a big white chamber pot mashed to pieces. We gathered what we could and went on our way. Going down Pete Ritts Hollow was so steep we tied a good sized pine tree onto the wagon, also rough locked the wheels. It was dark before we arrived at the cabin. [John III] was there and came to meet us, he had supper waiting. I remember the graham gems he baked, how good they tasted. We had camped out one night on the trip from Richfield. In those days we had to take a very round about way which was very steep and rough to get to the mine with a wagon.³³

The trip may have been difficult and soon the circumstances of the mine would bring Ettie much sorrow, but one thing she certainly enjoyed was the site's beautifully majestic setting. "It was a beautiful place in a very deep canyon with a nice clear mountain stream of water running through the canyon,"

according to Carrie who added, "there was good fishing, and the ferns and columbines and wild flowers grew in abundance," and where they "gathered wild chokecherries, sarvis berries and wild strawberries."³⁴ Ettie, in particular, was sensitive and moved by the beauty that surrounded her, especially as she was able to enjoy it with her family. Jane remembered:

Mother and all we children went out on the mountain one beautiful Sunday. My sisters had such sweet voices and we all sang "Love At Home." The roar of the creek seemed to blend in with the voices. Mother had a bonnet on and I could see tears dropping from her little pointed nose.³⁵

A Family Endeavor

Each year of the mine's operation and for three years after (from 1891 to 1899), the majority of the Butler family lived at the mine site during the late spring, summer, and early fall months. To the children "these trips to and from the Butler-Beck Mine were as regular as the seasons." Caroline enjoyed summers there, because in the high mountain climate she "seemed to be getting along better up there during the hot weather."³⁶ It gave her a respite from her illnesses and debilitating nosebleeds. For the children the mine was a great place to play, and even their chores seemed fun, as K.T. related:

At the mine we children loved to play in the white sand that had washed out of the mill after the gold was taken out of it. It made a lake of pretty white sand. Another place we liked to play was on the old raster. This was a long pole that made a sweep around and around and was driven by horse or mule power. And of course there was always fishing and berry picking of raspberries and sarvice berries and the cows and calves to watch and bring in at milking time and the calves to feed. After the calves had sucked a while we would drive them away and the men would finish milking the cows. The women and girls would make the milk into butter and cheese. At an early age I took over the job of delivering these products to the Silver King Mine or the Snider Town [later named Kimberly] mine. This was the summer life that Eva came to inherit by the time of her second summer.³⁷

As oldest daughter, Zettie confirmed the "good" life the family enjoyed at the mine: "The folks took a few cows up to the mine and really lived good with a lot of milk, butter and cheese, and cream to go with the wild strawberries which were abundant there. Also, plenty of fish were to be caught in the big creek."³⁸

However, for John's oldest daughters Zettie, Sadie, and Carrie, the mine was also a lot of work. One of their main jobs was cooking for, and feeding, the mine workers, which numbered about 35 big hungry men.³⁹ It was while working at this job that Zettie suffered a debilitating injury:

While cooking at the mine we had to hang our meat in a tree until ready to use it. I went out to get a big piece (probably a quarter) and it

was too heavy for me. When I got it off the hook the weight of it hurt my back and I suffered from it most of my life. I was never very strong after that.⁴⁰

John's older boys, John III, Horace, and Den, had jobs in the mining operation, so they were gone most of each day and wouldn't get home until after dark. Jane shared that after they got home it was one of K.T.'s jobs to take their horses "up the canyon where the feed was best." Jane feared for little K.T.'s safety going up the canyon all alone in the dark and "wanted someone to go with him but was too frightened to go with him" herself. Jane remembered: "K.T. said he wasn't afraid and after turning the horses loose he would walk back down the canyon. I would listen for him to come back down the canyon and would be much relieved to hear his whistle. He was too young to have that responsibility and told me in later years that he *was afraid* but whistled as a bluff."⁴¹

Of course little Eva didn't have to work, her job was just to be there and be cute, and apparently she did that job quite well, as she was the center of attention among the miners, according to Jane. As a preface to her account, I should mention that John Beck had previously broken his leg.

When Eva was about two years old we had a little black dog named Flora. Eva and Flora were such good companions that if some of the older girls took Eva for a walk Flora went also and if they went along the creek bank Flora would walk between the creek and Eva. . . .

The boys that worked for us were mostly from the valley. They all paid a great deal of attention to Eva. Uncle John Beck did something to upset her and she flew at him kicking him on the leg. He fell to the floor groaning with pain in his broken leg. At first she wasn't sympathetic but then started feeling sorry, she started crying and kissed his leg to make it better.⁴²

Good Times for the Younger Kids

For John's older children, the mine represented a lot of work and their memories reflected that. This was especially true of John's oldest sons, who were involved in the mine work itself and caught up in the turmoil and tragedy that attended it. Perhaps most affected was Horace, who during the formidable years of his late childhood and youth grew up working very hard at the mine. He did everything he could to help his father in this endeavor, and with his incredibly tender heart he sacrificed much of himself for the sake of his family. The physical and emotional pain he endured in the process was so poignant, that in later life he could not bear returning to the mine site and run the risk of reliving those memories.

In contrast, for John's younger children memories of the mine were extremely pleasant. Too young to be aware of the turmoil surrounding the mine and the disaster it would prove to their family financially, their time at the mine was filled with play, adventure, and time spent together as a family, especially

with their "Pa." The following are a few memories of these *good times* the younger children carried with them through life.

My earliest memory of this life was at the age of three, tied on top of a pack mule with my father leading the pack string up the steep mountain trail to the Butler-Beck Mine. I remember being afraid as I looked off the trail into the canyon. I must have got over my fear of high places because throughout my life I've enjoyed the high peaks and mountain passes. I remember the summer at the mine, playing in the dirt and digging into the hill. There was a big swing that hung from a tree and we all enjoyed swinging over the canyon. I remember Olive who was our baby sitter and took care of her younger brothers and sisters, namely Jane, Eva, Lee and myself. We played school and Olive was our teacher and she really taught us many things. – K.T.⁴³

We had lots of cream at the mine so one day I whipped some and put sugar & lemon extract in it. I gave some of the cream, spread on a slice of bread, to K.T. He thought it was so good he whipped up a nice big bowl of cream, adding a little extra extract and was very disappointed in how it tasted. I found he had used turpentine instead of lemon extract. – Jane⁴⁴

One summer at the mine we had so much milk that mother made cheese. Pa made a press or mold for the curd. He used a long slender green tree and bent it over the mold. It was held down with buckets of rocks and made a great teeter totter for us. One day K.T., Olive (holding Eva) and I were all teetering and got to going too hard, breaking the stays on the mold and flattening that cheese out as big around as a tub. It dumped us all out in the thorny bushes at the edge of the ravine. Olive held on to Eva even though her ragged shoe caught on a branch. There she hung with the baby in her arms. Our patient mother came and helped her free herself, gathered up the cheese and tried to put it together again. She didn't have much success, it stayed sort of lumpy. – Jane⁴⁵

There was a steep pitch from the cook house down to the creek. When it rained the earth became very slick and made a wonderful slippery slide as we rode down sitting in a gold pan. – Jane⁴⁶

A bridge crossed the creek below our house. Mother had her wooden tub and a tall slim wooden churn down there soaking in the water. K. T. and I decided to take turns boating in the tub to see how long we could ride without tipping over. K.T. decided to try the churn, so sliding into the churn he slipped from the bridge, rolling over in the swift water. I feared he would drown before getting out of that churn. – Jane⁴⁷

K.T. had a little brown burro. Sometimes three or four of us would ride up the canyon on the burro. She was smart and would often turn quickly up a steep trail and get rid of most of us in a hurry. This would make us very unhappy. – Jane⁴⁸

Abundant Wildlife

As touched on in several of the stories shared already, a wide variety of wildlife inhabited the area around the Butler-Beck Mine. Wild game frequently supplemented the Butler family's diet, and provided food for their large staff of employees as well. As K.T. recounted: "I was always glad to escape and go to the mountains for the summer months. Dad and his boys were very good shots and we always had fresh meat. Olive, Jane, and I would get fish from the stream and there was honey and berry patches. We kept a bunch of cows, so we had cream and cheese and milk."⁴⁹

Perhaps most of all, John's children remembered Deer Creek being just loaded with fish. Almost all of their accounts of the Butler-Beck Mine years include stories about fishing. For example, K.T. shared:

I remember us children wading in the creek. There was a trick we learned from the Indian squaws so we could catch fish. There was a meadow where the creek split and one branch went on each side of the meadow. We could dam the water so it would go either side branch that we wanted it to, then we would go wading and catch the fish with our hands and we could soon throw out enough fish for a good mess.

I remember Olive, Jane, and I liked to fish with a hook and line. Our poles were always cut from the willows. There was a certain good place to fish that was easy to get to and close to the house. That good fishing hole was reserved for Olive as she was sickly and mother wanted her close where she could always keep an eye on her and she would be within calling distance.⁵⁰

Some of their fish stories involved more than *fish*, as Jane recalled:

I remember going down to the creek with Pa where he was fishing. He had caught a tiny fish and threw it up on the side of the hill. I scrambled up after it, put it in my apron pocket and ran to the spring in back of the house. A trough poured the water into a small pool where we could catch water in a bucket. Putting the fish in this pool I dammed it up with rocks so the fish couldn't escape. The fish started swimming around so fast I wondered what was wrong and reached in to pick it up. Instead of the fish I picked up a water snake. It had my fish by its back. I screamed so loud the whole family ran to see what was wrong with me.⁵¹

After stories about the abundance of fish (and the occasional snake), the next most prominent form of wildlife, recounted by John's children in stories about the mine, were mountain lions. The area abounded in them, and of course *lions and tigers and bears* have always instilled fear and dread in children. In the mountains of Utah the Butlers were pretty safe from tigers, but lions and bears were all around their mining camp.

We were allowed to go to the little knoll with Olive to pick flowers but were not allowed to cross the creek and go to the big knoll. One

Sunday Papa took us for a walk, this was a rare and delightful occasion as he was not able to do such things very much, in my memory of him. This was a wonderful trip to the Big Knoll. Olive, K.T. and I [Jane] went. We children skipped ahead, exploring everything. It was a very steep climb up a brush covered hill. At the top there was a clump of evergreens, sort of in a circle. K.T. and I took the lead to see who could reach the top first and upon finding the grove of trees found they had grown so close together that a grown man was unable to get inside except in one spot. We all entered and there in a well beaten down section in the center of the opening was a very neat pile of bones, with a little brass bell on top. The bell was marked "H.H." Father said this was a colt killed by a mountain lion. It was so interesting for him to tell us of the habits of this skulking animal. He told us that mountain lions are very neat and after consuming the colt it had made the neat little pile of bones and placed the bell on top. In the fall Pa learned that the colt belonged to Hyte Hallit from Joseph. He had put the bell on a colt and turned it out in the canyon with its mother. His mare came home with deep gashes from sharp claws but he had never found the colt.⁵²

As you've seen from the numerous stories told by John's daughter Jane that have already been included in this book, she had a sharp mind, a wonderful memory, and was a great storyteller. At the mine was a "calf shed" built next to two big balsam trees that provided a nice shady spot on one end of the roof of the shed. This area provided the children with "a great play house." A tree even had the courtesy of tipping over on the upper side of the pen, making a fine ramp for the kids to enter their "play house." Jane "loved to make up stories, especially scary ones because K.T. got so excited." One day she "told him a story about a *bad boy*" (note the subtle reference to K.T.), "who chopped off the head of his sister's rag doll and then found it was a real baby, so the bad boy was to be eaten by a lion." Jane remembered that "K.T.'s eyes really popped" when she then exclaimed, "Here comes a lion now!"

She dramatized her point by running to the tree to get off the shed's roof. She got to the tree before K.T. but "he couldn't wait to get away from the lion so jumped off the calf shed" instead and began to run.

Jane was filled with mirth as she watched her little brother scrambling away in fear. That is, until she looked back and thought she could see a real lion coming after them! Soon they were both running and screaming, sure that a lion (most likely an imaginary one) was about to eat them. They arrived at the narrow bridge (really just a big log) leading to the house at the same moment, collided, and both fell off the log into the ravine below, which was filled with thorny wild rose bushes. In the ensuing commotion, "everyone rushed out and we told them that a lion was after us!"⁵³

No lion could be found, but Jane's story and joke had certainly come back to *bite* her.

A child's scary story may have invented an imaginary mountain lion, but that doesn't mean that real ones weren't there. In fact, they were around the camp and at times *in* the camp, even on the Butler's house! Zettie remembered,

“one night we heard heavy footsteps on the roof and the next morning saw cougar tracks around the house.”⁵⁴ Of course, it was the Butler’s livestock that were the cats’ main target. Jane related:

One night we heard the terrified scream of a horse running down the canyon. Pa and one of the boys took a lantern and went to see what was wrong. They found old Bess trembling with deep gashes cut down both of her withers. A cougar had jumped on her but could not hold on. It took several months before those wounds healed.⁵⁵

The mountain lion incident that was most memorable to the Butler children (at least four of them wrote about it), involved not just the Butlers, but also another family living at the site.⁵⁶ It should be mentioned that “some other families lived down on the mill flat in tents and shacks.” Among the “fairly permanent” residents at the mine site, at least during the summer season, were the Gottfredson, Huntsman, and Pugmire families, which “all had children that we played with” according to K.T. Hans J. Gottfredson was a key player in the mine’s operation, who served as assayer, processed the gold and silver into marketable bricks, and was later in charge of the operation of the five stamp mill. “Mr. Pugmire was a jolly man with us children,” K.T. remembered, and it was his family that the Butler children’s favorite mountain lion story centers around.

One afternoon the peace of the camp was sent into “quite a commotion” when “suddenly a herd of wild cattle came thundering down the hill.” Soon “two cougars crashed out of the scrub oak on the mountain” and ran in front of the cabins. At the time, K.T. and some of the other children were playing nearby in the shade of some quaking aspen and choke cherry trees, when, as K.T. related, “we heard a scream and looked up to see the mountain lion standing between us and the cabin. Mrs. Pugmire had come to the door and seeing the lions between her and the children, she screamed and fainted.”

At the time, Mrs. Pugmire had her baby in a high chair out in the yard in front of her cabin, so it certainly was a “faint-worthy” fright for any mother when she saw two big mountain lions standing between her and her baby. The stand-off between mother (albeit *fainted* mother) and lions probably seemed like an eternity to the children, but likely only lasted a moment, because as K.T. remembered, soon “the lions decided we weren’t for them and went trotting off through the bushes.”

It certainly was a frightening situation and they were lucky it didn’t end tragically. Zettie and Sadie came riding in, after seeing the commotion with the cattle, to find poor Mrs. Pugmire clutching her baby in her arms and crying, and “saw the cougar tracks, they were huge!” Carrie said that the cougars she saw were “two large lions, beauties with large tassels on the ends of their tails.”

Perhaps even more vicious than the two mountain lions was “a wild critter that had followed the milk cows in. It was a Texas long horn, unbranded, and had run with a bunch that was as wild as elk.” Once again K.T. and Jane were playing on the “calf shed,” the scene of the earlier imaginary mountain lion story, when this “mad bull came to our corrals.” The two kids found themselves

stuck on the roof, because each time they tried to climb down and go to the house this wild bull “would bawl and come after us,” according to Jane. “Mother called and told us to stay on the shed,” she recalled adding, “it wasn’t fun to play there then.” Their salvation finally arrived when older brother Horace “came home in two or three hours, loaded a shotgun with salt and bacon rinds and shot the bull. He let out a great bawl and streaked down the canyon with his tail in the air. He did not bother us again.”

K.T. recounted that this wild bull later met its end when “Will Bean shot the animal. Will Bean was a law man who was looking for moon-shiners. He took the mammoth spread of horns and the meat was divided among the several families who stayed there permanently in the summer time.”⁵⁷

On one occasion the younger Butler children also found themselves “hunting” wild game that turned out to be, well, less than “wild.” Jane shared the story about these *great white hunters*:

One summer at the mine Olive, K.T. and I wanted to pick raspberries for mother. Olive told us if we took a little side trail we could get to the patch faster. Along the trail there was a dead horse and as we approached we saw a little black animal feasting on the dead horse. Olive said, “It’s a little black bear!”

K.T. said, “Yeah, lets kill it.”

They thought we could all get big clubs and at a given signal all hit it at once and kill it. I was a coward and begged them not to do it. My argument was that it would cry out and its mother would come to its rescue and eat us all.

Olive and K. T. were determined so I retreated to the roots of a fallen tree back up the trail. I climbed as high as I could on the roots in hopes I would be safe from the charge of the mother bear.

Olive and K.T. selected their stout sticks and at a signal from Olive came down as hard as they could on the back of the bear. There was a terrible cry from the frightened animal as it sped through the brush and timber.

Olive and K.T. were very disgusted that their *bear* turned out to be a little black *pig*.⁵⁸

One last story will close out our section on wildlife at the mine. This was a special memory for the children, not only because of the little pet they had, but also because of their “Pa’s” involvement with it. This was during John’s last summer at the mine and the end of these special times his children shared with him there. They did not know it then, but their Pa would never see another summer.

Pa made a cage for Charlie our pet squirrel. He sawed out two rounds of wood with a hole in the center and then put wires across from one to the other and about ½ inch apart. He put an opening in one end for a door. He put a long stick through the centers that fastened onto the stand. Charlie would climb the wires and make the cage spin. We fed him well and hated to leave him that fall.⁵⁹

Butler-Beck Mine Fails

John's mine was among the first in the Gold Mountain District, a mining district formed on April 24, 1889. Prior to that time, it required a journey of about 100 miles round trip to Junction, the seat of Piute County, to record a mine claim. The formation of the Gold Mountain Mining District enabled prospectors to record claims near Tip Top Mountain, where a few mine sites were then gaining interest.

John's mine was somewhat isolated from the other early mines being developed around Tip Top. His was about six miles to the east as the crow flies, and about twice that far traveling overland. During the period of John's involvement with the Butler-Beck Mine (1890-1898), the closest mine to his was the Silver King a little over two miles away, up the headwaters of Deer Creek, at the head of a little tributary called Spring Gulch. Aside from being closest to the Butler-Beck, the Silver King differed from most of the other mines in the Gold Mountain District in that it was owned by a fellow Mormon named Brigham Darger, who also happened to be from Spanish Fork. Mormons, at least faithful ones, were not common among the mining class in the Gold Mountain area, so with several common ties John and Brig became good friends.

Brig established the Silver King Mine during the summer of 1894, and for about four years it was the most exciting prospect on the mountain since the Butler-Beck. That is, until it met the fate destined for most mining endeavors, *bust*. However, today the Silver King is the only mine remaining in the Gold Mountain district that still looks like a mine. A few years ago, the Forest Service undertook an effort to remove almost all traces of the area's mining past by blasting shut mine tunnels and shafts, removing old mining cabins, mill equipment, etc. However, instead of dismantling the Silver King, they chose to turn it into a mining park complete with interpretive signs, where visitors can walk around and see what an 1800's mining operation looked like. The Darger's cabin remains much as it did at the time John Butler went there for Sunday visits. Mine tunnels remain (although blocked off by iron bars) and cart tracks, ore piles, tailings, etc. are all still visible.⁶⁰

As the Butler-Beck, Silver King, and the other first mines around Tip Top developed through the mid-1890's, excitement began to build and a mining boom in the area covered by the Gold Mountain District would reach its peak at the turn of the century. However, while prospects for many of these mines seemed incredibly bright, and gold seemed to be coming out of some of them in droves, for one reason or another all would eventually go bust. Unfortunately, the Butler-Beck was one of the first to meet that fate.

In hindsight, we can point to the installation of the steam-powered five stamp mill as the beginning of the end for the Butler-Beck Mining Company.

After almost a year of preparation work building the structures to house the mill, hauling the mill and other equipment to the site, creating access roads from the mines to the mill site, and setting everything up, the mill finally began operating on June 19, 1895. Just then Thomas Stringer, who had sold them the

mill, and with whom they had contracted with to install and operate it, left them in the lurch. A local newspaper reported that Stringer “left, saying he had a better job north and telling the management he could easily teach anyone of them how to manipulate the machinery. Before going, however, Stringer ran the mill for a half day and claimed to save 94% of the ore value. What he caught however, was mostly in concentrates and the cleaning up process was found to be difficult.”⁶¹

“Milling” actually consisted of a series of processes designed to separate the heavier metals, gold and silver, from the other rocks making up the ore. Mills were built in a multi-floor fashion, to use gravity to facilitate the process as the material passed through each step. This was why John built his mill with the lowest floor at the base of the canyon, next to Deer Creek, and the other floors rising up along the hillside. Ore from the mines could then be easily loaded in the top and water from streams and springs above was diverted through the mill and out into Deer Creek.

Ore was initially dumped into a crusher in the top level of the mill. From there, as Jane mentioned earlier, it “then dropped down to the next level into the five stamp section where five huge iron posts raised and lowered crushing the quartz even finer.” The fact that the Butlers’ mill had five of these “huge iron posts” “stamping” the ore is why it bore the name of a “five stamp mill.”

In reality, the mill’s “crusher” was accomplishing the same task that the men used to do by hand with sledge hammers before feeding it into the arrastra. The process of “stamping” accomplished roughly the same objective as the arrastra’s mule driven grinding stones.

Eventually, when the mill had reduced the ore to fine pieces, it was mixed with water to form a muddy bath known as “slime.” In the final step the slime was “washed” in a process in which the majority (hopefully) of the gold and silver was captured.

The milling process was very linear and had to occur in a very specific order, which made the lowest floor of the mill the last step in the process. The waste was washed out into a pile of white sand that the younger Butler children loved to play in. Their sand was “white” because the ore from the Butler-Beck Mine was mostly quartz.

Sadly, the brief test that Mr. Stringer ran (in which he claimed the mill was capturing over 90% of the gold contained in the ore) notwithstanding, in actual operation most of the gold was passing right out of the mill into the children’s nice white sandy beach, eventually to flow down a soon to be very rich creek during next spring’s winter snow melt!

John’s mill operator, Hans Gottfredson, “a number one mill man with several years’ experience” ran the mill just as Stringer had directed during his test run, but “came out behind on a thirty day run.”⁶² In other words, after a month of operation the mill hadn’t even reclaimed enough gold to pay the workmen’s wages and operational expenses of the mill. They were losing money! They would have been better off working the arrastra!

According to John's children, the mine had been "a well paying mine" up to this point, but all pointed to the mill as its downfall. "The five stamp mill was faulty and very expensive," according to Carrie. "A mill was installed . . . but found that the mill was not suitable for that kind of ore," Zettie remembered. Jane wrote that "the machinery in the lower section of the mill proved to be faulty and would wash a great part of the gold out with the sand." And finally John III, who at age 21 was older and more involved in the mine's operation than the other children, stated: "They put in a five stamp mill which was ready to operate in 1895, they tried several methods to handle the ore, but never were successful in saving enough to make a paying proposition of it."⁶³

One of the different ways they tried "handling the ore" was the purchase and installation of a "vanner" in August of 1895. A "vanner" was a machine placed at the end of the milling process that washed the "slime" using an inclined conveyor belt. Obviously, they hoped the addition of this machine would solve the problem of the gold getting flushed out uncaptured. But even with the vanner installed "another losing month's run was made." They were still losing money!

At this point in time, no one knows for sure what the exact problem with the mill was, or specifically why it was unable to separate the gold properly. However, based on experience noted with other mines in the area that dealt with similar ore, one theory seems most probable. The gold held by the quartz ore there was fairly pure and therefore soft, so as it went through the Butler-Beck mill it had a tendency to get "stamped" down so hard that it was flattened into tiny pieces of gold leaf. During the washing process, instead of sinking to the bottom like the heavy metal is supposed to do, these tiny pieces of gold leaf actually "floated" along, being held up by microscopic air bubbles in the water, and eventually flowed out of the mill with the waste ore. A nugget of gold, a speck of gold, even gold dust, will sink, but gold leaf, even tiny gold leaf with a proportionally large surface area, can stay suspended for some time. To see what we're talking about, take a piece of tinfoil and drop it into some water and see if it sinks. Now this is just a theory of what might have gone wrong with the Butler-Beck Mill but it made sense when it was explained to me, and I have come across no better explanation as to why the mill failed.⁶⁴ As 'Doc' Utley, put it "the old Gold Mountain problem of slimes raised its head and they watched their dreams of a fortune go floating off in the tails."⁶⁵

Now one might think, "Well okay, the mill failed, so why not just go back to the arrastra, process the tailing pile by hand, and all would be fine?" Unfortunately it was not so simple as that. The whole endeavor of setting up the mill and expanding the mining operation had sunk the company deep into debt, and John bore the brunt of that personally. He had sunk not only all of his capital from the sale of his livestock, but also had mortgaged his farms. He stood to lose everything.

The \$10,000 price paid for the mill itself was only part of the expense. Greater costs were incurred buying other equipment, building the infrastructure to support the mill, supplies to operate it and the expanding mining efforts, and a

huge labor expense, as they then were employing about 40 men. Granted some of these expenses were covered by the sale or trade of Butler-Beck stock, but these new shareholders expected a return on their investment. They expected big things to happen and going back to a small family operation using the slow *arrastra* was not an option, nor would it cover the interest payments required on the company's mounting debt.

According to a November 14, 1895 article in the mining section of the *San Francisco Call* newspaper "Judge W. W. Wallace of Sevier County, Utah, has taken a bond and lease on the Butler-Beck Mine and mill in the Gold mountain district, Utah, at a fixed price of \$55,000."⁶⁶

Apparently in the fall of 1895, people in the area, like probate judge Wallace, still had high hopes for the Butler-Beck Mine, certainly feeling that once the problems with the mill were resolved they would get a good return on their investment.

Judge Wallace, an area entrepreneur and businessman, agreed to purchase the "time checks" of the Butler-Beck employees. It was not an uncommon practice at the time for another business to thus pay the employees of a company, like the Butler-Beck, that didn't have enough cash flow to cover its payroll. In essence, Judge Wallace was loaning money to the Butler-Beck Mining Corporation each time he cashed their employees' "time checks." As a result, the longer it took them to get the mill operating profitably, the deeper and deeper in debt they were becoming. Time was definitely not on their side!

Even in the face of mounting debt, perhaps in time they might have gotten the mill processing problems resolved and gradually dug themselves out of their growing financial hole, had it not been for an even greater disaster: They lost the rich vein of ore they were following!

K.T. remembered, "It was a strange time, father fired with the idea that he was going to be a rich man from his gold mining and there were good prospects. They were following a rich vein of ore, and then all of a sudden a slip in the earth had caused that vein to be lost."⁶⁷

Many of K.T.'s siblings recorded the same thing, due to a "slip in the earth," they "lost the vein" which was never found again.⁶⁸ An explanation of what they meant by a "slip in the earth" is in order. The Gold Mountain area was, and is, a very active geological region with a lot of seismic activity. Because of this it was not uncommon to find locations where a rock or earth mass was split, with one side being thrust up or the other sunk down. Along such a fault the earth had "slipped." As miners tunneled along they followed a "vein," a certain type of ore (rock) that differed from the surrounding rock, breaking it up and removing it as they went. The height, width and direction of the tunnel was dictated by the edges of the vein, as indicated by a change in rock type. With the Butler-Beck Mine the "vein" was quartz ore, but as they tunneled along, following their vein, all of a sudden they hit a "slip in the earth" and the vein just stopped. It was like they hit a proverbial brick wall. What lay before them was no longer quartz; it was now granite or some other kind of totally different rock. Their vein of quartz ore certainly continued somewhere in the

mountain, but it was now above them, or maybe below them, to the right, or perhaps to the left, ten feet away, a hundred, or a thousand, who knows? Somewhere hidden in that mountain their vein would start up again, if only they could find it!

The two Johns, Butler and Beck, frantically searched for the lost vein, sinking new tunnels, drifts, rises, and shafts, but time was running out. Without the vein there was no gold to be extracted, even in a faulty mill. With no gold there was no money to pay the workers, or interest on their growing debt, and as everyone knows, creditors are not patient.

It wasn't long before the Butler-Beck Mining Company was forced into bankruptcy. On January 3, 1897 the *Richfield Advocate* reported:

Last Saturday on the steps of the courthouse in Richfield, the ownership of the Butler and Beck, one of the Gold Mountain mines, passed out from under their hands and into the hands ostensibly, of Judge W. W. Wallace for the nominal sum of \$8,578.73, that being the only bid made at the trustees sale by public auction.

Thus ended a chapter of hard luck, fruitless endeavor and final failure of the mine's management to hold its head above water.

I have no concrete proof of this, but the circumstances of the bankruptcy sale scream "collusion" to me. There is no question that at the time, the property was worth much, much more than the paltry \$8,578.73 paid for it. Even the writer of the foregoing article went on to report that "the price at which the property was sacrificed was *slaughterhouse*." A mining boom was just then beginning to gain momentum and speculation was becoming rampant, so why had none of the many other mining concerns come forward to bid on the property? Many people in the area "thought that the lost vein would be found" in short order. The Butler-Beck had been "the richest strike on Gold Mountain" and at the time many believed that a fortune would yet be made at the site. Many felt the problems with the mill were simply mishandling, and that the failure of the mine was poor management. In the "right hands" the mine was sure to make someone rich, was a prevailing view. So why did none come forward and at least bid on such a steal?

K.T. claims that at the mine's peak, Peter Kimberly and Frank Filer (millionaire developers from southern Idaho for whom the cities of Kimberly and Filer, near Twin Falls, are named) offered his father "half a million" dollars for the mine, but John had refused.⁶⁹ Now we have no proof of this, and that figure was perhaps an exaggeration, but shortly after, Peter Kimberly did invest considerable money into mines in the nearby Tip Top area and had the town forming there named after him.

Somewhat substantiating the "half a million" dollar value K.T. stated the mine was worth at its peak, while adding credence to the suspicion of collusion surrounding the bankruptcy auction, the same January 3, 1897 *Richfield Advocate* article went on to report that "A few weeks ago," or in other words *after* the mill problems and lost vein were common knowledge, "Judge Wallace could have sold the group [Butler-Beck group of claims] for \$125,000.00" but

declined. So assuredly Judge Wallace and those involved with him thought even at this late stage it was worth considerably more than that sum.

Judge Wallace formed a group to pursue the mining interests at the Butler-Beck Mine and appointed Pat Ryan, manager of the Golden Star Mining Company, to do the assessment work necessary to hold onto the claims and oversee any development work the group should decide to do.

Little happened at the mine site until the latter end of 1897. Reporting on mining interests in the Gold Mountain area of Southern Utah, the November 12, 1897 *Deseret News* included this excerpt relating to the Butler-Beck Mine:

Pat Ryan and Fred McGurrin, his attorney, were in Richfield Thursday and Friday. Mr. Ryan has put a force of men to work doing assessments on the Butler-Beck.

Three weeks later on December 3, 1897, the same newspaper reported that much optimism still existed regarding the mine's future:

THE BUTLER-BECK, A Lead of Fine-Looking Quartz in the Property—Working Assessments.

The Butler-Beck Gold Mountain district, is forging to the fore says the Richfield Advocate, Sunday afternoon. Pat Ryan of Salt Lake City, now having charge of developments, met in Richfield [with] W. A. Crawford who, with the Kunz boys and Hyrum Hansen, is doing the year's assessments on the group. Mr. Ryan squared for all the work done to date and will doubtless keep operations pushing through spring. Not long since, Mr. Crawford came upon a lead of fine looking quartz, bluish hued, in the Carrie winze. Mr. Ryan took specimens of this for test on his return to Salt Lake Monday.⁷⁰

Regardless of the "lead of fine-looking quartz" they may have found, John's "rich vein" of ore continued to elude them. It was also becoming apparent that the five stamp mill, which they assumed was just not being operated properly under John's management, really was faulty. Finally, on April 7, 1900, they gave up on the mill and it was sold to Willard Snyder, a major player among Gold Mountain mining interests, for the junk price of \$100.⁷¹

On November 17, 1899, Judge Wallace and his group sold the Butler-Beck group of claims to a newly organized company known as the Kentucky Gold Mining Company, in an effort to sell stock under a new name. 'Doc' Utley postulated "it is hard to ascertain if the company was a serious attempt to revive the mining property or a stock scheme to swindle someone. There was a lot of this going on at this time."⁷²

The mine passed through one hand after another, each owner thinking that the "lost vein" could be found. Eventually it landed in the hands of Kenneth Hoover, who for years did annual assessment work required to hold onto the claims. His daughter, Joan Anderson, stated that her father did this mainly because the site was a great place for the family to use as a recreational retreat. Like the Butlers had years before, the Hoovers enjoyed the beautiful mountain setting and created many family memories there.

As for the lost vein, Joan shared that during the years her father held the mining claims, various geologists studied the area and determined that it would be virtually impossible for anyone to ever find the lost vein. Their study indicated that the “slip” was so massive that the vein is now so deep inside, or under, the mountain that no one could ever get to it.⁷³

John had been a reasonably wealthy man, but lost everything he had when the mine failed. He still had houses for his families to live in, but as far as means to provide a livelihood for them, the mine had left him destitute. On top of that, he lost his health as well. As K.T. put it, “in his frantic efforts to find the lost vein his health broke.”⁷⁴ John III shared that his father “had invested everything that he owned in the mine and now found himself in poor health and with two families to care for, and only a poor home left to them. Their great hopes had been blighted.”⁷⁵ Jane echoed the pain the whole family felt:

The miners lost the rich vein of ore and were also having trouble with the mine machinery. Eventually all hands but Pa and the boys were laid off. Pa’s health was failing and he couldn’t work like he used to. The property was taken over by a mortgage company with Pa staying on for awhile as watchman. . . .

My poor dear parents, what agonizing hardships and disappointments they went through—my brothers also went through a great deal of pain and hardship. I didn’t realize what they went through trying to hold on to the mine, to me it was a fun exciting life. Mother always regretted telling her dream . . . to my father.⁷⁶

After the Butler-Beck bankruptcy, in December of 1896, John was hired by the new owners as the caretaker and watchman over the very site where his dreams of fortune had rested only months before. His salary was a paltry \$25 a month.⁷⁷ To put this in perspective, the normal wage for an ordinary mine worker at the time was \$3 a day. But John was not an ordinary *employee*, he had been an *employer* most of his life, a business owner, land holder, a man of means, even president of a company only moments before! Yet now he was relegated to working as a watchman for one third a normal working man’s pay! But with his health failing what else could he do? His integrity dictated that he do whatever he could to support his family, no matter how demeaning it was to him personally. Simply put, his family was worth more to him than his pride!

For the next year and a half John would remain as the solitary worker at the mine, watching over and doing periodic maintenance on the very equipment that had failed him there. During the summers of 1897 and 1898 his family would join him there, and as previously described those times spent together as a family were enjoyable, in spite of his failing health.

However, the winter months were a severe trial, as he passed day after day in solitary vigil. His only respites from the loneliness were the few times Pat Ryan and his crew came to do assessment work, and each Sunday when John walked up to the Silver King and spent the Sabbath with the men working there, including his friend Brig Darger and his wife Pansy who were newlyweds just married on March 27, 1897.

John's dream of *golden treasure* died with a lost vein at the end of a mine tunnel. He had been a wealthy man with herds of horses and sheep, but as son Horace graphically summarized, he "drove them into a mine, and they never came out again!"⁷⁸

Even so, John's *true treasure*, the treasure he valued most, he would never lose! That treasure would only grow stronger.

As an epilogue to this chapter, about 70 years later Jane and K.T., who provided us with so many of the foregoing stories relating to the Butler-Beck Mine, returned there and even in their old age spent several days exploring the site and reminiscing. A detailed account of their trip was recorded by their niece, Helen Dalton, which expresses many of their poignant feelings about this site that had become almost sacred to them. It is too lengthy to include here, but anyone interested can find this account on pages 107-110 of Helen's work, *The Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, which is included in digital form on the CD accompanying this book.

Chapter Thirteen

Last Two Years

The failed mining endeavor plunged both of John's families into abject poverty. It was a new situation for them, but they adjusted to it and all began doing their part for the betterment of the family. John remained at the mine earning what little he could as watchman, while his wives and children returned to their homes in the valley. The younger children returned to school, but as K.T. related:

Our schooling was so much broken into, trailing to father's mining operations in the spring before school was out and then coming down in the fall after school had started. It was a wonder school had any charm at all for us, or that the teachers tolerated such errant ways. And so our childhood was brief and varied.¹

Little Jane also described how school had become a challenge because of the family's poverty:

Flo Bean was my first grade teacher. At the end of the year she gave all of her students a green ribbon badge with our initials on the ribbon. I still have that little ribbon badge. Annie Morrison also taught first grade, I didn't like her because she was not very loving or understanding of poor people. She criticized me for using a cracked slate, which was all I had.

Another teacher I had was a cousin of mine, Lizzie Butler [James Butler's daughter, Charlotte Elizabeth]. The wages for teachers was very poor so at the end of the year she asked each of us to bring 5¢ to pay for the traditional ribbon badge. They were beautiful big pink ribbon bows this year and I really wanted one. My mother didn't have a nickel and I was unhappy and didn't want to go to school the day of our final program. I finally went but stayed in the hall huddled under a coat. A friend told the teacher I was in the hall crying because I didn't have a nickel for a badge. Lizzie came out, dried my tears and gave me one of the beautiful badges.²

Jane, and the younger Butler children, also saw a marked difference at Christmas time:

When I was in the first grade there was a boy in my class named Jessie Outzson. His father owned the main hotel and the family was supposed to be rich. After Christmas our teacher said we could tell what we received for Christmas. I don't remember what was reported except that among other things Jessie reported he had received \$1.00's worth of candy. I had tried so hard to be a good girl and Jessie swore and would throw rocks so I didn't understand why he would give Jessie a dollars worth of candy.³

Seeing his children go without much at Christmas time and other special occasions was a particularly sore trial for John, who throughout his life had taken such pleasure in giving special gifts to his children.

Older Children Leave To Find Work

Much responsibility now fell upon John and Ettie's oldest son, John III, to help support the family. He had really wanted to pursue an education, but his only opportunity to attend college was in early 1895. That year he attended Brigham Young Academy in Provo and boarded with his friend Isaac Erin Thurber, and Erin's sister Bertha, who would later become John III's wife. However, this only lasted about five weeks, before demands at the mine called him away. It was his last opportunity to attend school.⁴

In July of 1896 with the mine's impending failure evident, John III, now an experienced miner, went to work in the Tintic Mining district, near the aptly named town of Eureka, about 15 miles southeast of Utah Lake. Shortly after arriving a terrible flood nearly cost him his life, as he tried to save a drowning 12-year-old boy. The flood was followed by an even greater disaster, a typhoid epidemic that hit the area, and John III was struck with the disease and sent home to Richfield. All of John III's family was still living up at the Butler-Beck Mine that summer and fall, except for his sisters Zettie and Carrie who were working in Richfield, so they took charge of nursing him back to health.⁵

John III returned to Eureka and "went back to work before receiving his strength and had rather a discouraging time for awhile" and suffered a "relapse" of the disease. But he fought through it, working in one mine after another in the Eureka area all that fall and winter, while enduring many difficult experiences. In the spring of 1897, John secured a timber contract, so his son, John III, returned to the Gold Mountain district to help him with it. Likely Horace and Den were part of the timber crew as well. After the contract was completed, John III remained in the area working with a friend named Jack Gilbert at the Grasshopper Mine, which afterwards became part of the renown Annie Laurie group of claims at Kimberly. At this time John III had another mountain lion experience, as his future wife Bertha later related:

One night while John worked at this mine he had finished his shift and was going to his cabin; while going down the trail he met a

mountain lion coming down another trail. They both stopped within about a rod [16.5 feet] of each other. John felt that he was facing a wild animal of some kind, he struck a match which frightened the lion and he jumped over a big log and hurried away. John said he did not know which was the most scared, he or the lion.⁶

John III wasn't the only one busy working to help the family. John and Ettie's older daughters also were engaged finding work outside their home. Zettie had become a seamstress, working for various families in the Richfield area and taking in sewing at home.⁷ As mentioned earlier, Carrie was also working in Richfield and by the fall of 1896 Sadie was living and working in Salt Lake City.

Even young Olive began working outside the home. "As a result of [the] reversal in our financial situation" she began working "in various homes where there was illness or the lady of the house had a baby and needed help." Of her first job, Olive recorded:

When I was 12, I made my first money working for Sister Farnsworth doing housework and cooking. I learned quite a bit about cooking for my age. I could already bake bread which I had learned from mother. I worked there for about two weeks and also helped her can fruit. I got a quarter and a big water bucket full of tomatoes and plums to take home. I couldn't go to school at this time because I was needed to work and help care for father, who was ill.⁸

Little Jane did her part as well. "I recall when I earned 10¢ and was told I could spend it any way I liked," Jane shared. But instead of buying candy or a toy like a typical child, she "went to Lawsons store and bought three bananas. I was so proud to divide the fruit evenly and gave Pa and Ma their portions first."⁹

Jane also shared that even her little brother K.T. went to work. "One of K.T.'s jobs was to take the neighbors cows to pasture down south of town," she related while adding that being a little child he still made a game out of it: "The pasture fences were built of poles so we would see how far we could walk on the poles without falling off. K.T. always won these contests. We would always stop at Mrs. Goosleys spring and get a drink of the cold, clear water."¹⁰

Of going to work at such a young age to help support his family, K.T. later stated that "all this responsibility made us old for our years" and then shared another job he had as a little boy: "I was a rugged adventurous boy and it early fell to my lot to help provide for the family. I worked for Uncle Jim Butler who kept Bees and ran pigs and was paid twenty cents a day."¹¹ K.T.'s pig herding job was far from easy, according to his sister Jane:

K.T. was such a little fellow when he herded pigs on Uncle Jim's farm which was north of Richfield. Each morning the pigs were turned out in the thorny greese wood patches. Sadie came home for a visit from Salt Lake and K.T. greeted her looking very pitiful. He had been trying to get the pigs out of the greese wood and had torn his clothing and long black stockings to shreds. His dirty face was streaked with

tears and when he saw Sadie he burst into tears again. Sadie helped to get warm water in the tub and K.T. soon had a refreshing bath and clean clothing. I hope he never went back to that job.¹²

Through the experience of working to help support his struggling family, K.T., like all the Butler children, learned to be a hard worker and endure hardships. At times those hardships involved mistreatment by others. K.T.'s daughter, Cleo, shared one such instance and an interesting outcome that remained with her father through the rest of his life. K.T. had been hired out to herd cows. As Cleo stated, "it was a job that a small boy could handle and it would have meant one less mouth to feed. Their evening meal was oatmeal, which he had with milk poured over it. However, his employer's little girl got hers with cream and taunted him saying, 'You have yours with milk because you are the hired boy.' So, he learned to hate oatmeal!"

But the story doesn't end there. One day some 80 years later, towards the end of K.T.'s long life when he was in a nursing home, Cleo observed a nurse trying fruitlessly to get him to eat his oatmeal. She exclaimed, "Don't feed him that. He hates oatmeal!" The staff then asked what they should feed him. Cleo responded, "Give him ice cream. He loves it!" She then added this bit of wisdom, "When you are in your nineties and in a nursing home does it matter if you don't eat your oatmeal?"¹³

Spiritual, Medical, and Scientific Technology

Going back to the fall of 1896, after John III had partially recovered from his bout with typhoid fever and had returned to the Tintic Mining District, 15-year-old Carrie also found work there. She took a job at one of the boarding houses in Eureka called the Palace Hotel. However, her employment there only lasted about three weeks. In early November, Sadie sent for her to join her in Salt Lake City, where she had found a better job for Carrie. Her move from a remote mining town with minimal medical facilities, to Salt Lake City, was providential, because only three days later Carrie suffered a very serious attack of appendicitis in which her appendix ruptured. She was rushed to Holy Cross Hospital, where an operation had to be performed quickly, but the doctors required parental consent before they would proceed.¹⁴

In the meantime, while not knowing exactly what was happening, her father felt impressed that something was wrong. As was already described in chapter eleven, both John and Ettie seemed to have been very sensitive to spiritual promptings. John had learned to act quickly on such promptings, so leaving the mine issues, which at that moment was facing impending bankruptcy, and ignoring his own poor health, he prepared to go visit Carrie, even before getting word of her illness.

John quickly left "on the first train" with only enough money for his fare, but upon arriving in Salt Lake some "church brethren" he knew saw him and gave him some money and help. He immediately went to the hospital, where he "administered" to Carrie, giving her a priesthood blessing. He also gave the doctors the needed permission to begin the operation.

It was 9:00 p.m. before they started surgery. What in our day may seem like a routine operation with little risk was not so routine in the 19th century. Many people died of appendicitis in those days, especially after a rupture, and operating procedures were crude, at best. “I was among the first few to be operated on for appendicitis in the State of Utah,” recalled Carrie. In addition to her main doctors, Wilcox and Richards, two other doctors “from the East happened to be there” at the time and were asked to assist, “and another gave the anesthetic.” So Carrie had a total of five doctors working on her that night. Of the surgery itself, Carrie described:

All said it was too late, it would be operating on a dead girl. But Dr. Charles Wilcox held out, so they went ahead. The appendix had broken. They used fifteen gallons of water, took out my innards and surely did stir them up until my waist line was six inches larger for the next three months. What a terrible night that was!

While in Salt Lake helping Carrie, John noticed some amazing technological advances, in addition to the operation that would save his daughter’s life. It should be remembered that John had been a *pioneer* all his life. His childhood was spent on the plains among the Indians, with nothing but what they could make or do with their own hands. As an 8-year-old boy, he had crossed the plains to Utah by foot in a journey that took all summer. Now he saw trains that had carried people the same distance in just a couple of days! Even his recent trip from Richfield to Salt Lake had been accomplished in a matter of hours, instead of days plodding slowly in a covered wagon like he was used to. Throughout his life he had resided mostly on the fringes of civilization, with only brief views of the progress society was making. With this in mind it is easy to see why the advances he experienced on this trip to Salt Lake City were truly incredible to him.

For instance, upon his return home he excitedly shared with his family a new marvel, exclaiming, “You just touched a button, and the light would come on in the room!” Remember that only a decade earlier he had brought home a new oil lamp that replaced their dim handmade candles. How wonderful and bright that lamp seemed to all, yet it was nothing compared to an electric light.

But even more amazing was the telephone, which John thought “was a wonderful invention.” While in Salt Lake he had the opportunity to talk on a telephone with his son John III, who was at Eureka. They were about 70 miles apart, but as he later shared with his family, “You could hear him so plain—it was just like he was in the next room!”

John also “thought the new farming implements were just marvelous,” according to Jane, because “they didn’t have to use a scythe to cut the field of wheat.” But sadly, her “father never saw a phonograph.”

Nevertheless, to John some technology seemed foolhardy. In the last years of his life, John and others in Utah began hearing news of people experimenting with the “air ship.” John “said they would never be successful—if the Lord meant us to fly, he would have given us wings!”¹⁵

Carrie remained in the hospital for a month, slowly recovering. Although the effects of the operation would cause her grief and ill health for many years, it had saved her life and all were very grateful. With her recovery apparent, John returned home in time to see the bankruptcy auction of the Butler-Beck Mine sell his once bright dream at a “slaughterhouse” price and he began his lonely vigil at the mine.

Carrie related that while she was in the hospital, Dr. Wilcox continued to “administer” to her and that her name was on the prayer rolls of the temple. She also shared that “one day Dr. Wilcox came in and said Apostle John Henry Smith is in the Hospital, would you like him to administer to you? Of course I was grateful to have him.” She celebrated her 16th birthday in the hospital, before finally being released in early December. Of her return home she recorded:

After a month I was released from the hospital, feeling I had been greatly blessed. A couple of weeks later Sadie put me on the train for home, on a Sunday morning. The train arrived about 8:00 o’clock that evening. To my great surprise a very large crowd mostly young people were there to meet me. I was helped into the waiting room, then the hand shaking began. They told me that so many missed church that evening that they did not hold it. A very warm welcome I assure you. I was home in time for Christmas.¹⁶

Mission Call & Marriages

Making matters even more difficult financially for the family, in the latter part of 1897, while John III was working at the Grasshopper Mine, he received a mission call from the presidency of the Church to serve in the Northern States Mission and depart for that mission the following March.

John III had strong faith and a desire to serve as a missionary, but because of his role as a major provider of the family’s support during this time of extreme financial trial, the mission call caused him considerable concern. He thought that perhaps it might be best to explain to Church leaders the family’s difficult situation and politely decline the call, but first he sought his father’s counsel on the matter. So that winter he went to the Butler-Beck Mine site, where his father lived alone as caretaker. By then John’s health was badly broken and he knew he would not live long.

As the two discussed the mission call, and the question was raised as to whether it would be best to decline it given the circumstances, John emphatically told his son, “You go on this mission.” Nevertheless, he acknowledged, “my life is short and I will be gone before you return from your mission.” John also expressed how much he dearly loved and appreciated his oldest and namesake son, saying in effect, “you have been a good and faithful servant to your Heavenly Father and have done a wonderful job of taking on the responsibility of supporting your mother and your younger brothers and sisters.” But regardless of the hardships they all faced, John made it clear that he didn’t want his son to miss this opportunity to do something for himself and for the

Lord. Never could a father have been more proud of his son or a son more proud of his father then during this tender exchange!

John III later related through his wife, that “his last visit with his father was when they walked together down in the canyon from the mine having a long confidential talk.” We will touch on the subject of that “confidential talk” later in chapter fifteen. Afterwards,

They said good bye, both of them in tears. John III went on down the canyon and to the home in Richfield, his father returned to his lonely home at the mine. John III never looked back after leaving his father, as he felt like that would be their last meeting on this earth and so it proved.¹⁷

As the last year of John’s life dawned, the first of his children got married. On January 12, 1898, Sarah, who had been living and working in Salt Lake for most of the previous two years, married Gomer Morgan Richards in the Salt Lake Temple. It does not appear that John was able to attend the wedding, nevertheless he was very happy for his daughter. The Richards were early pioneers in Parowan and John had known Gomer’s family for some time.

Six months later, on July 21, 1898, John’s oldest daughter Francetty was married to John Christensen in the Manti Temple. John was undoubtedly pleased with this marriage also. John Christensen was the son of Danish immigrants, whom the Butlers had known almost since their move to Sevier County. Zettie’s husband had started what would become a very successful hardware store, and he would go on to become a pillar in Richfield’s business community and a leader in the Church, serving almost two decades as a counselor in the stake presidency.

With his two oldest sisters married, or soon to be, and his older sister Carrie away once more working in Salt Lake, Horace, “a boy of 15 years,” became “the sole support of the family at this time.” At least K.T. and the younger children viewed him as such. In actuality, as mentioned earlier, most of the children were contributing something to the family’s finances. Even so, a substantial burden now rested on young Horace. As K.T. related, when John III left on his mission in the spring of 1898, “Horace gave him all the cash on hand at that time and if I remember right it was \$25.”¹⁸ This was still during the days when missionaries served “without purse or scrip,” so John III’s food and lodging would be provided mostly by the kindness of those he served, nevertheless he still needed money to pay his train fare and other expenses to get him started on his mission.

Last Summer at the Mine

After the school term ended in the spring of 1898, John’s family joined him once more to spend the summer at the mine. With John III away on his mission, Sadie and Zettie married or getting married, and Carrie working in Salt Lake, those at the mine that summer included John’s wife Ettie and their younger children, Horace being the oldest.

John's wife Sarah undoubtedly remained in the valley that summer because she was pregnant with their last child, a daughter they named Venesse, who was born on August 20, 1898.¹⁹

Even in their poverty, at the mine that summer the Butlers "really lived good" and enjoyed a brief respite of relative prosperity, as Zettie related: "The folks took a few cows up to the mine and really lived good with a lot of milk, butter and cheese, and cream to go with the wild strawberries which were abundant there. Also, plenty of fish were to be caught in the big creek."²⁰

Aside from the little bit of income the family received from caretaking the mine equipment, they also sold surplus milk, butter, and cheese to other mining camps that were then springing up a few miles away.

The only thing that spoiled this otherwise enjoyable summer was John's health, which was rapidly declining. "That fall as we prepared to go back to the valley Pa said we would not be going back to the mine again," Jane remembered. This was sad news for the younger children, who had always enjoyed these summers together in the mountains. What they didn't realize was that their father knew he was dying.

Viewing this as their last time at the mine, their mountain home, Olive and Jane wanted to leave something permanent to mark their having been there. Jane described the memorial they left:

Olive and I gathered all of the pretty quartz and crystals we could find and leveled off a place in the creek bed above the house [this was not Deer Creek but a little stream flowing into it from the north side of the canyon]. We built a monument about 2½ feet high and split the little creek so it ran on both sides of the monument. We then crossed the creek [Deer Creek] to the side where the pine trees grew, dug up two tiny trees and planted them on each side of the monument. We planted a vine that grew in the dampness of the creek and twined it around the rocks, putting moss covered stones around the bottom. We felt we had created a work of art and beauty, wondering if some day someone would wonder who made it. This was built the fall before Pa died.²¹

Some 70 years later Jane would visit the mine once more. She would find the "monument" gone and one of the little pine trees had died; however the other little tree had grown into a massive pine. Joan Anderson, whose family held claim to the property at the time, said she had always wondered how that pine tree had come to grow on the opposite side of the canyon from all the others.²²

In addition to building the monument, Jane engaged in another project while the family was preparing to leave. As was explained in the previous chapter, the process of extracting gold from ore with the mill was far from perfect, so remaining in the sand tailing pile below the mill was a certain amount of gold dust. In fact, Jane remembered that she "could see tiny grains of gold sparkling in the sand." However, this little bit of gold remaining with the waste was considered not cost effective to try to reclaim, and at the time nobody really cared about it.

However, little Jane, who had learned from her father how to pan gold and whose time wasn't worth much anyway, figured she could gain a little money and help the family. So with a little spoon and a pan she went to work taking the white sand tailings and panning out gold dust in the nearby stream. After much painstaking work, she had managed to completely fill a lemon extract bottle with gold, certainly worth a pretty penny!

One can easily imagine little Jane, so proud of herself, excitedly showing her father the results of her long hours of work. Why, this little girl had resourcefully made some money to help her impoverished family! You can imagine her surprise when her father said firmly:

"Daughter, that doesn't belong to me. You take it and pour it out again where you found it."

Of course, Jane was not happy. She thought her father was being foolish. But throughout her life she remembered the lesson he taught her. John wisely understood that his integrity, especially as viewed by his children, was far more valuable than gold, even in the midst of poverty.²³

Few men at the time would have viewed taking gold out of a waste pile at a semi-abandoned mine as stealing. Also, considering the suspicious results of the "slaughterhouse" bankruptcy auction, John might have rightly felt the current owners had cheated him. Most men would have used such circumstances as justification for keeping that bottle of gold, but not John. He may not have left his children worldly wealth, but he left them a legacy of honor!

Leaving the mine for good also meant leaving their pet, Charlie, behind. How he would survive after being tended and fed by the Butler children for so long was a great concern. Jane reflected:

We turned our pet, Charlie the squirrel, out of his cage as we were preparing to leave the mine. An early snow storm hit and poor Charlie was running back and forth frantically gathering acorns for the winter. We gathered acorns and placed them in a pan with scraps of food, put the pan on our step for Charlie. After two days he did not return for our supplies so Pa said he had stored his winters supply.²⁴

Before the family was entirely prepared to leave, John's health had turned so bad that Ettie decided to send him immediately to Richfield, feeling that he "could get better care at home." She arranged for Jane and Olive to go with him, while she would return later with the younger children and their few cows.

As John and his two girls left the mine that fall, they "were all so sad as we knew we would not be returning," Jane noted, and recalled that "we wanted to take rocks, etc. with us" as souvenirs "but were discouraged as our wagon was already over loaded." She also remembered an interesting souvenir they tried to collect on the way and the ill results this particular item caused:

I remember Horace helped us to the top of the very steep Pete Ritts Hollow. Horace, Olive and I were walking to lighten the load and saw a huge hornet's nest. Olive wanted to take it home because it was so beautiful. Horace was sure it would be deserted as the weather was so cold so took his knife out and started to cut the limb of the tree a few

feet below the nest. About this time hornets started swarming out of the nest and Horace had to rollover and over down the hill in the loose dirt to get rid of them. Needless to say Olive didn't get her hornets nest.²⁵

The rest of the trip back to Richfield was apparently uneventful, although the children "were late getting down for school that fall."²⁶

By the time of John's return to Richfield, his wife Sarah had already given birth to his last child, only weeks before on August 20th. Sadly, John would have little time to enjoy his newborn daughter Venesse, because both of them only had a few months remaining on earth.

With Sarah dealing with a newborn and likely living at Monroe then, 13-year-old Olive was placed in charge of caring for her father until Ettie brought the rest of the family down from the mountain. Olive fondly remembered him calling her "his little nurse," but reflected that "I wasn't a very good one at first because I burned the bottom of his feet with a mustard plaster." Aside from the sorrow she felt for her father's illness, the situation was a particular hardship for a young teenage girl during a time of life when sociality is so important. "I remember feeling a little sad that I didn't have many friends that came to see me. I was usually away for the summer and was so busy taking care of father when we got home, I didn't have time to play or visit with friends."²⁷

Horace's Lonely Vigil

John's ill health made another winter vigil at the mine impossible for him, so he asked Horace to take his place as watchman in order to keep that \$25 a month of family income coming. His job was to guard the property from possible thieves and do daily maintenance on the mill equipment, the belts of which "had to be turned a little each day" to remain in working order. It was a significant task for a 15-year-old boy, but even more daunting was the fact that this boy would be living alone throughout the winter in a snowbound high mountain wilderness!

After Ettie and the other children left that fall, K.T. remained at the mine, keeping Horace company "until the snow came," then K.T. left as well. Horace walked with him to the top of Pete Ritts Hollow, then waved goodbye as he watched his little 8-year-old brother heading off alone across the mountains on his long trek back to Richfield. Of his departure K.T. long remembered, "Horace had such a sad look on his face knowing he was to be alone for several months with no transportation except snowshoes."²⁸ K.T. also described the effect this long winter alone had on his older brother:

Horace [came] with me as far as he could, and then I, on our only horse, started for Richfield; and Horace sorrowfully turned back to his lonely vigil at the mine. He would stay there alone all through those winter months. He came out of this experience a kind, soft spoken man, always so appreciative of his loved ones. He never could seem to get enough companionship with friends; he loved people and adored his wife and family – always putting their comfort before his own. To him,

Ida [Horace's future wife] was the finest, most capable woman in the whole world.²⁹

Except for a brief trip home for Christmas, the joy of which was marred by the death of his father, Horace remained alone at the mine all winter, just to keep that crucial \$25 a month coming to his family, much of which was used to pay for his father's ineffective medicines. It was a huge sacrifice for a teenage boy, but "he was pretty much the bread earner for the family"³⁰ at the time. One wonders if there are any teenage boys today still possessing that kind of "the Right Stuff" and "True Grit."

In addition to the emotional loneliness, the situation was certainly dangerous as well. Winter storms, lawless men, potential accidents with no one to give aid, and wild animals all presented significant risk. And once again, the Butler's numerous mountain lion stories continued during Horace's lonely vigil. A descendant of his shared that one respite from "the loneliness [that] was very difficult to bear" was when he occasionally "skied down the mountain to get the mail." On one such trip he related that "on the way back he crossed the path of a cougar that had been tracking him. The tracks were 3" across and he found a urine spot that was still steaming and knew the animal was very close to him."³¹ His sister Jane shared another instance of a big cat trying to get him:

[Horace] had some fresh meat frozen and hanging in the store room. One night he heard clawing on the roof over the meat. The roof was dirt with boards across. He stepped to the door and fired a shot frightening the intruder away. Next morning he found cougar tracks in the light snow.³²

Horace's childhood and teenage years of hard work at the mine, culminated by this lonely winter vigil, left a tremendous emotional impact on him that lasted throughout his life. Whereas most of his other siblings retained fond memories of the mine site, for Horace the very thought of the place filled his mind with a degree of emotional horror. So much so that a few years later when some of his siblings asked him to accompany them on a short trip to the site and reminisce about old times, he simply replied that he couldn't bear being there again as it brought to his heart such pain and sorrow.

Bright's Disease

Because of "those terrific headaches" brought on by the head injury in Panguitch almost two decades earlier, "my father was sick all the time I knew him," remembered Jane, mirroring a view held by most of John's younger children. But in the fall of 1898 "after the family got back to Richfield, Pa's health failed rapidly and he rarely got out of the house," she noticed.³³

In addition to the chronic headaches, which seemed to be getting worse, John was now struck with Bright's disease. In today's medical terminology his condition would be called chronic nephritis, which is a disease resulting from infection of the kidneys. While today, with modern antibiotics and treatments, it

is almost always curable, back in the 1800's there was no successful treatment for chronic Bright's disease. Although John's family would sacrifice what little money they had buying medicines for him, these would have no more effect than mere placebos.³⁴

Severe symptoms accompanied Bright's disease, including back pain, vomiting, and fever. Urine was reduced in quantity, was of dark, smoky or bloody color, and had high levels of albumin. Edema, varying in degree from slight puffiness of the face to an accumulation of fluid sufficient to distend the whole body, and sometimes severely restrict breathing, was very common. These symptoms fit John's case, as shown in his children's descriptions of his illness.

In his last days his feet and legs were filling up with water caused by the failing of his kidneys. – Kenion Taylor³⁵

The last illness before Father died, Father would sit in front of the fireplace with the cape draped over him. It was large and long, and almost circular. Father had dropsy and would even have to sit up in bed as he would get water in his lungs. In the evenings he would sit up and always wanted the Cape wrapped around him. Sometimes he would lay his arms on some pillows and sleep for a while in his chair before going to bed. This seemed to help him have a better night. – Olive Butler Smith³⁶

Likely the fluid build up caused by Bright's disease was also exacerbating the head pain caused by the earlier injury, and John struggled to find any relief from the pain. As Olive mentioned above, his only comfort seemed to come from his father's cape that had been blessed by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Most of his other children remembered the same thing. For example, K.T. related: "I can remember him sitting in his big arm chair with his Joseph Smith cloak over his shoulders. . . . Our sick father found comfort from having the Joseph Smith cloak around his shoulders."³⁷

After a lifetime of vigor, tremendous strength, and hard work, John now found himself an invalid and unable to work at all. Perhaps that was the hardest trial of all for him to bear. As stated, Horace, carrying on at the mine "was pretty much the bread earner for the family" that fall and winter, but the other children were helping some too. K.T. stated that during this time, "I too, had part time jobs. I was a good grain shocker and a cow herder. Most every family had a cow or two. My job was to gather the cows and take them to the hills and herd them for the day and bring them back in the evening. I could keep the cows in line with my sling shot."³⁸

That fall a tragedy struck the town of Richfield. For twenty years the pioneer Church members had been building a tabernacle, a large meeting house used for stake meetings, gatherings, etc. Often such tabernacles became the prominent fixtures of the pioneer community. It was also somewhat of a status symbol, showing the strength of the community. It could be said that any pioneer town with aspirations of importance would have one, and Richfield's would be the largest of them all, outside of Salt Lake City. Finally it was essentially completed, only a few finishing touches remained, when on the

evening of October 14, 1898 it caught fire. Everything that was flammable burned to the ground, leaving only the stone foundation and shell walls remaining. Uninsured, the community bore the full brunt of the loss. However, with increased determination, perhaps even “fiery indignation” at the misfortune, they rebuilt it with breakneck speed, and the following summer it was dedicated by President Lorenzo Snow. The July 15, 1899 issue of the *Deseret News* carried a front page picture of it, along with the headline, “Phoenix-Like It Has Arisen.”³⁹ I give you this information as background for this account of John, given by his daughter Jane:



The Old Sevier Stake Tabernacle

Our father’s last trip down town (in Richfield) was when the Tabernacle burned. I saw him wrapped in the big cloak (which had been blessed by the Prophet Joseph Smith) and sitting by a tree, his face so pale in the light of the fire from the Tabernacle burning.⁴⁰

By this time John’s “feet were so swollen from the dropsy, he had to wear his overshoes instead of his shoes when he would take walks,” according to his daughter Olive. She also shared that this, “his last walking trip on the day the tabernacle burned . . . was also the first time other people, including his own brother, knew he was ill.”⁴¹ Not wanting to burden his friends and loved ones, he had kept the severity of his condition a secret.

Last Temple Trip

By mid-November, it was decided that Olive should “take father to Manti to the temple to see if he could get better; he had so much faith.” Their plan was to stay with John’s sister, Sarah Adeline (*Aunt Adeline* as she was commonly called), who had moved to Manti to be a temple worker, and who had married John H. Tuttle three years earlier. Of their trip to Manti Olive related:

Father was so poorly and I was so frail that I’ll never forget how I choked to keep from crying, so deeply I felt my responsibility. Father needed assistance in getting on the train and pillows to support him while traveling on the train. It was my first trip on the train and I shall never forget how kind Brother Horne was to me. Brother Horne was a high official in the stake⁴² and seemed to sense our problem so he sat by us and gave me aid. He would also point out the interesting places

through the train window as we traveled and told us where many early pioneer spots of interest were located, such as, Indian wars, accidents and other things that made the trip more interesting. It took our minds away from our problems.⁴³

John and his daughter stayed with Adeline for about two weeks. They “held family prayer daily and took many trips to the temple,” Olive remembered fondly, adding, “many neighbors were kind enough to furnish transportation to the temple, as father was unable to walk.” Aside from John’s ill health it was a pleasant time. Their return trip home, however, included both a trial and a minor miracle, as Olive recorded:

We stayed until after Thanksgiving and our money was nearly gone. We paid a neighbor 10 cents to drive us to the train to return home. Father bought the ticket and had a nickel left which he used to buy a newspaper. He loved to read. When we went to get on the train, we could not find the ticket. This was a very upsetting experience since the train had to pull out without us. He finally discovered the ticket mixed up with his newspaper in his pocket. There was nothing we could do but walk back to Aunt Adeline’s until the next train the next day. Aunt Adeline offered to walk slow with him if I wanted to walk on ahead. She stopped at several friends houses along the way to visit but really it was for him to rest. I was walking on ahead, looking down at the ground feeling ever so sad when I saw a dime laying on the gravel road. I picked it up and was so happy to be able to run back and tell them I had the money to pay for the neighbor to take us back to the train station the next day.⁴⁴

The trip to the temple had been a special time shared by an ailing father and his beloved daughter, but “Father gradually grew worse” according to Olive. Even though the temple trip did nothing to improve John’s health, his faith remained strong. John recognized that while God can and does perform miracles, as he had already seen many times in his life, there is also a “time appointed unto man” to die. After the temple trip, John became resigned that his time was near and his concern and pleadings with God were not for himself, but were entirely directed to his family. Jane remembered that “along in the last weeks of his life, the family often knelt in family prayer. Pa, in sobs beseeched the Lord to care for and guide his family.”⁴⁵

During his last weeks John knew he was dying and was in tremendous pain, but the pain he felt most was the worry of leaving his family without his care.

By mid-December John was bedridden. Olive reflected on a tender visit that James, John’s only living full brother, made: “Uncle Jim came down when he heard he was in bed. The backup of water in his system had gotten so bad, his eyes bulged and he could not close them. Jim wept when he saw him.”

Olive continued: “Father was so ill at this time. He asked mother if she had enough money for a can of peaches. Mother had a dime and sent me to Spriggs store to get it. I was so embarrassed when Jess Bean, the clerk, told me it was 15 cents that I turned to walk out. The manager called me back and said to let me have it for the dime.”⁴⁶

Lee Tom Fat

Few things can bring more happiness to a jovial man's heart than a little toddler. John, in this deepest time of trial for him, was blessed with just such a joy. Not quite two years earlier John and Ettie's last child, a son they named Leland Thomas, was born on March 21, 1897.

Here K.T. describes his youngest brother's birth, the nickname he bore as a toddler, and the gift he was endowed with that lightened the family's and his father's mood during a very somber time:

I remember when Lee was born. One March day, the first day of spring, I was playing with Chester Christensen (probably playing marbles) and here came Jane to tell me our mother had a new baby boy. I went dashing for home anxious to see this new brother that everyone was making such a fuss about and saying he was just the cutest thing. They showed me this wrinkled, red faced bundle with tiny curls on top of his head. Even then I wanted to laugh at him—I couldn't see anything to be so elated about as the girls were and I would just as soon have had a pup.

As time went on I came to love this important child. He did improve in his looks! His face lost its redness and would light up with smiles at the least little attention. He was "little Lee Tom Fat," as we called him, and he was a joy to have around. We all enjoyed him so much. He would say the funniest things and we all thought he was just the cutest thing. He always kept his things in place and knew where his cap and mittens were. He was a great joy to mother. I am sure an angel in the pre-existent life must have said "well, here is one for laughs" and into his genes went all the fun loving traits they could crowd into one little soul and then sent him to our house to keep us cheered up in our times of great stress and strain—for those years were really hard years both financially and in other ways.

Lee has always attracted crowds to come near him to hear his funny stories. I [K.T.] have tried to emulate his genius for being funny and though I have quite a collection of humorous stories that bring laughs I never quite tell them with the same love of fun and merriment that Lee can.⁴⁷

The nickname "Lee Tom Fat" of course only lasted during his early childhood. In later life he was commonly called "Lee Tom" or just "Lee." Being just a small toddler at the time of his father's death, Lee Tom only had one memory of John and that is of "a man sitting in front of the fireplace, his trouser legs were partly rolled up and there were two men standing back of him with their hands on his head. It was getting a little dark and I was afraid, but I wanted to get a drink of water for the sick man, and I took a tin cup and got the water for him."⁴⁸

Amazingly, even though he was not quite two years old, this memory appears quite accurate, because most of his siblings remember Lee Tom

regularly getting water for his father. "I remember how [John] enjoyed Lee. Lee loved to take him a cup of water," reflected Jane adding, "Mother was worn out with the worry and constant care of Pa."⁴⁹ Olive saw the heart-wrenchingly tender moments between John and his youngest little boy:

During father's illness, Lee was less than 2 years old. He would sleep at the foot of father's bed and would take his meals with him frequently. He had a little red hobnailed mug that he drank his milk from and would often give his "Poppa" a drink of water from his mug. Close to the end, when Lee gave him a drink, it gurgled in his throat and Momma said he was too sick to drink so I had little Lee give him a drink from the mug with a spoon. Lee insisted on this because he said it would make his Poppa better. The tears rolled down father's cheeks so that we knew that he knew what was going on. By this time, he was unable to speak.⁵⁰

Last Christmas

"By Christmas John was completely bedridden," wrote Olive. Olive and her mother were his primary caregivers. The two took turns staying up with him through each night. With John III and Horace both gone, Ettie also shouldered many of the chores usually done by the men, like splitting firewood. In the process of which she "injured her shoulder by chopping on a big knot," and pain from this "bothered her for the rest of her life."

Christmas toys and treats for the children were out of the question that year, "since it took all the money [they] could scrape together for medicine for father." They were also out of food, and according to Olive, "Most people were not aware of our circumstances since it was too difficult for mother and myself to let anyone know."⁵¹ At least someone from the Church Relief Society knew of their predicament, because they sent a basket of food. Jane remembered, "Etta Poulson and another girl came around delivering baskets of food for Christmas. K.T. and I were quite excited when we found a glass of jelly in the basket and our mouths watered at the thoughts of a jelly sandwich." But then came another "knock at the door and Etta was back saying she had given us the wrong basket so exchanged it."⁵²

As they eagerly opened the new basket the children were quickly disappointed because the second basket had no sweets whatsoever, not even the glass of jelly, "just beans, oatmeal," and "staple groceries." As K.T. remembered: "Jane and I thought surely we would find some jelly or raisins in it but we were doomed to disappointment—nothing sweet in that whole basket!" There was a sack of oatmeal in it, which as we've already related, was quickly becoming K.T.'s least favorite food. Of the oatmeal they found in this Christmas basket, K.T. simply said, "Jane and I have both had an aversion to oatmeal since."

"We must have been real hungry for sweets—I never did quite get my 'sweet tooth' satisfied," stated K.T. years later as he remembered this experience

while postulating, “I wonder if it isn’t a craving that came [from] the frustration [of not having sweets in my early] years. I remember how I liked to scrape the cake pan and eat the sweet batter, but of course, Lee and Eva liked to lick the pans too, and they were much more appealing about it than I was.” He then mentioned that after those financial difficulties had long passed, “when we were grown and Jane was keeping house for us she made me a cake batter and handed me the whole pan and said ‘eat all the cake batter you want’—but it wasn’t as appealing as when I was the boy with the bottomless pit.”⁵³

The children may have been disappointed by the contents of the Relief Society’s basket, but Ettie certainly viewed this crucial food as a great blessing and was very thankful for the sweet gesture.

Just before Christmas, Horace “snowshoed out” of his winter camp at the mine down to the Billy Morrison ranch, where he borrowed a horse and rode the rest of the way to Richfield.

Christmas had always been a wonderfully festive time in the Butler home.⁵⁴ Olive remembered, “we had always had candy and very nice things at Christmas,” but “this Christmas we had no sugar to make candy and money for toys.” But now with Horace home, the children rallied together to make Christmas as lovely as possible for their ailing father and stressed mother. In perhaps a reversal of roles, the children set out working hard to surprise their parents, who were preoccupied with John’s illness, and make this Christmas special for them.

Horace and K.T. went up in the hills west of their house and brought back a small tree. According to Olive it looked more like “a log with some pine limbs on it” and that they “used these limbs to fashion a Christmas tree.” They didn’t have a tree stand so “to hold the tree up, [they] tipped a kitchen chair over and put it between the rounds.”

“Horace had 15¢ and bought some hardtack candy at Lawsons store. Olive made some little bags from green mosquito netting, divided the candy in equal parts and hung the bags on the tree.” Then they “popped corn and made a lovely rope” to decorate it. “It still looked pretty bare,” according to Jane, “so we hung spools of colored thread, scissors, spoons, and anything we could find.” Olive remembered finding “some bright paper” which they cut into strips and strung on the tree, and used cut up straw as a substitute for tinsel.

Even with all their makeshift decorative efforts it was, in reality, still a “pitiful little tree.” But in Jane and her siblings’ childlike eyes, “it was really beautiful” and they “were so thrilled” with their accomplishment that they really wanted their “parents to see it,” especially their bedridden father. The tree was in what the Butlers called the “rock room” on a front corner of the main floor of the house next to the stairway and down a hallway from the living room where John was being nursed. “Mother and Horace helped Pa down the hall to the rock room where the tree stood in splendor,” recalled Jane, but as John gazed at the efforts of his sweet children and knowing this was his last Christmas with them, “he burst into tears.” It was a reaction the children had hardly expected, as Jane

recounted, "Papa broke down and cried so hard and the tears rolled down mother's cheeks. I could not understand why they should feel so badly."

This turned out to be "the last time [John ever] left his room."

With no money for Christmas gifts, Jane and Olive "talked it over and decided we would just have to do something" for the younger children. So they "dug around in cupboards and found a few marbles, a top and a broken harmonica. We took some blueing and painted the top. We found a broken pocket knife for KT. We also found a broken doll head and fixed a body and made a doll for Eva." Then on "Christmas morning, they were awakened with a cow bell to get up and see what Santa had brought them."

It was a valiant effort, but it failed to lift the somber mood, at least as K.T. remembered it: "The Christmas papa died was a very sad one. . . . There were no toys or treats in our stockings that Christmas morning when we woke up."

However, the children's two oldest married sisters saved the day for them. Zettie and her husband John, who were living in Richfield, came later that day bringing "nice gifts for all" and some treats. Jane related, "Olive and I each received a tam [tam-o'-shanter, a type of Scottish cap] from Zettie, we thought they were wonderful and that the candy was most delicious." In addition, Sadie, who was then seven months pregnant, "also sent special gifts from Salt Lake." "So we had a wonderful day," as at least Jane remembered, and "for the young children it was a happy Christmas."

John's Passing

For four days after Christmas John's condition was one of severe suffering. Due to kidney failure, fluid had swelled his body incredibly. As already mentioned, he could not speak and his eyes bulged so much that he couldn't close them. Most of the children were unaware of the severity of his condition, but both John and Ettie knew that it was only a matter of time; he wasn't going to recover. Even so, they didn't just give up either. "We did everything we could to help him and spent our last \$5 for medicine in hopes it would help save him," according to Olive.⁵⁵

Ettie and Olive continued their nightly vigil over John, but the two were growing increasingly exhausted themselves, so others who became aware of the circumstances rallied to help. A "Brother Gledhill came," and John T. Butler, son of Uncle Jim, "was very sweet and kind by relieving me for a half a night towards the end," according to Olive, who also remembered that "the bishop sent a load of wood as the fire had to be kept going all night."

Things began to come to a head on December 29th. Horace had left to return to his lonely camp at the mine, having to get back and continue earning much needed money for the family, but also not realizing the critical nature of his father's condition. That night, family friends Joe Thurber and Will Ogden "stayed all night" to help as needed. As the night progressed John's suffering became intense and "Brother Ogden," stating that "he would not last long," offered to go "fetch Horace and try to catch him before he left for the mountains

from the last ranch, to snow shoe to the mine.” Olive gave us this account of what happened next:

Mother came to me before 6:00 a.m. and said, “Father is suffering so much, I can’t stand it any longer. You go watch him while I go into the bedroom and pray for the Lord to take him.”

When she came back, she told me to go wake the children to tell them their Poppa was dying and to come and kiss him goodbye.

All of the children were sound asleep and to awaken them with such a startling message set them all crying. Of course, this upset me and I started crying with them. We all went in and kissed him goodbye and he died a few minutes later while we were all there beside him.⁵⁶

John died at 6:00 a.m. the morning of December 30, 1898. Little 21-month-old Lee Tom “was bundled up at the head of his bed”⁵⁷ as he passed away.

Ettie sent Olive to Uncle Jim’s house to tell him his brother had died. It was still dark out that early in the morning, so she took Jane along. Also with “no money and no food in the house,” Ettie instructed the girls to go to the post office to see if they could retrieve the \$5 that had been recently mailed to buy medicine. Unfortunately, the mail had already gone out and there was no way to retrieve the much-needed money; instead, a little later they received more useless medicine.

While the girls were away on the post office errand, Zettie arrived at the house. “She said she knew father had died as she had felt his presence go through her room about the time that he passed away.” Zettie was “expecting” at the time, and her husband suggested that this feeling was probably just the pregnancy speaking. But she insisted he “bring her right over,” even though it was still early in the morning, and of course, she found that her prompting had proved correct.

When the girls returned without the needed money, Ettie had no choice but to ask friends for help, so she sent Olive out once more “to a neighbor for bread. The neighbor didn’t have any bread so she made graham muffins and sent them over and we had muffins and milk.”

As news of John’s passing spread, friends in the community and church rallied to aid the family. “Emma Christensen and others brought in food. Sister Thurber⁵⁸ brought in some coats and helped us get ready for the funeral,” related Olive, adding that Brother Horne, who had helped her and John on their train trip to Manti earlier that fall “was also good to us.”

That day the news reached Sadie and Carrie, who were living and working in Salt Lake. At the time Carrie was actually in Farmington, Utah where she had been invited to spend the Christmas holidays with some friends. “The shock was terrible,” she recalled. She immediately took a train back to Salt Lake City that day and another to Richfield the next morning.

On the night of New Year’s Eve Horace arrived home again. Will Ogden was successful in reaching him before he had left Morrison’s Ranch and started his snowshoe trek into the mountains. As he entered the front door, instead of coming straight down the hallway to the kitchen where several of the family

members were visiting, Horace looked to the left through the door to the living room, where he saw his father's body was laying with a sheet over him. "It was such a shock for him to see father that he stayed in a dark corner weeping bitterly." He "loved his father very much" and "just hadn't realized that father was sick enough to die." Olive and others eventually came out of the kitchen, and as Carrie shared, "I came out in the front hall, found Horace had arrived home, was standing there crying. It surely wrung my heart."

"This was a very hard moment for Horace," Olive remembered. "He was such a sweet person with a lovely disposition. I never remembered him ever being irritable. He also had the name of being very honest in his dealings."

For months Horace had felt a huge burden resting on his shoulders, and although only a 15-year-old boy, he "took responsibility like a man" acknowledged all of his grateful family. Nevertheless, to come home and actually find his father gone and to unexpectedly see his body lying underneath that sheet, was just too much for his tender heart!

Sure, his father had been sick for some time, but in Horace's eyes he had still always been there, certain to get well at some point, regain his once powerful strength, and then all would return to normal. But in that moment, the burden of "a large family to take care of" came crashing down on him. Even so, that burden was nothing compared to the hurt he felt missing the father he loved so very much!

John's funeral service was held two days later. Sadie, even though she would give birth to her first child, a daughter named Winona Richards, slightly over a month later on February 7th, came down from Salt Lake City for the funeral. John missed the joy of his first grandchild by a mere 40 days!

During John's funeral, speakers mentioned how "he was a very strong, stout young man" and "expert with an axe." But mostly they "spoke of his honesty" and faithfulness to the end.

Years later, Jane read a history of Richfield⁵⁹ and in a section that listed "firsts," such as who had the first electric iron, the first car, etc., she noticed that her father was listed with a "first." According to that history, John's body was the first to ride in a hearse to the cemetery. Joseph Horne had recently acquired the first hearse in Richfield. He served as John's undertaker, and as several of John's children related, "Brother Horne would not take pay for his services." This circumstance provided little Lee Tom with another lasting childhood memory:

I remember one more thing about that place [the Butlers' Richfield home]. A man drove up with a big shiney black buggy and a black team of horses and they put a big box in it. I was told later that the undertaker had just bought a new hearse and father was the first person to use it.⁶⁰

John was buried in the Richfield cemetery⁶¹ the same day as his funeral, January 2, 1899.

Chapter Fourteen

Family Working Together

The months following John's death, during the winter and spring of 1899, were a severe trial for his beloved family. They not only had to deal with the emotional grief of having lost someone so dear to each of them, but they had also lost the head of their family and provider. How would they continue? Who would take care of them? What should they do now?

The uncertainty of those questions was made even worse by the fact that the mine's failure, followed by John's illness, followed by the expenses of his ineffective medicines and treatment, a string of uninterrupted misfortune, had left the family destitute. As if that weren't enough, John's illness and death just happened to coincide with a national financial crisis called the McKinley Depression. So, many of the Butlers' friends and neighbors were struggling financially themselves and weren't in much of a position to help.

Of course, Ettie "was too proud to ask anyone for help" anyway, according to her son K.T., who summarized those months following his father's death simply, "These were very tough times." K.T. went on to relate one occasion when they received some assistance from the Church:

One time I remember a box of groceries from the Bishop. Jane and I dug to the bottom of the box looking for some sweets but were disappointed. I guess we were thankful for the flour and the beans though. These were almost starvation times. . . I don't know how we got through those years.¹

The way they "got through those years," is that they banded together. Each member of the family went to work doing what they could for the benefit of the whole family. That included Sarah and her children, as well as Ettie and hers. As upcoming events will show, John's two families did not split apart after his death. Instead, they worked together through these hardships facing both families. Both families would soon find themselves working together in the mining camps of central Utah and both families would settle a new land in Idaho, together!

Initially after John's death, Horace returned to his lonely vigil as caretaker of the defunct Butler-Beck Mine to keep that critical \$25 of monthly income

flowing into the family's coffers. Carrie returned to Salt Lake to work and also to care for her sister Sadie after the birth of her first child. Zettie lived close by in Richfield and helped her family all she and her new husband could, as K.T. remembered, "John Christensen was very good to us."²

As they had done during their father's illness, the younger children took on odd jobs and various forms of employment, including the girls. As Olive reflected, her "Poppa's greatest grief was to leave his family destitute and for his girls to go to work" outside the home, but that's what necessity required and each child stepped up and did their part. Olive "worked for Zetty and other women in Richfield,"³ cooking, cleaning, sewing, and a variety of household chores.

Olive and most of her siblings described working hard and barely having enough food to eat during the early months of 1899, and yet they still "sent money to John" who was serving his mission.

John III Returns

In the midst of these "almost starvation times" for her family, Ettie wrote a sweet letter to her oldest son. It was the kind of loving, supportive, and encouraging letter that mothers have been writing their missionary sons for 110 years since. What's interesting about this letter isn't what Ettie wrote but what she didn't write!

Richfield March the 4 1899

My Darling Son,

We received the best letter and the sweetest foto that ever was in Minn. So thankfull and proud that I am the mother of sutch a lot of dear loving children. Am so thankfull that you are enjoying sutch a goodly spirit of God and for all the blessings you have.

Sarah's baby died the 1 of the month. It was a verry sweet baby, the prettiest one she has had. She feels verry bad but it is all for a wise purpose. The photo you sent was well worth all you payed for it. If you could only have seen the performance, Leland called you all the pet names he could think. Olive has told you how he acted. Well it is a fine day. It is spring here now. I am to Zettie's to day. It was my 46 birth day on the 4 so Zetty wanted us to come down to diner or supper as it is fast day to day.

Well we are all doing fine. Horace is still at the Butler-Beck. He did intend to go to the Silver King but has not gone yet. The children are all well. The first time they have all been well for a long time. Olive has told you the news so do not think of mutch.

Gomer wrote and said how happy you was because you was Uncle and got so many converts. If that makes you have many converts you are liable to have a good many converts before the summer is gone.

Well, my Dear one it will soon be time for meeting. May God bless you. From your loving,

Mother Etty Butler⁴

From this letter we learn a lot about Ettie. First we learn that she was a very good writer and spelled well for the time. In her day adding a “t” in the middle of “such” and “much” wasn’t uncommon. Adding an extra “r” to very and an extra “l” at the end of “thankful” were also normal. Other than that her spelling was quite good. We also learn that Ettie had beautiful handwriting and wrote in a somewhat calligraphic style, which can be seen in the image of the original letter that has been included on the disk in the back of this book.

More importantly, this letter shows Ettie’s thoughtful and kind nature. After expressing her thanks for her children and the pride she felt for this son serving a mission, she shares the sad news of the death of this son’s youngest sister. John III had never seen Venesse, who was born the previous August 20th about five months after he had left on his mission. Sarah’s little girl had been born during, and lived through, the dark days of her father’s final illness and death. Now two months after his funeral, John’s baby also died, of causes unknown. Ettie’s sympathy for Sarah’s loss, a loss truly felt by the entire family, is apparent in this letter to her missionary son. She refers to little Venesse as a “very sweet baby,” “the prettiest one,” and expresses the comforting sentiment that she is in God’s hands “for a wise purpose.” It is apparent that Ettie spent time comforting her polygamous “sister” Sarah.

Perhaps what is most intriguing about this letter is the fact that throughout it Ettie never even hints about the extremely difficult circumstances the family was then facing. On this her 46th birthday, they had no money and virtually no food in the house, and yet Ettie tells him “we are all doing fine” and only mentions the children’s illnesses *after* they’re all well. She clearly doesn’t want her son to worry about them. She doesn’t even tell him to be careful about his spending, instead she remarks that a photo he had purchased “was well worth all you paid for it.”

This was a dark, difficult, painful, and stressful time for Ettie, and yet none of that comes out in her letter, only encouragement and support for her missionary son. She says nothing that would cause him concern or cause him to focus on anything other than the work he was engaged in. At that moment John III would have been a tremendous comfort, strength, and support to his mother both emotionally and financially if he were home, but Ettie would never dream of asking her son to give up his mission!

Nevertheless, local Church leaders had become aware of the dire straits facing the Butler family and had sent word to mission leaders apprising them of the situation.

The year before, on January 13, 1898, John III had received his call letter to serve in the Northern States Mission. Missionaries at that time still served without “purse or scrip,” relying on the local people in the area where they served for food, shelter, and other necessities. That said, there was still a financial drain on the missionary’s family and friends back home, who often sent them money to help them along. Also, funds were required to purchase appropriate clothing and to pay transportation costs to their field of labor.

Before he left, the Richfield Ward held benefit dances and other events where Church members and friends contributed to John III's mission.⁵

On March 27, 1898, John III left Richfield for Salt Lake City. He mentioned in his journal that Uncle John William Butler, his father's half brother, saw him off at the train station and gave him some money for his mission. He spent four days in Salt Lake City, during which time he received instruction from various general Church leaders, was ordained a Seventy in the Melchezidek Priesthood (a prerequisite for missionary service at the time), and received his endowment ordinances in the temple.

After a three-day train trip, John III arrived in Chicago on April 3rd, where he met with his mission president, Louis A. Kelch and was given his first assignment. From April through most of September 1898, John III served in various areas of Minnesota, much of the time along the Mississippi River, on the border with Wisconsin. He very much enjoyed his mission, had a number of exciting experiences, and most of all, helped several people join the Church through the waters of baptism.

On September 26, 1898, John III was transferred to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he would serve the remainder of his mission. It was here, on January 4, 1899, that John III received a letter from his Aunt Adeline Tuttle telling of his father's death. In his journal, John III wrote:

I am shocked to hear of my father's death. But cannot say that I am very much surprised, knowing his condition, his broken health for so many years. I knew that time was fastly sapping his vital forces away. I feel that it's the Lord's will that he is called away. He has suffered pain and sorrow for years. An all wise and merciful God has seen fit to release him of his pains and sufferings. I feel to say the Lord's will be done, not mine.

Expressing his resolve to go forward with his mission even in the face of the hardships his family faced at home, John III continued:

If it were not for the testimony of the Gospel I have, I would feel indeed that it was my duty to be at my darling mother's side at this moment. But I have the faith that God's blessings are awaiting her, and my loving brothers and sisters. I wrote a long letter home encouraging my dear ones.

Initially, John III faced the news of his father's death stoically; after all, his father himself had told him he would die before John III returned from his mission. But then John III received a letter from James Butler. In his letter Uncle Jim, seeking to console his nephew, mentioned the pain and suffering his father had been enduring and the relief that death had been, thinking that John III knew all the details of his father's illness and death. However, John III had not known them, and hearing of the incredible suffering his father had endured, his pitiful state when he died, and the destitute circumstances of the family, broke his heart. In his journal John III wrote simply: "After I came home and had a good cry I felt much better."

John III spent the next two months working hard in his mission. One could say he “lost himself in the work.” Then, on March 7, 1899, he came home to find two letters. The first was the letter from his mother quoted earlier, which mentioned the sad news of the death of his youngest half sister. The second was a letter from “Miss Bertha Thurber with fifty cents worth of stamps” enclosed. Sending a letter only cost two cents at the time, so apparently “Miss Thurber” was expecting a lot of them from Elder Butler. She would get a lot more than letters from him later that year.

Less than two weeks later, on March 18-19th, a special mission conference was held in Minneapolis that included a visiting apostle, Heber J. Grant. In his journal John III recorded what happened as the conference ended:

After meeting I was sitting on the piano stool rather fumbling with the keys, when President Kelch came up and said, “Your father has passed away and who is there at home to take charge of things?”

I said, “I have a brother who is doing what he can.”

“Who tends the farm?” he said.

“We have no farm,” I replied.

He said, “Well what is your conditions at home?”

“Well,” said I, “I guess you know.”

President Hulme was there and said, “I have not told him your conditions.”

“Well,” President Kelch said, “I have heard of your conditions. The Lord is pleased with your labors. Your mission is now at home. You are entitled to an honorable release.”

I said, “I am here to stay until the Lord wants me otherwise,” etc.

President Hulme said he had felt for some time that my duties were at home. In the course of our conversation President Hulme said that he didn’t wish to flatter, but there was not an elder in the field that he hated to lose worse than me. He and President Kelch both encouraged me to feel that it was the Lord’s will for me to go home.

His mission president (Kelch) and his conference president (Hulme) may have been telling him that it was the “Lord’s will” for him to go home and that his “mission is now at home,” but the thought of ending his mission early was very difficult for John III. The turning point for him came later when he spoke one on one with Apostle Heber J. Grant who assured him, “Brother Butler your duty is at home.” During this interview, Elder Grant gave John III some important counsel that he tried his best to follow, some of which we we’ll touch on later. Almost 40 years later, a few months before John III’s death, he recorded through his wife Bertha, his feelings about Elder Grant.

John’s close contact at this time with Heber J. Grant was worth a lot to him. His advice and encouragement was thankfully received and he has always been admired and loved for his noble life, and as a Prophet of the Latter days; and now that Pres. Grant has reached the age of 80 years we still love honor and sustain him.⁶

Softening the sadness of having to leave his mission early, at the close of that March conference, Mr. Swenson, a man John III had been teaching the gospel, said he wanted to be baptized. John III recorded, "I felt very grateful to see the fruits of my labors."

Arrangements were made and John III was released to return home, stopping in Salt Lake to attend April General Conference on the way. Young K.T. described first seeing his debonair missionary brother upon his arrival home: "I remember John coming home in his swallow-tail coat, duffy hat and black mustache."⁷



John Lowe Butler III as a missionary

John III was shocked to find his "mother and children in a very destitute condition," estimating that the groceries in the house amounted to only about 50¢ worth! He found that all this time his mother and siblings "had not let him know how hard it was for them to get along."⁸ He immediately took steps to provide for them, but having just returned from serving a mission "without purse or scrip," he had no money himself. Nevertheless, on his good name he borrowed "\$20 from a friend to place food on the table"⁹ immediately. The benefactor in this case was his old friend and neighbor, William Ogden. With that loan John III was able to get the family "food and some things most needed at the time," before he headed off to Gold Mountain to find work. He had no desire to return to life as a miner, but it was an occupation he knew, one he knew he could make money at, and finding some way to support his family was the thing he cared about most at the moment.

Back at the Mine

A few days after leaving Richfield to find work at the mines at Gold Mountain, John III found himself visiting the Butler-Beck Mine once more. Apparently Horace had by then left the mine site, probably to find work at one of the other mines as mentioned in Ettie's earlier letter. In any case, John III found himself alone at the Butler-Beck. What impelled him to go there is uncertain because it really wasn't on the way to the other mines, sitting in a secluded canyon by itself. It was, however, the place where John III had that last solemn visit with his father before his mission. Perhaps he wanted to connect with him once more. In doing so, he got a taste of the loneliness his father and brother had endured. That night John III wrote a letter meant only for himself. It was a way for him to pour his heart out and give voice to all the feelings that were welling up inside him. It is so poignant and touching that I am impressed to include it here. I believe he would not be displeased with my sharing it, especially the prayer made on behalf of John's posterity, us.

Butler-Beck Mine
Apr. 25th, 1899

I am here all alone tonight. And Oh, how lonely I do feel. Just left my home Saturday morning. Bid goodbye to smiling anxious faces. Here it's Tuesday night. Oh, how long the time has been. Lost my riding horse, hunted high and low, but all in vain. Am restless at night. How I dread to see the darkness approach. I feel like an exile tonight, cast out on the cold, dark, lonely world.

Can hear the roaring, rumbling, lonesome sound of Deer Creek. And the moaning wind sweeping the tall pines far up on the mountain side. This is the lonely spot my Dear Father clung to. Spent all the property he had in this world, to make his fortune. Yes, and spent his credit too. Spent his time, spent his dear Family's time, and sacrificed their education. What for? To make a success of the Butler-Beck Mine. But oh, no. All in vain. The Mine was sold to square accounts. My dear father looked around himself and saw a family of fourteen, claiming him as their Dear Head. His mind ran back upon his life, of which over fifty years was spent. "Oh, I would to God, that I were but a babe in arms, nestled on my Dear Mother's breast. Oh, No, I hear my Child cry for Papa. My God, My Father, help me to provide for those I love so dear."

Yes, for twenty-five dollars per month, he stayed alone, and watched this old, deserted mine. And oft he sat in silence in this lonely cabin, listening to the moaning winds and the rumbling brook, surrounded with darkness, deep and thick. With only a spurn candle to light his way to bed. And when he bowed himself before his God, I fancy the Angels heard him say "Oh, God, My Eternal Father, forgive your Child wherein he has fallen short. Oh, thou Eternal God who dwells above take me from this sin-stained world, and receive me back again into thine eternal rest. Holy Father, comfort, bless and protect those dear ones you have entrusted to my care. Protect their Honor, Pride and Virtue. May the tempter have no power to lead their undeveloped minds astray. Grant them happiness, peace and plenty. And above all, grant them the privilege of helping to build up Zion and bring to pass Thine eternal purposes. And when their career in this probation is finished, crown them in thy Celestial glory."

Time passed on – his dreary eyes grew dim, and now he sleeps the peaceful sleep of death, to arise among the just on the Millennium dawn. Our God, help us, whom he loved so dear, to ever walk in the path of truth and virtue, that we may claim those blessings, that when we stand before the judgment bar of God, our garments will be found spotless, and our Lord can say "enter ye into my joy and sit down upon my throne."¹⁰

That night, John III also likely reflected on counsel given by various Church leaders regarding mining. From the Saints' first arrival in Utah, which roughly coincided with the California Gold Rush, Church leaders had preached against

members prospecting and pursuing mining. While President Brigham Young had often declared that the mountains of Utah were filled with precious metals, he emphatically discouraged prospecting, stating:

We cannot eat silver and gold, neither do we want to bring in to our peaceful settlements a rough frontier population to violate the morals of your youth, overwhelm us by numbers and drive us again from our hard earned homes.¹¹

With the mining boom then underway on Gold Mountain, John III would see direct fulfillment of Brigham Young's warning about a "rough frontier population" coming with the mines. These mines may have been located in Utah, but much of the mining class were not Mormons. Faithful Mormons like Brig Darger and John Butler had been very much in the minority on Gold Mountain, and animosity towards Mormons in the mining community would be a recurring theme that John III would experience over and over during the next few years.¹²

A few other statements from Brigham Young seem to coincide exactly with John Butler's failed mine, where his son now sat reflecting:

Now, should you go prospecting for gold or silver, you will find just enough to lure you and destroy you. . . .

People do not know it, but I know there is a seal set upon the treasures of the earth; men are allowed to go so far and no farther. . . .

Do I run after mines or digging holes in the ground? No, not at all. It is like the will-o'-the-wisp, a Jack o'-lantern.¹³

Now John Lowe Butler II almost certainly had heard this counsel and these warnings. He knew that the saints had been counseled to till the earth, build farms and ranches, mills and factories, and homegrown industry to become a self-sustaining people. Throughout most of his life he had followed that counsel. He had built homes, farms, ranches, shingle and saw mills, horse, cattle, and sheep herds, freighting businesses and many other "homegrown" enterprises. If anyone had heeded Brigham Young's counsel, John Butler certainly did!

However, Brigham Young had been dead 14 years before John discovered his mine. The age of the railroad had arrived in Utah and pioneer days were behind them. Did the counsel against mining still apply? After all, those same Church leaders who had preached against mining, while promoting the concept of the saints becoming a "self-sustaining people," had also declared that at a future time "the riches of the earth would be theirs – would be emptied into their laps and they should have [all the] gold, silver and precious stones"¹⁴ they wanted. President Young had stated on various occasions that "when the time is right,"¹⁵ the way would be open and precious metals would be sought to add strength to the development of Utah. John certainly felt that Ettie's dream was an indication that the time was "right" and that the Lord was blessing him to add "strength" to the cause of Zion and for the benefit of his family. Certainly the mine's very promising start lent credence to this feeling.

However, after the mining boom (and eventual bust) on Gold Mountain, and many other mining areas in Utah, Anthony W. Ivins made this statement that seems a perfect summary of the Butler-Beck Mine:

The mining industry in Utah has provided its full quota of the romance and tragedy of the lure of gold. The romance of the discovery of her mines, the early efforts in their development, the millions in wealth taken from her hills, the dangers and disappointments which have followed many of the brave men who struggled for the accomplishment of ideals which were never realized, if told would read like a fairy tale, or one of Shakespeare's tragedies.¹⁶

Yes, the story of the Butler-Beck Mine that started out very much like a *fairy tale*, did turn out to be much more like a *Shakespearean tragedy*! But John Butler knew he had made a mistake in not following the prophet's counsel and humbly accepted the consequences, while blaming no one but himself. And before his death, while counseling his son as he left on his mission, John had strongly encouraged him to stay out of mining and go back to farming.

Which brings us back to that lonely night at the deserted Butler-Beck Mine and the quandary John III now faced. His father had counseled him not to go back to mining, and yet his family was going hungry and the only thing he knew he could make immediate money at was mining! So he resolved not to prospect, he would only work for wages at the mining camps, and that only long enough for him to acquire sufficient means to buy a farm for his family.

John III went to work for various mines in the area, in particular at the famed Annie Laurie Mine that in the spring of 1899 was just beginning its phenomenal boom years, and began sending money to his mother to support the family.

That summer the Butlers spent yet another season at the Butler-Beck Mine. John III and Horace had jobs at the mines, near a boom town then forming about seven miles (by road) to the west called Snyderville, which shortly would be renamed Kimberly. Horace also still had the contract to "turn the belt in the mill every day" and otherwise maintain the equipment and watch over the Butler-Beck Mine property. So Ettie and the younger children (Olive, Jane, K.T., Eva, and Lee) stayed at the Butler-Beck Mine site that summer to be with John III and Horace, who commuted to Snyderville each morning and returned "home" to the Butler-Beck by horseback every night.¹⁷ When her school term at LDS Business College in Salt Lake ended, Carrie returned home to Richfield and stayed with the family at the mine part of that summer as well. It is uncertain if Sarah and her three children joined the others at the mine that summer. After John's death, Sarah had lived at least some of the time at Monroe, where her parents resided. She and her children, with some help from her parents, worked hard doing laundry and other odd jobs to earn a living.¹⁸ However, her son Den had also become an experienced mine worker and so it is likely that at least he, if not his mother and sisters as well, joined the others on the mountain that summer.

That summer it was not just the Butler men doing mining that were hard at work, the remainder of the family was actively earning money as well. As Olive stated "we took care of cows for other people and made butter and cheese and sold some of the products."¹⁹ K.T. shared his role in this family enterprise:

When I was nine years old I was packing milk and butter and cottage cheese; also they would sell buttermilk, and I would take them to sell at other mines. I would have a mule with 10 gallon cans on each side. We would take them to Dutchman's Camp (80 men) and the Silver King Mine camps before we would get to Snider Town. They called this Kimberly. Horace would load them up on the mule and I would ride a horse and lead the mule, sometimes more than one.

From the mine [the Butler-Beck] – in the canyon just above was the meadow, where there was a mass of wild strawberries. From there it was about 1 ½ miles on up to the Silver King Mine; and it was 1 to 1 ½ miles further to the Duthman's Camp.²⁰

Jane provided the most details regarding their little dairying operation and related some funny incidents that occurred as well:

Andrew Ross and another man from Joetown had shorthorn cattle on the Deer Creek range. They were heavy milkers and we got permission to milk them. Horace, Olive, K. T. and I all milked. We had a covered calf pen against the corral. Part of the creek ran through the corner of the corral and calf pen so the cattle had access to water. We would lock the calves up in the morning after letting them drink all of the milk they wanted and would then turn the cows out to graze during the day. At night we brought the cows into the corral and let the calves nurse again. There was always plenty of milk left after the calves were full. After milking, the cows were turned out to graze all night.

Mother made butter and cottage cheese and sold milk to several mining camps (Silver King, Bluebird, Sniderville, etc.) K.T. was the milk delivery boy. He rode Bell, a bay mare with a white blaze on her face. He used tall slim cans fixed some way to throw across the saddle. It took most of the day to make the trip across the rough roads and dangerous trails. This was a great responsibility for a boy barely nine years old. One afternoon we heard cans jangling and saw Bell coming around the bend on a high trot and without K.T. I think Olive was after the cows so I ran up the canyon to find him. He had stopped to get a drink from the creek and Bell decided to come home. She would stop and graze but when K.T. was almost up to her she would take off again. Poor K.T. was so tired and so mad at Bell. When we got home K.T. stopped by the wood pile, picked up an axe and headed for the corral to kill that horse. John was home and had quite a time talking K. T. out of carrying out his threat.

We had quite a bunch of cows to milk and most of them named. I remember Fiddelena, Blindy and Tiny. Tiny had such small teats that K.T. hated to milk her and was glad when his hands grew to be larger than mine so I had to take over the tedious job. One day K.T. decided

to surprise Blindy so he sneaked up on her blind side and grabbed a teat. She jumped and kicked him right back into the ripgut fence. He didn't try that again.²¹

Two things darkened the Butlers' otherwise pleasant summer in this beautiful mountain setting. One, of course, was the memory of the failed mining enterprise that surrounded them, as an ever present reminder of how much they had lost, most especially their dear father and husband who was now conspicuously absent. The second was an unpaid debt, as Jane related:

A man by the name of Vogel ran the cook house at the Silver King Mine. He sneaked away leaving his debts unpaid. He owed mother \$50 for milk and butter. Mother had planned to use the money to buy school clothing for us in the fall. This was a terrible disappointment to all of us and I recall hoping he would have a miserable life.²²

Fifty dollars was a lot of money in those days, especially to this struggling family. It was the equivalent of two months wages caretaking the mine. It is easy to surmise that any man that would purposely cheat a widow and her young fatherless children out of such badly needed and hard earned money, would indeed be the type of man that would end up having "a miserable life!" Nevertheless, the fortunes of ill karma aimed against this man did nothing to ease the heartache of the Butler children as they started school that fall.

What made this situation even more surprising is, if you'll remember, the Silver King was the closest mine to the Butlers' and had been owned by Brig Darger, a good friend of John Butler's, and fellow faithful Mormon. It was at the Silver King that John spent each Sabbath after the Butler-Beck had left him a lonely caretaker. In short, the Butlers trusted the men at the Silver King. However, like John Butler, Brig Darger had made the fatal mistake of expanding his already profitable operation and in the process brought in stockholders. By the summer of 1899, Brig had been forced out of his position as superintendent at the mine by a group of those stockholders and Charles Vogell had replaced him. So, contrary to Jane's recollection, Vogell didn't just run the "cook house," he ran the whole mine! Vogell may have been good at cheating a widow out of her money, but he was an awful mining engineer and had lost the vein. He refused to listen to Darger, who tried to convince him that he was tunneling parallel to the vein. The result is that the Silver King ran out of money and closed.²³ All the mines on Gold Mountain would eventually fail; unfortunately, the timing of the Silver King's demise cost the Butler children school clothes and supplies that fall.

But let's leave the Butlers' summer at the Butler-Beck Mine on a lighter note. Jane shared this humorous story that combines the family's dairying operation that summer and the youngest Butler, Lee Tom.

We sold milk and butter to the surrounding camps and still had surplus milk. Mother would let the surplus milk sour and make cottage cheese from it. She would spread a canvas or large sheet on the slanted roof, spread the cottage cheese to dry and then sack it up and take it

back to feed the chickens. Lee would go around on the upper side of the house where the roof came down nearly to the ground and climb up on the roof. Mother told him not to do that as the cottage cheese he was eating was dirty and fly specked. One day I found him up on the roof saying, "You must not eat it (filling his mouth with the cottage cheese), bet your life wouldn't eat dutch cheese for fivum dollars."²⁴



Butler children in the fall of 1899

Back – K.T., Lee Tom, and Eva.

Front – Olive, Erma Christensen (Ettie's granddaughter), and Jane.

The Thurbers

As summer turned to fall in 1899, things were beginning to look better for the Butlers financially. With the family situation stable, John III could focus on taking another dramatic step, one that involved "Miss Thurber," the girl who had sent him all those stamps during his mission. Here's how Bertha told the story:

After John returned home from his mission, he soon called to see the "Little girl he left behind him," and whose heart had gone with him into the field of labor. Bertha Thurber became engaged to marry him at some near future time, therefore he had a double responsibility. He felt that his father's family must be his first obligation and as soon as he could provide for them properly he would arrange for a family of his own. He had steady work at the mines all summer, then he and L. J. (Jack) Gilbert took a contract to run a tunnel from the opposite side of the mountain (Fish Creek side) to connect with the Anna Laura property. They were in need of a cook so John told them if they would build another cabin he would get married and bring his wife up there. This arrangement was satisfactory so John L. Butler and Bertha M. Thurber were married on the 15 Nov. 1899 in the Manti Temple, by J. D. T. McAllister.²⁵

The Thurber and Butler families had been long time friends, ever since their first arrival in Utah.²⁶ They had pioneered together in Spanish Fork, where Bertha's father had served as a counselor to John III's grandfather in the bishopric. The two families had crossed paths several times since and with both families now settled in Richfield, the connection grew even stronger. Bertha's father, Albert King Thurber, had served as stake president and had been one of

the most prominent men in the area, until his death in 1888. Therefore, at this time, the Butler and Thurber children had another thing in common, they were fatherless. Both were polygamous families as well, and the Butlers were good friends with Thirza, Albert's first wife, and Agnes, his second wife, and their children, who were involved in various acts of kindness at the time of John's death. In particular, Ettie was good friends with Agnes Brockbank Thurber, who was about her same age. Agnes was also the president of the women's Relief Society organization in Richfield and therefore actively involved with the Butler family in that role as well.

However, these two families were destined to become even more strongly connected than through mere friendship. Growing up in Richfield, John III and Agnes' oldest son, Isaac Erin (known by all as "Erin"), became best of friends. As K.T. described them, the two "were just like brothers"²⁷ the rest of their lives. John III had boarded with the Thurbers when he briefly attended Brigham Young Academy. Shortly after that Erin had come to the mining camps of central Utah with John, where he learned the mining trade and became an accomplished prospector and assayer. In March of 1898, the two even left on missions at the same time, John III to the Northern States and Erin to the Southern States. And as we've already learned, prior to leaving, John III had struck up more than just a casual relationship with Erin's sister, Bertha. Now with John III and Bertha's marriage, he and Erin were no longer just brothers-in-friendship, they were brothers-in-law! Even so, that apparently wasn't a close enough bond, because three years later, Erin would marry John III's sister Carrie, and so became "double" brothers-in-law or something like that. In any case, their children would always refer to each other as "double cousins" and in reality thought of each other like "full" brothers and sisters!

Adding to this very strong connection, Erin and Bertha's younger brother, Joshua, later married one of John III and Carrie's cousins, Elizabeth Robinson. So, in the end all three of Agnes Thurber's children married into the Butler family! And Agnes, Erin, Bertha, Joshua, and a number of other Thurbers would join the extended Butler clan in settling Camas Prairie, Idaho.

As mentioned earlier, after John III and Bertha's marriage in the fall of 1899, they immediately made their home about 9,500 feet up almost on top of a mountain, going into winter! You know the gal you've married truly loves you if she's willing to endure that! You'll be even more impressed with Bertha after you read her description of her "honeymoon."

On Nov. 20 we went to Gold Mountain, to the mining contract that John and Jack Gilbert had. There was only a trail to follow. I rode a horse from Kimberly over the mountain to the place John's brother Horace then 16 worked for us, also Arnold Coyoka and Art Shelton. I cooked for the five men and sometimes some other men called there but from the day we arrived there till the 14th of February 1900 when we left the mountain I had not seen another woman. Three months which we called our "honeymoon."²⁸

By the winter of 1899-1900, the group of creditors that had taken over the Butler-Beck Mine had given up trying to find the lost vein. Two days after John III and Bertha's marriage, these creditors sold the Butler-Beck to the Kentucky Gold Mining Company, a newly organized company that was owned by the very same creditors. The mining community was rife with companies created to engage in stock schemes designed to swindle investors, and this appears to have been one of them. Less than five months later, without any further development work done at the mine site, the company sold the five stamp mill for a mere \$100 on April 7, 1900, and the company and claims soon disappeared from the records.²⁹ Thus ended the Butler-Beck Mine.

These goings-on at the Butler-Beck explain Horace's involvement with John III's tunneling contract. After the summer of 1899 Horace no longer had a job as caretaker at the Butler-Beck.

Jane wrote that John III and his partner Gilbert built another cabin that winter, so at least Bertha had a degree of privacy as the lone woman on the mountain. She also stated that they were working on the "Fish Creek," or west side of the mountain, opposite Kimberly.³⁰

After three months work, John III crossed over the mountain to verify if his mining contract was to be continued. It was a difficult and treacherous trek, on snowshoes through deep snow. Arriving at Kimberly, he was disappointed to find that his contract had been stopped and they were to quit work immediately. So the next day he headed back over the mountain to tell his wife and brother it was time to leave. It was February 10, 1900, his new bride's 23rd birthday, but the day became memorable to Bertha for a very different reason, as she explained:

As [John III] was coming back he had to cross a place where snowslides were frequent, and as the day was warm the snow was ready to break loose, he surveyed the place with his eyes, then decided he could make it across all right, but when he was about half way across there was a crash and the snow began moving, he knew what to expect and hurried across just in time to get hold of the stump of a tree just at the other edge of the slide. He broke one snow shoe and it was carried some distance away from him, but was recovered. He said he held to that stump and watched the snow slide go by him till it had all passed. There were big rolls of snow as large as a house, one after another went by, and on down the canyon. He was almost frozen to the spot with fear, and was truly thankful to have escaped certain death if he had of been carried along with it. He arrived safely to our camp and brot word of his very narrow escape, and also that the work there was closed down, and we must go home.³¹

The next day Horace made the trek to Kimberly to get three horses for John III, Bertha, and him to pack them down the mountain. He also made arrangements to meet a wagon part way down the mountain to carry them and their goods to Morrison's Ranch at the base of the mountains where they'd

spend the night and then continue on to Richfield by train. Unfortunately, as Bertha related, the wagon never showed up.

We put packs on two horses and I rode the other one, John & Horace walking and leading the horses. The outfit we expected to meet failed to come so we kept on going till we reached this ranch about 10 p.m. Horace had walked to Kimberly & brot the horses to the mine then walked the 10 miles from there to Morrison's ranch all that day, having to buck snow some of the time. We surely felt sorry for him as he was so worn out and had cramps in his legs so he could hardly keep on going. The next morning we took the train from Sevier station to Richfield.³²

John III and Horace soon went back to the mining town of Kimberly, which was just then entering into full "boom" mode at the base of the Annie Laurie, the mine that was becoming the talk of the mountain and employed about 300 men at the time. Jane related that "John bought and operated a butcher shop" that year at Kimberly and that "Horace went to work at the Annie Laurie Mine [working] on the tram that sent the quartz from the tunnel about a [half] mile down the canyon to the mill."³³ This "tram" was an impressive engineering feat, that facilitated the movement of ore from the camp at the mine called "Upper Kimberly" down the canyon to the mill site at "Lower Kimberly" where the main town was forming, which will be described later.

Bertha also joined her husband where as she put it, "we lived in a tent that summer at upper Kimberly, among the pines & evergreens."³⁴

During the year 1900, various Butler family members or friends came to Kimberly to work or visit the family there. These included John III's friend, Erin Thurber, who finished his mission that spring and came back to Gold Mountain, where he worked for the Annie Laurie and engaged in various other mining endeavors.³⁵

Last of the Butler Brothers

The year 1900 also brought another tragedy to the already saddened Butlers, when their beloved Uncle Jim died only 15 months after his brother John.

As you've seen throughout this book, John and James' families had always lived close to one another. Ettie and James's wife, Lottie (Charlotte Topham), were like sisters, and the children of the two families played with one another. James's oldest daughter, Charlotte Elizabeth, or "Lizzy" as everyone called her, was even a favorite grade school teacher for some of John's children. Of her uncle and aunt, Jane related:

My outstanding memory is his jolly and kind attitude toward me. In my earliest memories, Aunt Lotty was sick and Uncle Jim was so kind and thoughtful of her. . . . Uncle Jim was a tall, fine looking man and carried himself very straight. . . . My mother (Ettie) thought of Aunt Lotty as a sister.

. . . Aunt Lotty was never well after [her son] Earnest was born [in 1887]. She would have sort of convulsions and would fall unless helped to a chair. They called these attacks "spells" and she would be pale and sick for a while following one."³⁶

Jane remembered that in the late 1890's her Uncle Jim had a red adobe house "on the northwest corner across the street from the Tithing Office in Richfield," and "a fine farm near Richfield" on which "he had milk cows and hogs and bees and raised potatoes." K.T. remembered that James ran his hogs on open range during the summer, because K.T. was one of his herders, a job he did not enjoy. K.T. and his siblings also helped at their uncle's farm during potato harvest. "Uncle Jim was an industrious fine looking man," according to K.T. who also saw him as very faithful. He shared, "I remember him all dressed up on Sundays, leading his children to church. Aunt Lottie was not well and stayed home most of the time. Cousin John T. was my Sunday school teacher and I thought him very handsome and also very smart."³⁷

James had not lost everything with the failed mining enterprise like his brother John had; however, it had not left him financially unscathed either. That, combined with the hardships of the McKinley depression, caused James to consider relocating once more. He also sought a warmer climate that they felt would help Lottie's ill health. The result was a decision to move to the Mormon settlements at Colonia Juarez, Mexico. So in the fall of 1899 James "sold what little they had, including a house and land at Richfield, and converted all that they had into horseflesh," according to his grandson, Karl D. Butler.³⁸

Apparently before leaving for Mexico, James and Lottie decided to make one last trip to visit family in Iron County and invited Ettie and several of her children along. This trip gives added insight into James's character, as young Jane related:

In December 1899, Uncle Jim, Aunt Lotty, Caroline and Earnest went to Red Creek (Paragonah) to spend Christmas with Grandma Topham. They took my mother (Ettie), my baby brother, Taylor and me in their covered wagon. I would get "seasick" and was allowed to sit up with Uncle Jim where I could see out. It took two or three days to make the trip to Parowan where Etty's mother, my Grandma McGregor, lived. Uncle Jim whistled and told stories to entertain me. The most outstanding memory was when he lifted me down in the deep snow when I could wait no longer.³⁹

Back in Richfield, with all of his assets converted into a herd of horses, James stood ready to load them onto a train for the trip to Mexico. His young nephew K.T. remembered, "People were standing around looking at a beautiful young stallion, exclaiming about the horse's fine qualities. I sure hated to see those fine horses shipped out of the country."⁴⁰ His brother, John, had invested everything he had into a gold mine and lost it all, including his life, now James had invested everything he had into a herd of horses and the end result would be the same.

With two carloads of horses in tow, James traveled to El Paso, Texas, by train. His horses were corralled for a time at the border in Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico, while awaiting admission and James naturally stayed with them, watching over his precious investment. It was here that he was bitten by an insect and contracted a fatal disease.⁴¹ Some accounts have called it “typhus fever,” others “brain fever,” but aside from the fact that he was immediately struck with a tremendous fever, we really do not know the exact nature of the disease.

The horses were loaded on the train once more and they headed south into Mexico. However, somewhat delirious from fever, James mistakenly got off the train somewhere between Juarez and Nuevo Casas Grandes, and found himself wandering alone in the desert. Amazingly, as he wandered delirious and dying of fever, he stopped periodically and wrote a very touching open letter, a journal of what he realized were likely his last days, a record he intended his family to have if he was found dead. His daughter Caroline later transcribed that “letter.” It is too lengthy to include here but is available on the disk accompanying this book.⁴² Prefacing and explaining the content of this letter, Taylor O. Macdonald, one of James Butler’s great-grandsons wrote:



James Butler

Caroline said that her father was dying even as he wrote the letter. He knew his wife’s health was poor (she, in fact, died very soon after her husband), and the prospect of his six children being left orphans caused him great concern. He apparently made crude stone monuments in the desert so searchers could find him if he did not return. To me, the little stone monuments are also symbols of James’s intense desire to be remembered by his posterity and to leave a “trail” or a “footprint” for them to follow if they are “desirous.”

I feel that James’s thoughts in this letter, much like a dream, reveal the objects of his deepest desires and concerns: God and his family. Though his mind was muddled by fever, James clearly had his priorities in order.

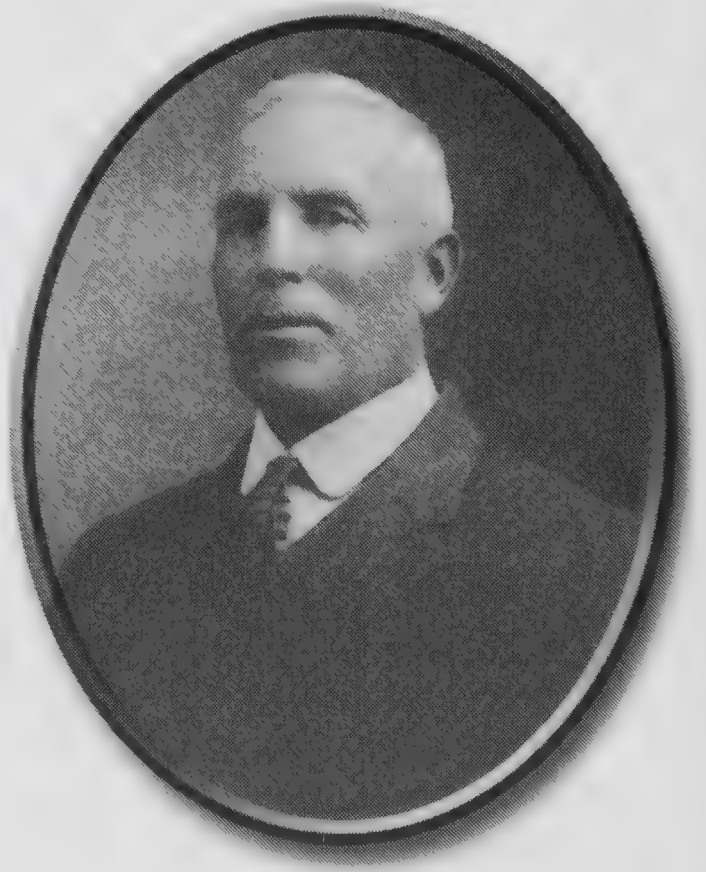
James’s sons eventually came to him and took him on to the Mormon colonies. “Due to severe delirium, having no doctor near, no one knew what his illness was,” wrote one of his granddaughters. So they took him by train to Provo, Utah for diagnosis and treatment, where he died on March 27, 1900. He was then buried at the Butler plot in Spanish Fork Cemetery. His wife, Lottie, who had remained in Mexico with her sons, died six months later on August 24th

of what they termed “Mexican dysentery” and was buried in Colonia Juarez. With James’s absence his prized herd of horses “had somehow become depleted.”⁴³ Some were sold “to the Saints who really needed them” but many were “apparently stolen by the Mexicans upon arrival.”⁴⁴ In any case, the net result was that the family there was left with little means.

News of Uncle Jim’s death hit Ettie and her children very hard. Two of James’s daughters, Lizzy and Caroline, had remained in Richfield, where Lizzy had been teaching school. Jane vividly remembered the day her cousin “Caroline came crying to tell Mother that her father had died in the hospital in Provo.”⁴⁵ It was a shock to all; Uncle Jim was loved by all in Richfield!

James Butler was the last of that tight knit group of three brothers who had grown up together, fought battles together, pioneered together, partnered in business together, and literally lived almost their entire lives together. It would be hard to imagine three brothers who were physically, emotionally, or spiritually closer than these three!

Their older brother, Kenion Taylor, had died 14 years earlier, so now the only Butler brother remaining was their half brother, John William. During much of his youth John William had lived with his older brother John and was very close to his brothers’ families. John III mentioned that he “thought a lot of John William as he was always kind and helpful to him as a child.” Throughout the 1890’s, John William lived near his brothers in Richfield, where five children were born to him and his wife Betty Christina Bulow. As mentioned in a previous chapter, John William had also been very involved in the Butler-Beck Mine during that time. However, in 1900 hard times caused John William to leave Richfield, first going to mines in Idaho and then to Canada. He lived the somewhat nomadic life of a prospector, which soon cost him his marriage. He eventually settled down and homesteaded some property at Newdale, Idaho (near St. Anthony) where he spent the remainder of his life. He remained a devout and faithful member of the LDS Church, served three missions, and was a temple worker in his old age. Unlike his four brothers who all died young, John William died at the age of seventy-nine, on November 12, 1939, in his little cabin at Newdale.⁴⁶



John William Butler

Father's Influence Continues

Since the fall of 1885, the Butlers had called home their red adobe brick house on the corner of 400 South and 400 West on the outskirts of Richfield. But this 4¾ acre property always had a significant problem, it was “above the Spring Ditch.” Being “uphill” from the irrigation canal, even just slightly, meant that their property couldn’t be irrigated, which precluded them from growing a garden. This wasn’t much of a problem while they had the farm at Jericho, because they did most of their agricultural pursuits there. But after the mine caused them to lose all their other property, the land around their home and the ability to grow food on it, became very important.

By 1901, the Butlers had worked through the worst of their financial crisis and Ettie’s sons had earned enough money at the mines to buy a new home for their mother. Jane described their new house:

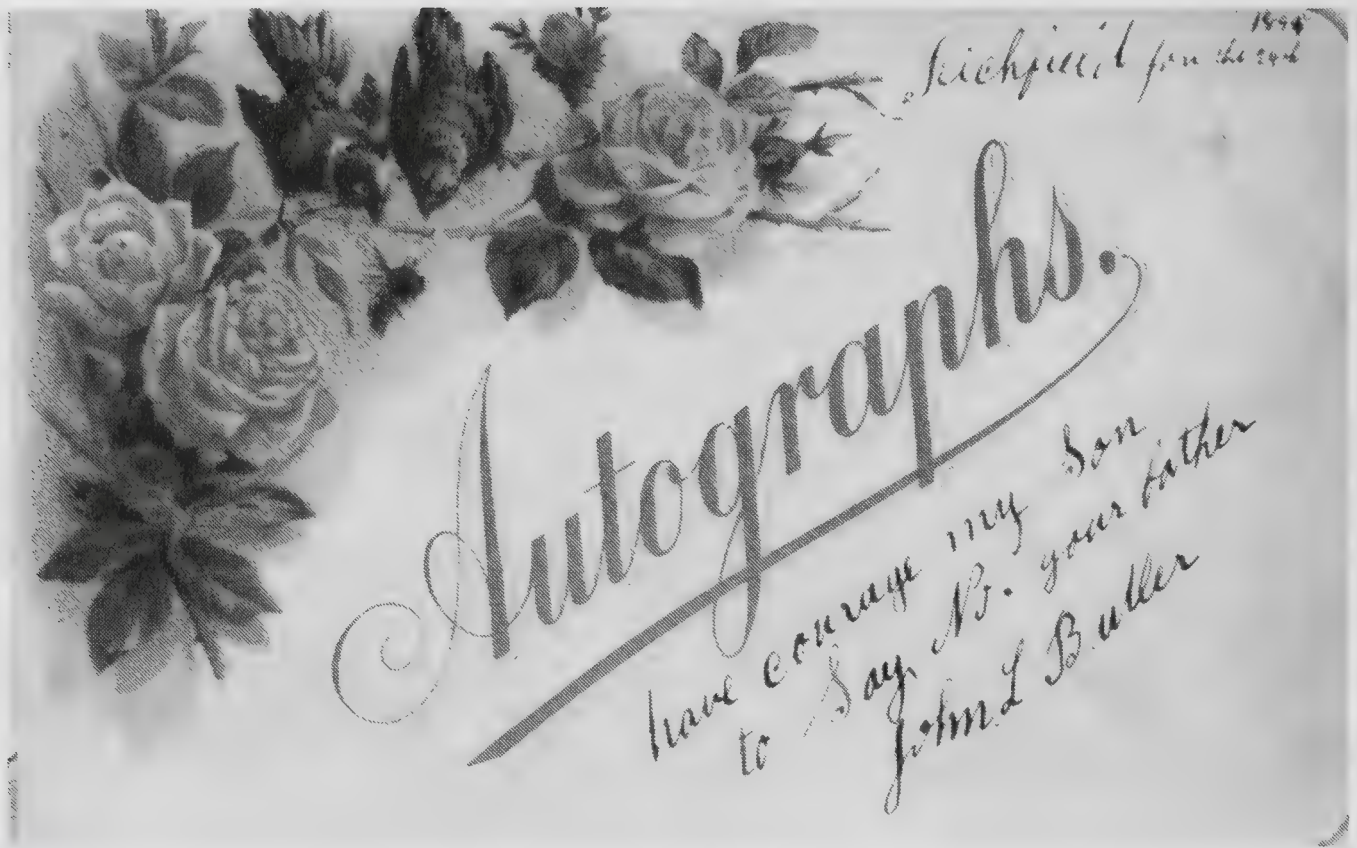
In 1901 Horace bought a new home for mother. It was located on 2nd West and 2nd South in Richfield, Utah. It was of red adobe and had three rooms downstairs. It had a rock grainery, a barn and corral. The lot was a short acre with a small orchard and a nice garden spot. There was a silver maple tree in the front yard and a row of lombardy poplars along both partition fences. We had nice gardens while living in that house. We milked our own cow and had apples, plums and cherries from our orchard. Horace paid \$150 for this place.⁴⁷

Little 4-year-old Lee Tom apparently liked the garden in this new home, as he later explained:

I remember a little of moving in the new home and mother made a big garden. One day she lost me. The family and all the neighbors’ kids searched for blocks around. Finally it came time for mother to prepare a meal for the kids she did have—so she took a pan and went out in the garden to pick a pan of peas. Pretty soon she heard a strange noise like a snore, and under the pea vines curled up sound asleep was her lost baby boy—that’s me!⁴⁸

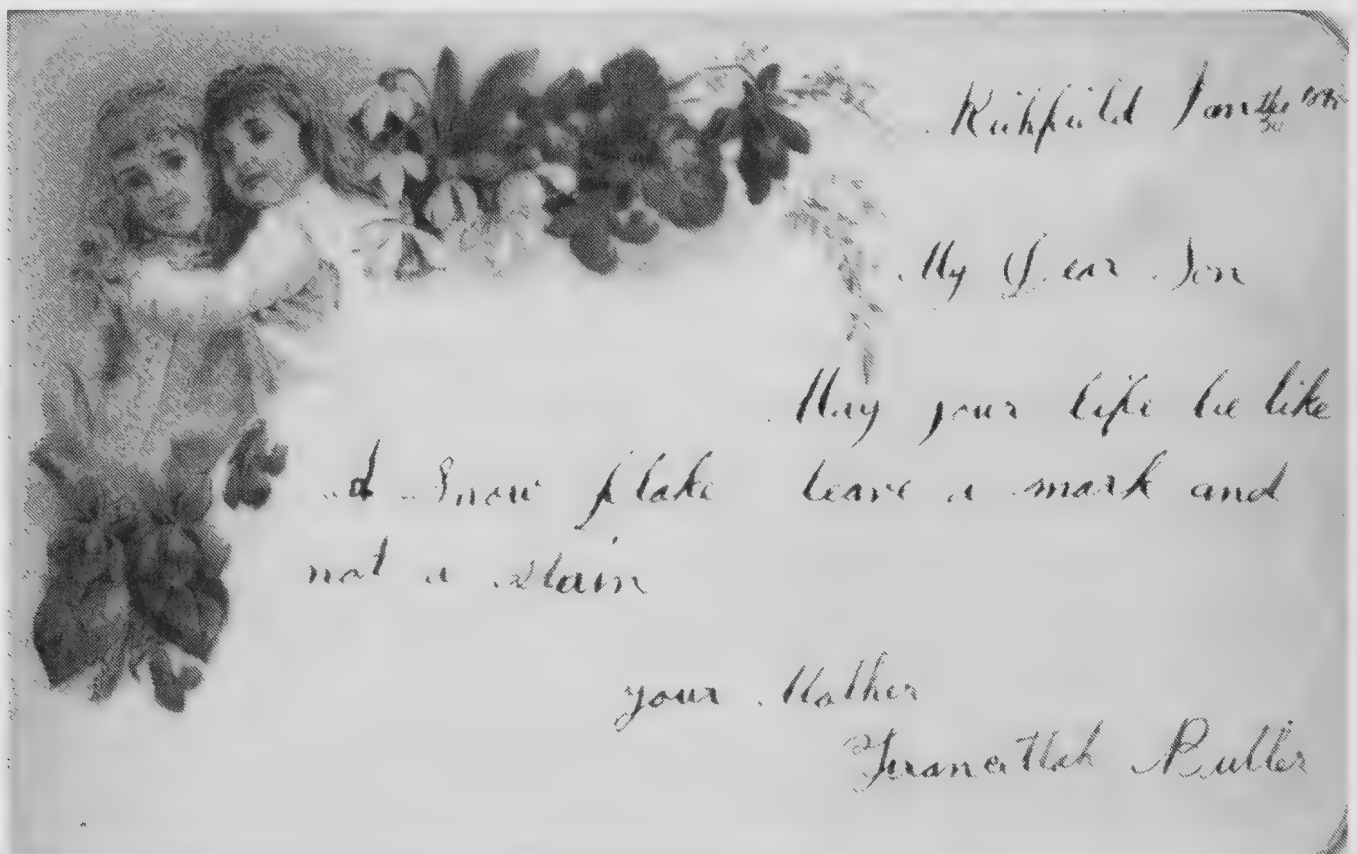
The new home being right in town, rather than on the outskirts, made travel and shopping easier for Ettie. It also had the added benefit of putting her in close proximity with her married daughter Zettie and her grandchildren. Young K.T. described how he enjoyed being close to his sister’s and a cute incident involving one of Ettie’s grandchildren.

Zettie had a baby Erma in 1899 and Omer John followed. I sure liked to go to Zettie’s, she always had cookies and homemade root beer on hand. One time when Erma was maybe four years old, her mother had her all cleaned up and Erma decided her pants were too tight so she decided to go to grandmas to tell her troubles too. She forgot where to bend and wandered around quite awhile and finally got back home. She thought she had been gone a very long time and was glad to find they still had the same old cat.⁴⁹



John left his children with many sayings that reminded them to do right throughout their lives, such as this example he wrote in his son's, John III's, autograph book in 1895.

The above note also gives us an example of John Lowe Butler II's signature. Ettie's page from the same autograph book is shown below, with her signature.



Lee Tom shared this memory of Zettie's cookies and a visit to his sister's:

One evening we were over at Zetty's house and when she left she gave her a plate of cookies. It was a little dark and I was trotting along a few feet ahead of her. When Mom walked she was so reserved with her head in the air, and clatter bang—she stubbed her toe, and hit me on the heels with the plate of cookies. I remember she was so indignant to have such an accident.⁵⁰

In at least one way, the garden at this new home also served as a kind of conduit through which John guided his family. Olive explained that “some time

after Father died, [Ettie] dreamed that he came to her in the garden she had and told her that she should cultivate and water it more.” She shared that in the dream “they went out together into the corn and he would open the corn and show her that this part of the garden was not maturing good enough and that it needed more water.” When she awoke, Ettie “felt she should write more letters to the children who were away from home working for board & keep, etc. She told me later that she made a project to write more often to all of us who were away.” Ettie also felt impressed “to have the boys respect their priesthood.”

Olive stated that her “mother was a good counselor and a guardian angel. She was a good, prayerful woman and I am truly thankful for the privilege of being her daughter.” Ettie had told her that the dream “meant that her children needed more attention and guidance in keeping them on the path of truth and righteousness.” Olive remembered that “this was one thing that I had impressed upon me by my Father before he died. Knowing how he felt this made me more determined that I would keep myself the way Father wished me to be.”⁵¹ Olive also related how, before his death, John yearned for his children to continue living faithfully after he was gone.

One of the things that really affected my life was the conversations with my father during this time spent nursing him. He had a desire that his children live a clean life. He had the feeling that I would have a hard time, especially with John [III] away from home. He knew that I had been working some and would have to go to work and would encounter a lot of temptations. He cautioned me to be prayerful and to withstand these temptations. So I made up my mind that I would keep the word of wisdom, pay my tithing, and to keep myself morally clean. This really had an affect on me as I was able to do this and was protected many times through my prayerfulness and the thoughtfulness and guidance of my brothers and sisters.⁵²

All of John’s children did remain faithful and upright, but their resolve was certainly tested as they began working outside the sheltered influence of the home he had provided for them. The boys certainly ran into temptation in the rough mining camps on the mountain, and the girls had their challenges too, as Olive wrote in this summary of her life shortly after her father’s death:

When I was 14, I went to Salt Lake City and took over the cooking, including bread making, all housework, ironing, but no washing for \$2.50 per week, working for Mrs. Woodruff. She was an apostate, so I never got to go to Sunday School, Mutual, or any of the church activities. She was good to me until her baby was born. Then she did not treat me very well. She also did not treat her own mother very well. I worked for her for six months and did all cooking except Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners.

At 15, I went to work for Mrs. Judge McCarty in Richfield. They had two little boys and were easy to cook for. They had plain meals and canned fruit. I did the washing, ironing, housework and cooking for \$3.00 per week. I got some clothes to wear and she gave me some

things to make over for Jane and Eva. My life began to look a little brighter. Judge McCarty wanted to help a girl that was an orphan, so he hired her, but he also wanted to see me get more schooling, so he kept me there to help me with my schooling. His help enabled me to skip the last half of the seventh grade, which I hadn't been able to finish, and go on to the eighth grade. I passed with good credits.

While I was at McCartys. Birdie Hessie, Judge's sister, came to visit. She was a very good LDS and told me her father was reconverted back into the church by my father. Judge McCarty's father had left the church because of some dishonesty and feelings in the United Order. My father used to stop and see them on the way home from the mine.

He was a very intelligent man, but his wife and son, Billy, (the Judge) never came back to the church. He used to say, "if only Billy would come back into the church, I would be the happiest man in the world." So the Judge and his wife were not members and Mother did not want to have them take me to raise as she thought they had done so much already to help us.⁵³

Kimberly

From 1901 through 1903, much of the Butler family lived at the mining town of Kimberly, only about seven miles by trail from the Butler-Beck Mine. John III, Horace, and Den were all working for the Annie Laurie Mine there, and according to Mary, she and her mother Sarah and little sister Ann, all lived there during those three years. Sixteen-year-old Mary related that she worked cooking and washing for mine workers they boarded.⁵⁴ Although her "home" was in Richfield, Ettie and her younger children spent much time there, especially during the summer. Carrie, who was working and going to school in Salt Lake, also spent summers living with John III and Bertha at Kimberly, and Olive eventually got a job teaching school there. Except for married daughters Zettie and Sadie, Kimberly was the setting in which we find most of the Butlers during the first three years of the twentieth century.

The town of Kimberly began as a group of huts and cabins called Snyderville, which formed near the developing Annie Laurie Mine. It was first named after Willard Snyder, a colorful miner turned "mine businessman" who became a major player in the industry on Gold Mountain. John III, and in particular his friend and future brother-in-law, Erin Thurber, had close business connections with the "Snyder Brothers," Willard and Greeley. Willard would be one of the very, very few to walk away from Gold Mountain with a fortune in his pocket, but he did so through business dealings and the luck of being able to get out at the right time, not by finding gold.⁵⁵

In the spring of 1899, about the time John III returned from his mission, a wealthy coal and iron mine developer from Pennsylvania named Peter L. Kimberly arrived on Gold Mountain. Kimberly began investing heavily in numerous mines in the area, bringing in mills, and building the infrastructure necessary to support large scale mining operations. His involvement also caused outside investors to begin buying up mining stock in quantity and everything snowballed from there.

Kimberly's arrival set off the "boom" that was then underway. Snyderville was quickly renamed after him, with the blessing of Willard Snyder, who was only too happy to promote and sell to Kimberly, and others, one mine prospect after another. In fact, Willard hired John III's friend, Erin, who by then had become a highly respected prospector and assayer, to review and in some cases locate, some of these prospects for him. Interestingly, Peter Kimberly was also involved in real estate and irrigation ventures in Southern Idaho, near where John III, Erin, and a number of the Butler family would later settle, and another city bearing the name of "Kimberly" would form in the Twin Falls area.

By 1901 the town of Kimberly, on Gold Mountain, had taken on the stereotypical image of a booming mining town that would have served perfectly as the setting of an Old West movie. Literally hundreds of miners floated about living in tents, ramshackle cabins, and a few boarding with families in cramped houses or in a couple of boarding houses. Businesses, like the butcher shop John III owned, were popping up almost overnight, to cash in on the bonanza and the area was a blaze of construction. Almost in an instant, Kimberly boasted just about every kind of business imaginable: stables, hotels, newspaper, barber shop, dance hall, school, various types of stores, restaurants, etc. Of course, saloons were some of the first and most profitable businesses, and gunfights in the street outside them were not uncommon. Mine workers were a rough class of people themselves, but lawless elements also flocked to this town that was built for the express purpose of making "money," *gold*, and where money flowed freely in the hands of less than savvy mine workers. Therefore, the town also had a very fine jail made of brick and caged in iron throughout. A stage line ran daily up the mountain over treacherous roads, bringing mail and passengers, even during the winter when the wheels were removed and replaced with runners to make it through the deep high mountain snow.

Mine developers even began building electric power generation projects in the creeks and telephone service was quickly run to the town. Sawmills popped up to supply lumber for the building boom and timbermen systematically stripped the local mountains of trees to provide material for houses, timbers for the mines, and firewood to fuel boilers in the mills.

The town of Kimberly had formed near the massive mill built to process ore from the original Annie Laurie tunnels. However, Annie Laurie tunnels #3 and #4 had since been developed, about a half-mile up Mill Creek Canyon, and these were showing huge promise. Therefore, the company decided to build houses for their mine workers near the entrance to the #4 tunnel. Thus a new town formed, called "Upper Kimberly," after which the original town became known as "Lower Kimberly."

In 1901, John III rented one of these "company houses" in Upper Kimberly. The house "had four rooms" and so they "kept boarders part of the time," according to his wife Bertha. She also shared that Horace lived with them, that at times her brother Erin did as well, and that "Aunt Sarah Butler and family lived in the house next to ours." These two houses became the center of family activity for the Butlers, especially during the summer when they "had visits from our relatives. Olive taught school for awhile and Jane helped with the work."⁵⁶



The town of Upper Kimberly as seen in 1905

Above: See the "X" drawn on the roof of one of the houses, Bertha Butler wrote on this photo that the "X" - "denotes where we lived in 1901."

Below: The view coming into town – the same house would be the first on the left.





Above: The long tramway (to the right of the long stacks of wood at center) that connected Upper Kimberly with the mill at Lower Kimberly. Between the two towns is the large lodge on the far left.

Below: The tramway Horace Butler operated as viewed from the top at Upper Kimberly.



Soon Upper Kimberly became the center of the Annie Laurie's mining operation, while Lower Kimberly was the center of its milling and business. To transport ore from the mines to the mill, a massive tramway was built, beginning at the opening of the #4 tunnel and running about a half mile to the mill, 400 feet in elevation below. The tramway consisted of a trestle with two sets of tracks, and functioned by an ingeniously devised gravity-powered system. The ore cars pulled, or were pulled by, a cable as they went down or up the tram. A fully loaded car coasting down the tram pulled on a cable that wrapped around pulleys and simultaneously pulled an empty car back up the tram from the mill. Horace Butler was employed as one of the workers that operated this tram. As his sister-in-law Bertha related, "Horace handled the brakes that controlled the cars, and worked on this same job for several years."⁵⁷

John III's wife described his work at the mine and the ill effects it had on him:

John [III] did timbering most of the time, and was often called upon in times of emergency as he was a splendid miner and could think quick, decide what was to be done and do it, often while others were puzzled. One time the water broke thru in one of the tunnels, the place was washing, causing what they called a "run", which needed work to catch it up with timbers. The boss gave John full charge of the work and had the men and materials there to do the work. They caught it up and fixed it up in 1 or 2 hours of hard fast work, then he came home and drew pay for the whole shift's work. Another time there was a cave in, blocking some of the exits to the mine. The men were notified to keep away from this place but one man was caught and became fast in the timbers. John got him out safely. One time John was caught in a cave-in and knocked down from his scaffold striking on his back. This injury bothered him later.

The smoke, gas and bad air in the mine would make him very sick at times, a terrible headache and vomiting would result from it.⁵⁸

Olive Butler shared this description of her employment at Kimberly, and in doing so gave us a glimpse of what life was like in this mountain town:

After [my] graduation from the 8th grade in Richfield, Horace and John were working at the Annie Laurie Mine in Kimberly. They heard that they needed a school teacher for the summer, as the town had mushroomed and they had 25 students. They would take anyone with an 8th grade education, so I got the job and taught school until fall when the official school teacher came in.

I was 16 at this time and the 25 students ranged from first grade through the eighth grade. The oldest girl was about my age. The Annie Laurie company hired me to teach without being an official teacher. I just had a recommend from the County Superintendent and used whatever books the children had. Later years, I encountered some of the girls, grown up then, tell me how they learned geography from me by going to the sandy shore of the creek nearby where I taught them

how to take a stream of water and bring it around to make an isthmus, a straight, a peninsula and a gulf. Actually, we were just playing on the sandy shore of the mountain stream. They had a lot of fun and so did I. They said they never forgot how to answer questions about the isthmus, straight, peninsula and gulf. They could also teach this geography lesson to some of the other children while I taught another class. Some people thought we were wasting time playing in the creek. I also taught arithmetic, history or taught other lessons from whatever books they had.

The school had a log cabin located on a side hill close to a creek. We had a cowbell to call the children. It had one room with a stove and desk in one end for me. They had long wooden benches that went to the wall on one side then an [aisle] down the other side of the room. We had children of the miners, and then we had some highly nervous, explosive children of the “Cousin Jacks,” as they were called. “Cousin Jacks” was the nickname given to the relatives of the miners that came from England. A man would come to America from England, work his way up to a foreman job, then send to England for as many relatives as he could hire. I was told that these families, shifting from one mine to another and living all the time in the higher altitudes, caused some of the children to be more nervous and excitable. Some of them would not talk plain and would stutter. They needed someone who had patience and would talk calmly to them. I was very friendly with them and tried to help.

I worked with one boy who stuttered and got him to speaking much better. I even checked him to see if he was tongue tied. Actually, I had to be part time parent, nurse, and teacher. Some of them were like little scared rabbits. It took a lot of patience, love and understanding. I saw to it they had some fun at recess. On the 4th of July, we gathered wild flowers and decorated the dance hall. The men from the mill helped to provide refreshments and we had a good time together socially.

It was quite an experience, but a wonderful opportunity, for an 8th grader to undertake, teaching a group of children with such a variety of ages, interest and intellects. The regular teacher, who came in the fall, complimented me on the way I handled the children under such unusual circumstances.

That same summer in Kimberly, I also taught Sunday school. We had a small branch of the LDS church with I. E. Thurber as the branch president. He [became] my sister Carrie’s husband.

For summer recreation, we rode horseback and rode around the race track. They had regular racing at times with betting. We would always yell for our favorite horse, Brandy, to win. We also had some wonderful dancing. One of Jane’s favorite memories was a large smooth rock situated above everything. We called it Solomon’s rock. There were some big trees nearby where we had a big swing. The boys would push us in the swings and sometimes get “daring” and wind us

up in it. That would give us a big thrill. One of the boys had a guitar and we would all sit on Solomon's rock and sing. This was a real "Swinging and Singing" group.⁵⁹

Olive stayed in Kimberly that winter, which enabled her to experience another interesting event. Gold Mountain is located in a region of significant seismic activity, so earthquakes were not totally unexpected by the residents of Kimberly. Nevertheless, on November 13, 1901, a very severe one rattled the town.⁶⁰ Bertha related the effect it had on the Butlers and the mining operation there.

. . . we experienced a very severe earthquake shock. It happened about 10 o'clock at night. We were in bed but not asleep when we heard the terrible rumbling and felt the shaking. Our house was built on the side of the hill and the lower side of it was supported on pillars or posts made of heavy timbers, as were all the other houses, and had round chimneys made of concrete or a similar substance. Nearly all the chimneys fell down, the bosses house caught on fire which was soon put out. John thot it was an explosion in the mine, and hurried there as quickly as he could as his half brother Den was working night shift. He met Rob Rose who was out looking for someone whom he thot had tried to tip his house over. He had a gun and might have used it too, but John told him there had been an earthquake or explosion, so they both hurried on to the entrance of the mine and got there just as some of the miners were coming out, giving very exciting accounts of how the mine had caved-in in different parts. John & Rob took candles and went into the mine in search of men who were still in there, and everyone was soon out and did not go back that night, and when they did return to work it was found that no serious cave-in had occurred. There was surely a lot of excitement, and a lot of very peculiar experiences. There were slight tremors and rumblings continued for several hours, keeping us worried for fear of a re-occurrence of the quake.⁶¹

That December, the Butlers at Kimberly traveled down to Richfield "to spend the Holidays with our folks," according to Bertha. She added that it was at Christmas time in 1901 when all of Ettie's children gathered together and "had the Butler family group photo taken, Mother Butler and her ten children."⁶² This family portrait has been copied and circulated widely among the descendents of John Lowe Butler II and is a family treasure. However, as daughter Olive related, "we were always sorry we had not had this done when father was alive."⁶³ Sadly, even after exhaustive searching, I have yet to find a photograph of Sarah with all three of her and John's living children.

On this same occasion, John III and Bertha also had a special photo taken of them, before returning back to Kimberly after the Holidays.



Children of John Lowe Butler II and wife Nancy Franzetta Smith

Standing: Jane, Caroline, Horace Calvin, Olive, Kenion Taylor.

Seated: Sarah, Eva, John Lowe III, Nancy Franzetta, Leland Thomas, Francetty.

For the Butlers, much of 1902 passed like the previous year, working at the mines in Kimberly. John III was becoming increasingly anxious to fulfill the promise he had made to his father to leave the mines forever and help his family find a new home on a farm somewhere. He had even made an attempt to do so that failed, which will be described later. He was working hard, earning and saving money, and was an expert miner. Nevertheless, he hated it and was continually looking for an opportunity that would lead the family off the mountain.

Worth noting was a trip several family members took that summer, to the Butler-Beck Mine, which now sat totally abandoned and vacant. Jane wrote:

In 1902 we were at Kimberly visiting my brothers. Carrie and her [future] husband Erin, Horace, Olive and I went for a picnic over to the Farnsworth ranch. The road to the old Butler-Beck Mine was washed out so we couldn't get down any way but walk. Horace wouldn't go as he had too many bad memories about the mine. It started to rain just before we reached the Carrie Tunnel so we ran around a bend in the road and into the open door of the cabin. We were startled to see a bewhiskered man sitting by a potbellied stove with a warm fire going in it. I think he was as startled as we were and told us he was prospecting

in the mountains and was just camping there for a few days. We went around the cabin and found the monument we had built quite disheveled. One of the little pine trees had died but the other was growing.⁶⁴

Jane, Horace, Olive, Orson Christensen, Carrie, and Isaac Erin Thurber on the 1902 outing described above by Jane Butler.



It would be 67 years before Jane would see that mine site again. In 1969, as she camped there once more with various Butler descendents, much had changed but the spot still felt very familiar.

Our cabins were gone, there were remnants of the old mill and raster. We found a few hand made nails and a hand made axe head, also a buttonhook that had J.M. Peterson & Co., Richfield, Utah printed on it. I'm sure the hook had been left there by the Butler family some seventy years before. We went to the sight where Olive and I had built our monument so many years before. The monument was gone with the exception of a huge, beautiful pine tree growing all by itself on the barren side of the canyon. . . . It was a thrill for me to return after so many years. The roar of the creek sounded the same, the smell of the air and the brightness of the moon . . . were the same. The only thing that didn't seem right were the planes flying over us and to realize that men had landed on the moon. We spent a lovely evening retelling tales of long ago.⁶⁵

In early September 1902, Bertha traveled to Richfield to stay with her mother, Agnes Thurber, while she delivered her second child. Earlier, on January 7, 1901, she and John III were blessed with a son they named Lazell Smith Butler, using the middle and last names of Ettie's father. Sadly, the little boy had only lived six weeks before dying of what Bertha called "Infantile Paralysis." He had been buried in the Richfield Cemetery, near his grandfather John Butler II.⁶⁶

Olive stated that because "they had lost their first child and didn't want to take any chances with the high altitude," they decided it would be best for Bertha to deliver this baby in Richfield and stay there over the winter. It was good that Bertha made the trip when she did, because only three days later, on September 7, 1902, she gave birth "somewhat premature" to a son they named J Grant.



John III (left) and Jane (right) in front of John III's house at Upper Kimberly in 1902.

That morning Zettie's husband, John Christensen, telephoned John III at Kimberly to tell him the good news. He specifically related that "a baby *boy* had arrived and wanted to know if he would claim him." John III, in his excitement, immediately asked "if it was alive" and "if it was a *boy or girl*." John Christensen "surely had a good laugh about it."⁶⁷

John III and his sister Jane, who was keeping house for him in Kimberly, immediately traveled down to Richfield that very day to see the new Butler. John III returned back to work at Kimberly the next day. He endured two very long trips but it was worth it.

Olive remembered staying at Kimberly, where she "kept house for John and Horace" that winter, while Bertha remained in Richfield. It wasn't a bad assignment Olive reflected, she "enjoyed it very much as we had so much fun sleigh riding and dancing."⁶⁸

In early 1903, Bertha returned to Kimberly with little Grant. By then, they "lived in a house on the upper side (east side) of the main road just across the street from Scott McClellan's store" and John had quit working in the mines. Instead, he was operating the butcher shop he owned a half interest in, with Joe Foreman doing the actual butchering.⁶⁹

By April of that year, John III had sold his interest in the butcher shop and was preparing to leave Gold Mountain behind, determined to fulfill the promise he had made to his father.

Chapter Fifteen

Camas Prairie

In south-central Idaho, about 65 miles east of Boise and 55 miles north of Twin Falls, lies a flat highland valley named Camas Prairie. The floor of the valley, or *prairie* as it is called, sits at just over 5,000 feet elevation, and measures about 30 miles west to east and 15 miles north to south. The mountains of the Sawtooth National Forest on the north, and a range of smaller mountains on the south, form a natural border and encase the prairie in scenic splendor. Filled with lush green meadows, willow-lined creeks, and wild flowers galore, it is one of the most beautiful places on the face of the earth! Rising from the prairie floor on the north, the imposing 10,095 foot Soldier Mountain stands as silent sentinel watching over this Shangri-La. Finally, adding a touch of the unique, the Camas, a bulbous plant that for generations was a food staple for the Indians that frequented the area, and for which the prairie received its name, would bloom each year creating fields of blue flowers appearing as water-like seas.



Camas flowers on the Prairie, with Soldier Mountain in the background



Camas Prairie looking northwest from Johnson Hill overlook towards Soldier Mountain. Ettie, Horace, Carrie, and John III all had farms about dead center in the middle of this photo. The town of Manard and John III's main farm and home was to the left-center.

The many streams flowing out of both the north and south mountains meander their way across the prairie, emptying into what the old timers called the Malad River (now shown on maps as Camas Creek), which flows across the length of Camas Prairie from west to east. The area abounds with fish, sage hens, deer, antelope, elk, and other wild game, and many of the earlier settlers lived off this bounty.

Pioneers first began permanent settlements on the Camas Prairie in the 1880's. The major areas of nearby population at the time were the towns of Hailey to the northeast, and Shoshone to the southeast, both of which were roughly a 40-mile trip from Soldier, the main town then forming on the Prairie. Hailey began as a mining town, and had managed to become the county seat, first of the huge Alturas County and later of Blaine County.

Indian difficulties were common, especially considering that earlier seasonal livestock herders, and now permanent homesteaders, were encroaching on traditional Indian hunting grounds, not to mention destroying the camas bulbs the Indians came yearly to harvest. Indian conflicts, and in particular the Bannock War, were the result.

The prairie's first town, Soldier, and the creek that ran through it, were so named because it was the camping ground of the soldiers sent to fight and protect against the Indians.

A few enterprising businessmen began promoting the Camas Prairie in Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and other eastern states, to profit not only from services rendered in bringing literally train carloads of potential homesteaders, but also from the increase in business a growing population would create. Promoters used glowing descriptions such as this one, published in 1884, to excite people with the opportunity of gaining their own land.

Big Camas Prairie is the largest body of unbroken tillable land in Idaho, and very much resembles Rock Prairie in Wisconsin. It is settling up quite fast and the only drawback is the snow in the winter season. To a New Englander or a Minnesota man, it would be no

objection. Many little cabins and tents are dotting the prairie over and in a few years more, the land will be taken up and settled. With good land, plenty of timber, the best of water, good grass and plenty of it, an abundance of the finest fish in the world and plenty of game of all kinds, it is the farmer's home, the stockman's delight and the hunter's paradise.¹

Even the government played the role of promoter. For instance, a glowing description of the area was published as part of an inventory of Idaho resources, compiled by the Territorial Comptroller, in the year 1885. With a flare of salesmanship, the writer concludes his description thus:

To all in search of a place to make a new home, and who contemplate locating lands, we say: "Come to this section of Idaho and take observation of Camas Prairie and its wonderful resources." Here a poor man with little means, but with plenty of spirit and "go-aheadativeness" soon surrounds himself with all the comforts of life. Several settlements have sprung up on Camas Prairie within the past two years. The first house in Soldier City was built about June 24, 1884. This town is situated about in the center of the prairie, is about thirty miles from the Wood River mines, eighteen miles South of the Little Smoky Mining District and forty-five miles north of Shoshone. There is a fine market and a good outlet for anything that can be raised.²

Many of the settlers claimed land under the auspices of the federal government's "Free Homestead Act of 1862," which entitled anyone who paid a \$10 filing fee to a quarter-section of land (160 acres), provided that person "proved up" the land. "Proving up" meant living on the land for five years. As an option, after living on the land for six months, homesteaders could choose to buy it outright for \$1.25 per acre. However, few settling on the Camas Prairie had the \$200 to buy out their claim, or the desire to spend what was then a substantial amount of money for something they could get for free.

In addition, many settlers began to claim property under the 1877 Desert Land Act, which allowed for twice as much land, in an effort to promote the utilization of desert land in the western states in various ways, in particular through irrigation. The only problem was that according to the U.S. Land Office in Hailey, there was "no such thing as 'desert land' on the Camas Prairie." This resulted in several years' worth of legal battles during the mid-1880's, which were reported in somewhat humorous rhetoric by Hailey's newspaper, *The Wood River Times*.

It was entertaining, because the very people that were promoting the Camas Prairie as a "well-watered" valley, with "soil that requires no irrigation," even going so far as to claim that farmers could get higher yields without irrigation than with, were also adamantly defending their position that this same land qualified as "desert land."

Everyone knew the truth of the matter, but where politics are involved obvious logic isn't much of a concern, so Washington bureaucrats overruled the Land Office in Hailey. The political powers were obviously more anxious to have people settle Camas Prairie than whether or not the situation really fit the letter of the law.

In any case, people were coming in by the train carload, setting up homesteads. As they arrived, they were excited to see this wide-open beautiful land before them, and even without any "truth in advertising laws" in place at the time, it seemed precisely what the promoters had described.

The only problem was a few key facts had been omitted, or downplayed, such as the severity and length of the winters, the short growing season, and the fact that the Indians still felt this was their land. In addition, some years huge hoards of grasshoppers devastated their crops, and in other years, crickets did the same. During the 1890's many of these homesteaders were driven off by one invasion or another, moving to areas that were not quite so *pioneerish*!

Just after the turn of the century, another influx of pioneers came. This became known as the second settlement. In his book, *A History of Camas Prairie*, historian John F. Ryan explained the era of colonization in which the extended Butler clan played a major role:

The second influx of settlers started in a small way, about 1903, when a few L.D.S. people came from Utah. Being interested in the part of the Camas Prairie that could be irrigated, a reservoir site was filed on Lake Creek, across the Valley from Soldier.

The migration from Utah increased rapidly, and construction of a reservoir they named the Twin Lakes Reservoir was started. Almost at the same time, or shortly thereafter, there was an influx of prospective settlers from other states, mostly from the Palouse country in eastern Washington. Unlike the immigrants who came from Utah, the prospective settlers from eastern Washington were interested in dry land farming operations. They came from an area where dry land farming had been a marked success, while those from Utah were skilled irrigators and preferred that kind of farming.

The immigration was in full force in 1905, and reached the apex about 1907. After that date there was but little good land left on the Prairie that was not claimed.³

Personally, I (Craig Dalton) found this very interesting, as I realized that I have connections with both groups of settlers! First, with my ancestors immigrating from Utah, and second, because for the last 25 years I have lived and raised all of my children on the "Palouse," a region of prime dry land wheat and grain farms that straddles the border of eastern Washington and north-central Idaho.⁴

Fulfilling a Promise

So why Idaho? To find the answer to that question, we have to go back to the time just before John III left on his mission, to that lonely mountain scene in which he says his last goodbye to his father at the failed mine. His father's last request of him was this:

John, my oldest son, you have been a good and faithful servant to your Heavenly Father and have done a wonderful job of taking on the responsibilities of supporting your mother and younger brothers and sisters.

Son, there is nothing left here for this [the extended] family. I admonish you to go where there is a new land opening up, with new opportunities for bigger and better farms. Go and seek out a place that would be fruitful, a place where our family can work together in harmony.

John, my life is short and I will be gone before you return from your mission. I do love and appreciate you and know that you will carry out my wishes.

You go on this mission, and when you come back, as soon as possible I want you to go either to Idaho or Canada where there are chances to acquire land. Do not ever get mixed up with mining stock. Stay with the land and livestock.⁵

His father implored him to, "stay with the land and livestock, and not to chase after gold." When John III was released early from his mission on account of his father's death, his mission president counseled him "to go home and follow his father's advice and wishes."

And John III did exactly that. As shown already, upon his return he worked in the mines to support his family and raise capital, but always with an eye to find property elsewhere and move, and move not just him, but much of his father's family. He would accomplish exactly that and fulfill his father's wishes precisely, but it would be a struggle.

By the end of March 1901, John III was getting increasingly anxious to fulfill that promise and becoming increasingly discouraged with mining life, according to Erin Thurber. The two best friends talked about going to the Big Horn country in Montana, or to Canada, or some other new country. They commiserated on the fact that "the mining class generally are not Mormons and Mormons are more happy when together."⁶ They wanted to live as part of a community of Saints and get away from the mines.

John III made his first attempt to realize that desire later that summer. As Bertha related, "John made a trip into Canada for the purpose of seeking a place to locate. There was colonization going on at Raymond, Canada. Our former Bishop, Theodore Brandley, was located there and was helping to locate new settlers."⁷

Raymond is located just north of the Montana border, in the prairie province of Alberta. Sitting about 30 miles southeast of Lethbridge and 50 miles

northeast of Cardston, it was in the area of intense Mormon colonization in Canada that occurred around the turn of the century. Over a hundred years later, the area still boasts a predominately LDS population. Many Butler descendents might be interested to know that except for a twist of fate, they nearly became Canadian. Bertha explained:

John was favorably impressed with the country and conditions and made application for some land, paying the necessary filing fees on the same. He returned home to Richfield and again we went to work in the mines, planning that we would be moving to Canada the next spring to make our home. In about a month he had his money returned to him that he gave to file on the land with the explanation that the piece of land he had chosen had already been filed by another party – so this changed our plans about going to Canada, but we still planned on seeking some other place than Richfield to make our permanent home.⁸

This was a huge disappointment for John III. He and Bertha “could have established ourselves and done all right perhaps,” his wife recalled, “but he had a widowed mother, brothers and sisters, in whom he was interested and felt it his duty to get them located in a place of better opportunities.” The two of them had “secured 40 acres of land near Richfield upon which we could have built a home.” But instead of doing so, John III kept working and saving money with an eye to helping his entire father’s family settle on a farm somewhere. He would later sell that property for a team and equipment to make that move.⁹

Back in the mines at Kimberly once more, John III felt devastated. He had gone to Canada, found suitable property, and purchased it (he thought), only to find that the deal fell through later that fall, when his money and contract were returned. Had he failed his father? Feeling “blue” we find him and his friend, Erin Thurber, having a nice “confidential talk” again. In his journal on September 28, 1901, Erin recorded:

Spent the evening with John Butler my Brother Brother-in-Law & confident. He had recently made a trip to Canada for the purpose of finding a place to locate & make a home, had secured as he supposed 160 acres of good land, but had received word lately that it had been sold before he bought it. He was feeling rather blue over it and other things. A good confidential talk was had which of course makes one feel better. Old time hardships, present hardships, & future prosperity were gone over, etc. girls, marriage & other things – well I am not married yet.¹⁰

Little did either John III, or his friend, realize that in a year and a half Erin would be married to John’s sister Carrie. This would have seemed incredibly unlikely, because at the time of this “confidential talk,” Carrie was engaged to a man from Salt Lake! Both Erin and John III would succeed in solving their stated problems. Erin would eventually get the girl and John III would eventually fulfill his father’s wish and move his family to a farm. They’d both just have to try again.

John III's next attempt occurred a year and a half later, during the spring of 1903. This time his property search took him to Idaho. Interestingly, this attempt coincided exactly with Erin and Carrie's marriage. In fact, it was on their wedding day, April 7, 1903, that John III and his 13-year-old brother K.T. crossed the border into Idaho, traveling by covered wagon. As they did so, the two brothers chatted about the fact that "today Carrie and Erin are to be married" in the Salt Lake Temple.¹¹

As Bertha related, at that time "the Government project of the great Milner Dam, to take water from the Snake River, reclaiming the Twin Falls tract on the South, and Jerome, Wendell & other places on the north was creating a lot of excitement."¹² John III was determined to go to Idaho and see what land opportunities were coming available as a result of this project. So by early April he had quit work at the Annie Laurie, sold his butcher shop in Kimberly and his property in Richfield, and prepared to travel to "Idaho to scout for a settlement for the family." In doing so, K.T. related that John III "bought a beautiful matched team of bally faced Clydesdales. We called them Prince and Bally. He also bought a new covered wagon and harness."¹³

Thus we find John III and K.T. crossing into Idaho on Erin and Carrie's wedding day. "Other wagons of immigrants had joined us along the way," K.T. shared, until they now numbered "nine wagons in all." It was an exciting adventure for young K.T., but for John III, who from the very beginning was homesick for his wife and baby son Grant, only 8 months old, it was a trial. As K.T. related, "John had been so homesick for his new wife . . . his songs were always so love sick, that I was sorta bored, at my age. My days were livelier, with others in the company."¹⁴

John III viewed the area along the Snake River plain from Burley to Hagerman, in particular the area around Twin Falls the irrigation project was aimed to improve. At Albion, John III had received a letter from Jim Gilbert, a buddy from his Kimberly mining days, who had recently moved to Bruneau, Idaho, so they parted with the other wagons at Hagerman and continued on. In his letter, Jim had written that at Bruneau "there are plenty of water and there are plenty of land." John III and K.T. had chuckled at the grammar, but when they arrived John III found the land there was too expensive and lacking what he considered "plenty of water." Witnessing a tornado hit the town of Bruneau just as they were arriving, and watching "the twister pullout big trees, and blow away houses"¹⁵ didn't help their opinion of the area either.

Previously, as they had passed through Hagerman, they met a man who told them about the Camas Prairie being open for homesteaders, and about a few Mormon families that had just moved there. In particular, he mentioned a family named Dixon, and so John and K.T. headed there.

They first reached the Camas Prairie on May 13th, entering from the west, and immediately were very favorably impressed. As K.T. put it, "The grass was about a foot high!! and with thousands of cattle trailing along." But that same day, in what they should have seen as a harbinger of things to come, he also

noted. "A blizzard overtook us. . . . before the day was over there was about a foot of snow, and all those cattle drifting with the storm."

Arriving at Soldier, the prairie's only real town at the time, they met a young cowboy (Earl Parson) and asked him how long they had winter on the Camas Prairie. He smiled and said, "I don't know. I have only been here *13 months*."¹⁶

Not at all enchanted with Camas Prairie after seeing full winter in mid-May, they supposed Hailey might be better, and therefore continued east across the prairie. Hailey they found just as snowbound, but worked there for two weeks while waiting for *spring* to arrive. The effects of the snowstorm melted away, and making their way back to the Prairie they were enamored once again with its beautiful spring splendor. They worked their way south to see the Dixon family, who were homesteading at a place called "Fir Grove."

Fir Grove was a little community that had formed along McKinney Creek, in a small valley among the south hills, about 12 miles due south of Soldier. It was so named because of a lone, but substantive, grove of evergreen trees that grow prolifically up a nearby hillside. That grove is somewhat of an oddity, in that there are no other fir trees in the area, and although it has provided firewood and material for the settlers for years, a thick group of large trees are still present (in 2011) and the grove appears much as it did over a hundred years earlier.

In addition to the Dixons, the Mormon families of Hyrum Lee and William Sant were also living at Fir Grove. These were among the first Mormons to settle permanently on the Prairie, having arrived there only two or three years earlier.¹⁷

The Dixons were excited at the prospect of a large group of Mormons coming to pioneer with them, as K.T. recounted:

We didn't stay at Bruneau, but went by way of Mountain Home to Camas Prairie, and on up to Fir Grove, to look up this Mormon family, the Dixons. I went with John to the door. In answer to our knock, a short man with a heavy black beard, and a boy about my own age, came to the door. John introduced us, and after much hand shaking, told him we were from a large family and were looking for land opportunities. Brother [Harvey] Dixon invited us in to meet his wife and stay for dinner.

Brother Dixon explained he had a large family of boys, though they weren't at the house at this time. He asked a lot of questions, and one was how many girls we had in our family. He wasn't backward in stating he wanted his boys to marry Mormon girls. Little did I realize this friend Bailey would marry my sister Eva ten years from this time.¹⁸

That first meeting of these two key families was a major turning point in the future settlement of Camas County, and a town called Manard. Brother Harvey Dixon Sr., who they met that day, would die only three years later of Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, but his children would continue to play a substantial role in the formation of this soon to be sizeable Mormon community. The name of Harvey Dixon pops up often in Manard history, as he worked closely with

John Lowe Butler III and Isaac Erin Thurber in the bishopric and many community endeavors, however this was Harvey Dixon *Junior*, not *Senior*.

In addition to the Dixons, Lees, and Sants of Fir Grove, John III and K.T. found there were four other Mormon families then living on the prairie. These were the families of Henry Jenkins, Lewis Adams, Lester Stott, and George Labrum, and also a bachelor named Jim Stewart, most of these were then living near Soldier. On July 2, 1903, these later five¹⁹, along with John Butler III, formed a company they first called the “Twin Lakes Reservoir, Canal, and Land Company”²⁰ for the purpose of building the irrigation infrastructure viewed as essential for the community they envisioned.

They talked of forming a company for the purpose of building a reservoir . . . John was elated. This fulfilled all their dreams he and Bertha and his family and friends would want. This would fulfill his father’s wishes. They could have their own community, town, church, and school. There was plenty of land for all, with lots of water.²¹

Building the Twin Lakes Reservoir forms a major part of our story, but we’ll come back to that later. During the summer of 1903, John III and K.T. stayed on the prairie, haying and doing other work. They also found a suitable location for the proposed reservoir, and land below it along the south side of the Malad River, upon which John III filed a homestead claim.

They returned to Utah that fall excited and began spreading word of their find to others and making plans to move much of the extended Butler and Thurber clans to Idaho, along with many of their friends. It reminds one of Jared and the Brother of Jared in the Book of Mormon, who moved their families and their friends’ families to a new land.

I have found it very difficult to determine the exact number of people John Lowe Butler III was responsible for bringing to the Camas Prairie, but a quick count shows over 25 families that settled there who were his relations, or friends from Utah. Most of these were, or became, large families that would form a major chunk of the new community of Manard. In addition, because of intermarrying, most of the residents of Manard ended up related. So if you have an ancestor who lived in Manard and you meet someone else whose ancestry came from Manard, you are almost certainly cousins. And you can point to John Lowe Butler III as the man who caused your ancestry to come together.

Over the winter of 1903-04 John III worked one last time in the mines at Kimberly.

Grandma Sarah Fish Smith McGregor

In the spring of 1904, John III was ready to move to Idaho permanently, but knowing that it might be his last opportunity to see his aging grandmother, Sarah Fish Smith McGregor, he took his mother Ettie and made a trip to Parowan. K.T. went along on the trip and gave us this account:

Before we went back to Idaho to stay, John took mother, Bertha and myself to Parowan to see Grandmother McGregor. Grandmother

had been born in Quebec, Canada, daughter of Horace Fish and Hannah Leavitt. Grandmother had a little joke that she was a mermaid as she was part "Fish" . . .

This was a happy trip. On our way we passed by the Big Rock Candy Mountain, and we stopped to look it over, as it had been a camping place for pioneers. The trip was in the early spring and it was a great adventure for me, and I was glad to get out of school.

We went in the early spring, I think the last of February. We saw deer with their horns in the ragged velvet just shedding their horns. We saw shabby Indians. We passed where an old man lived that had bought Dad's old saw mill and shingle mill. Of course, it wasn't running by now. This man lived at the mouth of Saw Mill Creek, that was named by John Lowe Butler. This man told us about our Dad. He told us our Dad was very generous and was a superman for strength. This place was close to Panguitch Lake where Dad had his homestead. When we got to Panguitch I think that was where mother's sister lived (Sarah Jane Smith Miller). We visited some aunt that cooked us a meal over a fireplace.

We stopped at Cove Fort and finally on to Parowan and found our way to the McGregor home. It was a small, pretty lady that met us at the door. We received a hearty welcome from both grandma and grandpa McGregor.

The Grandpa [William McGregor] proceeded to show me things of interest about my father [John Lowe Butler II]. He showed me an apple tree my Dad had planted when it was very small willows. Then we got



Four generations: Sarah Fish Smith McGregor (left), Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler (right), Francetty Butler Christensen (middle), Erma Christensen (child).

a pan of apples from this tree out of storage. He showed me a gable in the barn where Dad had butchered a lamb. We saw some man that had known Dad in his prosperous days, who knew of him buying groceries for a poor father that didn't have credit at the store.

Somewhere along the way we saw Janet Leavitt, and she had some good looking boys. Janet was the Indian girl John Calvin Lazelle Smith had bought from the Indians for a gun and his shirt. . . .

We went to see Dad's sister, Alveretta Robinson. They had a house full of shining well dressed girls. We had a good time playing together. They had a honey candy pull in the evening and played Run Sheep Run. I was so embarrassed when I caught one of the girls and pulled the buttons off her blouse.²²

Little Lee Tom, who would have been 7 or 8 years old at the time, described the last trip Ettie took to see her mother. This may have been the same trip K.T. described above, but from what Lee Tom relates it sounds like it was shortly before Ettie moved to Camas Prairie with her younger children in 1905.

She [Ettie] took Eva and me to Parowan in a buggy to see her mother. There was lots of red dirt that would boil up from the buggy wheels and I remember skull and bones of dead cattle parching in the sun.

I was so happy to see my Grandma and I would ask her if I could go down the block and play with my little cousin Roy Lyman. His daddy was William Lyman, an uncle to Richard R. Lyman.

I don't remember about the trip back to Richfield, but a few days after we came home some one put me on a white horse and I fell off and bumped my head—mom came out of the house crying and I told her not to cry, that I wasn't hurt bad, but I found out later that she was crying because she had just got the word that her mother had died, and I felt so bad that I did not have a Grandma any more.²³

Ettie's mother, Sarah, passed away on May 5, 1905 at Parowan, Utah, at the age of 76.

Moving the Family

According to K.T., once he and John III returned to Richfield after visiting their grandmother, they were "all in excitement to be on our way to Idaho for the second time" and left on "the 26th of March 1904."²⁴ John III had "bought a new 'white top hack' or large carriage, a splendid team and harness, also had some other horses that he took with him."²⁵ Once again K.T. accompanied his brother, as did Bertha's younger brother, Joshua Thurber, in making the two-week journey. The two boys would help John III prepare things for the rest of the family, most of which would follow the next year.

No buildings yet existed on the land John III had claimed on Camas Prairie, so he rented Gilman Ranch near Hailey. With a home established, albeit a

temporary one, Bertha, Grant, and Jane came up on June 20th and joined the others, living at Hailey over most of the coming year.

Although trying to make a living off the farm at Hailey, John III, K.T., and Joshua were also busy working the land claims on Camas Prairie. K.T. describes spending much time alone “plowing with 2 horses and a walking plow on John’s desert claim. I camped in a covered wagon, doing my own cooking on a camp fire on the ground.” Over the winter, John III also earned additional money working in the mines near Hailey, which just happened to be in boom mode then as well. The most significant event occurred late that fall with the birth of John III and Bertha’s first daughter, Elma. K.T. shared his “fast” involvement that night:

When Bertha came to the delivery of this baby, she awakened John in the night and he came bringing a lantern into the back room where I slept and sent me to harness the team, Maude and Dale. I think they were the fastest team in the state of Idaho. I harnessed them and hooked them to a white top hack by the time John was dressed. He jumped in and went to Hailey for the midwife (Mrs. Stanfield). I busied myself building a fire and putting on lots of water to heat. I had a prayer in my heart for John and the midwife to hurry and get there before the baby did. Bertha said it was just one hour from the time she awakened John until he was back with Mrs. Stanfield. I remember Bertha shaking her finger at John and saying, “don’t ever call Taylor slow again.” And I don’t believe he ever did. I was 14 years [old then]. It was just five minutes from the time John had awakened me until I was back at the gate with the team hooked to the buggy.²⁶

Sadly, little Elma died of pneumonia just two months later and was buried in Hailey Cemetery.²⁷

Finally in April 1905, they were able to move to Camas Prairie. John III had purchased all the improvements that existed on the Twin Lakes Ranch, which was the site of the reservoir they were building. So initially the Butlers lived in the Labrum’s granary, while they worked moving the buildings from Twin Lakes Ranch to the land they were homesteading. Bertha related some interesting insights into this move and setting up their home and farm.

When we moved to the Prairie from Gilman’s place we made quite an amusing caravan. We had two wagons loaded with machinery, furniture, etc., had a box on one of them with some pet lambs and our chickens were on the other wagon, then we trailed the hack behind the last wagon and had extra horses leading along with us, also had a Jack (mule) that was a lot of trouble. The cattle were being driven by a boy on a horse, and had started the day before. It was a long hard trip for us and the horses were very tired – in fact one of them gave out just before we got there & we left the wagon where it was for the night & fixed supper & got to bed as soon as we could. The next few weeks were busy ones in getting our buildings moved and fixed up to live in. The house was cut in two and moved ½ at a time, this we made into three

comfortable rooms, afterwards added a cellar and a porch on the south side of it. We also moved a grainery and chicken coop, & material to build corrals & sheds, later on we built a very good barn. This was our home for twelve years, and six of our children were born here.

The men soon got busy clearing brush and breaking land, getting ready to plant crops, did fencing, made roads, got out timber, built bridges and soon began building the reservoir dam which was west of our home about two miles.²⁸

That spring, Erin Thurber came to the prairie, and his wife Carrie and new daughter Helen followed later that summer. In short order all of Ettie's children had settled on Camas Prairie, except for Zettie, whose husband, John Christensen, was quickly becoming a prominent business, community, and Church leader in Richfield. Sadie and her husband, Gomer Richards, also stayed in Utah for the most part, however, when the others moved to the Prairie, they bought 320 acres there as well.²⁹ K.T. farmed it for them for a time, and the Richards family visited Idaho often.

Den Butler also came to Idaho with the others, and his mother Sarah and two sisters, Mary and Ann, followed a few years later.³⁰

Agnes Thurber soon joined her three children in Idaho and their half brother, Joseph Thurber, relocated his family there, as did extended Thurber-Butler relations like the Robinsons, Nielsons, and Richards, as well as a number of friends from the Richfield area.

Most of these immigrants staked out both Homestead and Desert Land Act claims, which combined together enabled each settler to secure a total of 320 acres apiece.



Left: Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler with her daughter Ann Butler.

Right: Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler with her son Dennison Lowe Butler.

The year 1905 was a beehive of activity in the southern part of Camas Prairie. With prospects of the planned irrigation system, newcomers were moving to the Prairie, and existing residents from Soldier were staking homestead claims in the path of the proposed canal system. A new community called Wynona was forming.

In September of 1905 Ettie made the move to Idaho with her two youngest children, 12-year-old Eva and 8-year-old Lee Tom. Lee retained a vivid memory of their arrival.

John met us at Hailey, and we crossed Camas Prairie in a wagon, and no sign of a fence. When we got to John's place, they said to me, "See that house way over at the foot of the hill?"

It was about half a mile over, and all sagebrush, "Your sister Carry is visiting over there—go over and tell her that mother is here."

About half way over, a bunch of sage hens flew up and scared the devil out of me. I had my rubber bean shooter and a pocket of rocks for my protection. Well, I pulled my shooter so far that I broke it. When I got to the house they let me in and you (Helen) and your Mom (Carry) were sitting there. All I said was, "Carry, Mama wants you to come home."

I delivered my short message.³¹

It had been quite some time since 15-year-old K.T. had seen his mother, and naturally he was very excited when she and his siblings arrived.

This was a happy time for me. Mother was at the dam site when word was sent to me at Dairy Creek where I was building a ditch. Not waiting for permission, I took off on my pony. The seven year old [Lee Tom] that came to meet me dazzled my eyes with his big barn shovel teeth and my dainty sister Eva, somewhat shy. Eva was already getting to be quite a grownup and would so cheerfully wash the dishes. She actually seemed to enjoy the job and when she was 14 and I was 16 and Jane a little older, we took jobs to help Lester Stott with his shearing crew. Jane and Olive did the cooking, Eva waited on tables and washed the dishes and I was the wrangler.³²

Ettie filed a 160-acre homestead claim adjoining her son Horace's, both of which were about 2 miles east of John III's main farm. "The boys" soon built Ettie "a comfortable home just across the lane" from John III and Bertha's home, just south of the town that would soon be established. Ettie was very much living the life of a true pioneer once again, but she was happy there on the Prairie with most of her children close by, and was known as a loving and affectionate mother whom her children loved dearly. For the next eight years all the community referred to her affectionately as "Mother Butler."³³



*Ettie's home on
Camas Prairie
as it stood in
1975.*

*It has since
been removed.*

Twin Lakes Reservoir

Many of the settlers of Camas Prairie coming from the Midwest and other areas were not skilled irrigators and lacked experience with large-scale irrigation projects. However, for the few Mormon families with Utah backgrounds that came at the turn of the century, irrigation was a part of their culture. The Mormon families in the Soldier area, that John and K.T. Butler met on their initial trip to the Prairie in 1903, had been talking about building a reservoir. Henry Jenkins had even noticed an ideal site on the south side of the valley. But the project seemed too large and daunting, and many in the area said it was impossible. Even later, as the massive dam began to rise, the Prairie was filled with nay-sayers claiming that it would never be finished.

In reality, they were probably right to be skeptical, because none of these Mormon families had much money, nor did they have any engineering or even much construction experience. But when John Butler III arrived on the scene and heard of their plans, he was the catalyst needed to turn dreams into reality. With his mining experience he had seen massive projects created almost overnight, he knew how to build things, and he was a doer, not a talker.

Only a month after John III's arrival, what had been only talk before turned into action. On July 2, 1903 a corporation was formed that would eventually be named the Twin Lakes Reservoir and Irrigation Company Limited. Even though John deferred to others to fill the positions of corporate officers, there is no question he was the main mover and shaker in getting things done, including bringing in a large number of people from Utah to participate.

The ideal site that Henry Jenkins had seen was owned by an elderly man named Alex Cyphers.³⁴ Alex very likely was the first white man to see Camas Prairie. In the mid-1800's he had been employed by the government to explore and make a general survey of the Western American Wilderness. Later, he helped survey the Base Line of Idaho, known as the Boise Meridian, which

happened to run across the Prairie. After retiring from government service, he returned to Camas Prairie and among other endeavors homesteaded a ranch on the south side, near the spot where he had first viewed the Prairie years before. Clifton Dixon, in his substantive history, *Manard – The Pioneer Town That Used To Be*, gave us a great description of this ranch.

In the lower drainage of McKinney Creek, which flows northwest through Fir Grove Flat, there are two large springs. Their water flows northeast past the flat top butte toward Camas Creek, or Malad River, as early settlers called it. About half a mile south of Malad River there were two small lakes, actually they were large springs. Water from all these sources combined to form Lake Creek, which flowed north through a narrow gorge into Camas Creek. Large meadows lay around the lakes and along the stream. Here Alex homesteaded, calling it the Twin Lakes Ranch. As an experienced engineer he no doubt recognized the potential here for water storage. However, probably because of his age, he did not attempt to develop it.³⁵

The two “Twin Lakes” were each about the size of a football field and were about a quarter of a mile apart. These little lakes were clear and deep, and were favorite fishing spots for the settlers since they held beautiful, big trout. In fact, Mr. Cyphers had been known to display 11-12 pound fish in Soldier. It sounds sad to cover up these little lakes with a reservoir, but that reservoir would also be a prize fishing location for generations to come.

It was clearly an ideal site; by placing a dam across the little gorge, a proportionally huge body of water could be created.

The newly formed corporation purchased Twin Lakes Ranch from Mr. Cyphers for \$1500 they borrowed from a bank in Hailey. Samuel G. Rhodes, an engineer from Boise, was immediately hired to survey the reservoir and plan the project.

When he arrived, it was an unexpected reunion of sorts, because as it turned out Alex Cyphers and Samuel Rhodes were old friends, having worked together surveying the Boise Meridian years before. K.T. Butler described this reunion and the surveying of the proposed reservoir.

These two gentlemen were so pleased to see each other again and it was my privilege to listen every evening to them retell their old experiences of those very early days together. They were both in their seventies at that time. Alec Syphers was 74 years old the year we bought him out.

After they had completed the surveying, which took all the rest of the summer until October, I, Taylor Butler, worked every day and drove a stake every 100 feet around the prospective Reservoir which was thirty-four miles.³⁶

They had hoped to start construction immediately, but none of the founders of the company had great financial resources, so they spent two years trying to sell stock or otherwise raise capital, and interest others in the project. By the fall

of 1905, or shortly thereafter, the following individuals were shareholders in the company: Lewis Adams, Burton Bean, Edward Booth, J. D. Bresnahan, John L. Butler III, Harvey Dixon Jr., Robert Ferguson, Henry Jenkins, Sylvester Jones, George Labrum, Oscar Naser, R. C. Naser, Peter Olson, Gomer Richards, William Richards, James Robinson, John Robinson, James Stewart, Lester Stott, W. J. Teasdale, Agnes Thurber, and Erin Thurber.³⁷

Resources for the construction were generated by a combination of assessments of cash, single hand labor, and team labor against the capital stock of the Company. If assessments were not “paid,” the stock was declared delinquent and sold by the Company to meet the obligation.³⁸ The assessment levied at the start of construction was 5 cents a share in cash and 25 cents a share in labor. The Company was capitalized at 10,000 shares total, so this was a total cash assessment of only \$500 cash and \$2500 labor. But future assessments would be required as the project progressed. For assessments of labor, shareholders could perform the work themselves or they could hire others to work in their stead, if they had the cash to do so, which few did.

Construction started in the summer of 1905, with John III’s brother-in-law, Josh Thurber, first on the job, working one week alone cutting willows, burning brush, and clearing the dam site preparatory to moving dirt. He claims the distinction of working more hours on the project than any other single individual, working every day there was work being done, from the start of the project until its completion. Then again, his brother-in-law, K.T. Butler also claims the same honor of “most hours worked.” To settle the discrepancy, the two seemed to have agreed that if one counts just work on the dam, Josh gets the honor, but if you include his time spent helping with the survey, then K.T. comes out ahead. Of course, if you count canal work, well, then Josh regains the lead. I guess we’ll have to leave that little friendly dispute between them.

Arthur Robert Frostenson (known to all as “Bob”), who grew up at Manard and lived out his life in the area, explained that the entire community moved itself and formed a new town at the dam site.

Without heavy financial backing, and using only their farm incomes and their own initiative, these men and their families began a huge project, even by today’s standards. Eventually they hoped to irrigate as many as ten thousand acres of prairie land.

The settlers were going to build this dam themselves so they decided they must set up headquarters close to the actual construction site. As soon as their crops were planted that spring of 1905, a large part of the population of Manard moved to the dam site on Lake Creek, just below the present dam, taking belongings, livestock, and families. They established what became known as Dam Town. Tents and other types of shelters were erected. Two cook tents were maintained to feed the extra workers but most families cooked in their own tents. They used dubious convenience of boxes buried in the sand in Lake Creek to keep their butter and milk cool during the hot summer days. Because meat could barely be kept fresh for a week, different residents of Dam Town took turns providing animals to feed everyone. If one could not

contribute his share, cash was given instead. During the summers of 1905 and 1906, there were as many as sixty people living in Dam Town. A few men and women were left back in Manard to look after the home front, but even these worked on the dam during slack times in their businesses and farms. Sunday school and church were held, romances blossomed, folks married, and babies were born in Dam Town. There was no doctor in the temporary community. In case of an emergency, the closest medical man was an hour away by horseback at Soldier, Idaho, six miles north. But Mormon women, like most pioneer women, were schooled to handle crises and sickness as part of their upbringing. When winter came, the community moved back to their homes in Manard. Although there must have been sharp differences of opinion from time to time, as there are in any community project, the people of Manard were dedicated to complete this vital undertaking.³⁹

It is interesting to note that the family of Fritz Frostenson (Bob's father) was one of the very few families living at Manard who were not Mormon. Nevertheless, they were strong contributors to the community, good friends to all, and participated in most of the community events. In short, they were good neighbors. Fritz and Johanna were recent immigrants from Sweden and young newlyweds when they moved to the Manard area at the time of the dam building project, which he participated in.

The dam was earth fill, and when completed it measured 625 feet long, 30 feet high, 140 feet wide at the bottom, and 20 feet wide at the top.⁴⁰ To begin, a trench was dug about three feet down to bedrock, and a three foot by three foot concrete core was poured on bedrock, extending the entire length of the dam through the center.⁴¹ The outlet from the reservoir was a concrete culvert passing through the dam near the east end. Near the middle of this outlet a concrete casement was built from the outlet to the top of the dam, which contained a head gate to control the water flow from the reservoir.⁴²

There was no railway to Camas Prairie at the time, so they had the cement shipped by rail to Hailey, and from there Josh Thurber hauled all the cement by wagon to the dam site, making many trips. Hailey was a logical choice, because from that city it was a downhill pull all the way to the dam site. More than a railway carload of cement was used. In addition to cement, most of the other necessities for the dam project were freighted from Hailey.⁴³

The construction of this dam has always amazed me. Standing there looking at this massive mound of dirt, I have been baffled as to how they managed to get all that dirt piled up with nothing but horse-drawn equipment. I have done a fair amount of dozer work during my life, but in seeing that dam I have thought to myself, "that would have taken a lot of work with motorized equipment! How could they do that with horses?" Cutting into hard ground is difficult enough with a dozer, using power and hydraulic down pressure, how could they get a scraper pulled behind a team to do it? And then how did they move it clear up on the dam and dump it without a hydraulic dump bed?

Two descriptions of the construction process helped clear up this mystery in my mind. Before sharing them, I must first state one thing emphatically, *these old timers were just plain ingenious!*

In his article entitled "Dam Town," Bob Frostenson shared:

To construct the dam, a trench was dug three or four feet down to bedrock, and a cement core was poured the length of the dam. The dirt and rock for the dam was hauled from the west side of the present dam by six to eight wagons and a number of two or four-horse fresnos. The fresno was a scraper which was loaded up with dirt by dipping the front end down, and urging the horses forward to fill it. A man always walked behind the scraper holding a six-foot long lever which he lifted at the proper spot on the dam so that the forward pull of the horses would dump the fresno. The wagons were loaded by a four horse team pulling a loaded fresno over a dirt dump. They had loose 2x6 boards in the bottom which were tipped up on edge to unload the cargo. The wagons made the long hauls, and the short hauls were done by fresno. My Dad, Fritz Frostenson, was twenty-six years old at this time. He worked on the dam, driving fresnos and supplying hand labor, too.

All the tamping and compaction of rock and soil material was done by men, mules, horses, and steel-wheeled wagons. It would be difficult to compute the number of steps taken by men and animals to insure a firm base on the dam!⁴⁴

Clifton Dixon shared some additional details about the process:

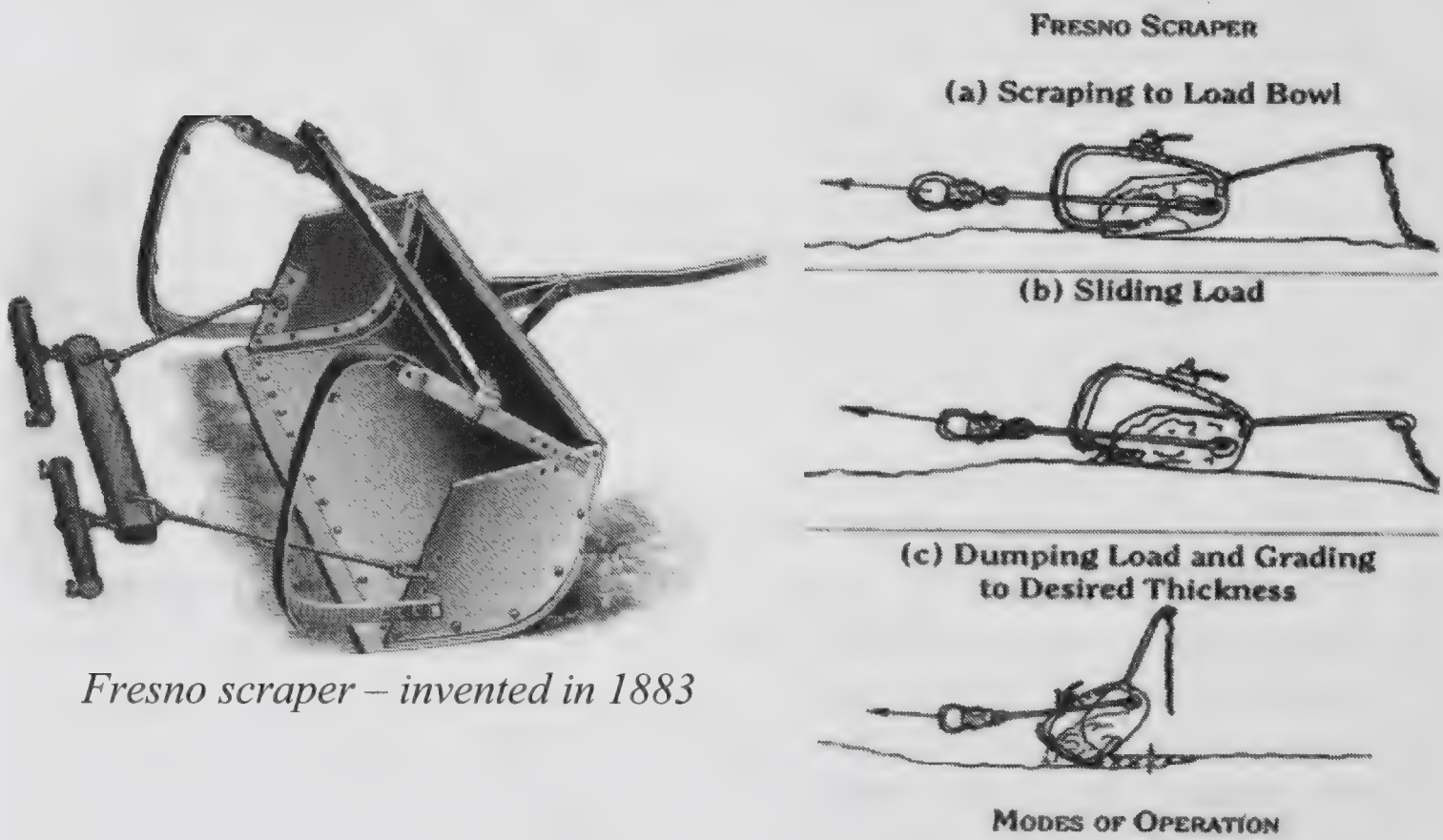
Fresno scrapers, slip scrapers, wheel scrapers, and wagons were used to move fill to the dam. Most of the material was hauled by wagon. A pit was dug south of the dam large enough to accommodate a team and wagon, and a bridge of spaced timbers built across it. A team and wagon would enter the pit and Fresno or Slip scrapers would bring earth fill on to the bridge where it would fall through the spaced timbers in the wagon below. The wagons were fitted with boxes of 2"x 6" and 2"x 12" lumber.

Just before loading, the 2" x 6" planks were laid across the wagon bolsters to form the floor. Then 2"x 12" were placed for sides, with end gates of similar material to complete the box. When filled, the earth held everything in place. Plows were usually used to loosen the earth to make loading the scrapers easier. To unload the wagons, end gates and sides were removed - spilling part of the load. Then one by one 2"x 6" bottom planks were turned on edge to dump the balance. The ends of the 2"x 6" floor planks were shaped to make it easier to grasp and turn them on edge. A foreman directed the unloading.

Water was pumped from Lake Creek to the top of the dam. Teams and equipment hauling material waded through the mud, puddling and compacting it as the dam rose. It seems like a cumbersome and difficult process, but you can't quarrel with success. Hand laid rip rap of lava rock protected the face of the dam from water erosion. Joshua A. Thurber was the last man on the job building a barbed wire fence to protect the lower face of the dam from livestock."⁴⁵



Twin Lakes Dam under construction



Fresno scraper – invented in 1883



Twin Lakes Dam and Reservoir 1907
In the boat are Will Richards (standing) and Joshua Thurber rowing.

Work on the dam continued steadily from the latter half of 1905 through 1906, with the exception of a break for winter and spring planting, and most of the Butler and Thurber men worked throughout this process.

K.T. Butler watched as his brother-in-law, Erin, “hailed the last load of dirt to the top of the dam” with his large 4-horse Fresno scraper. He was so enthused after dumping it that “his hat went into the air and he tried to let out a big ‘Hurrah’ of joy.” But previously, Erin’s lungs had been permanently damaged by the “Dagger Dust” of the infamous Delamar Mine, so he couldn’t yell very loud and the sound he made came out as an “undertone” instead of a “shout.” Initially everyone stood puzzled, but “the enthusiasm Erin started soon spread to all the men and boys on the job. Hats went into the air and shouts went up signifying that the job on the dam was completed.”⁴⁶

The head gate was closed to hold the water on January 1, 1907 and the reservoir began to fill. The reservoir was calculated to hold 32,000 acre-feet of available irrigation water. In addition to water from the springs, McKinney Creek, and other seasonal creeks flowed into the reservoir. They also built a canal so that water from Dairy Creek, 5 miles to the west, would channel into the reservoir. The drainage then encompassed most of the Prairie’s southern hills, an area of about 38 square miles of significant winter snow pack. Even with irrigation use, the reservoir was full and flowing over the spillway within 10 years.⁴⁷ The planners felt the reservoir would always be amply supplied with



Twin Lakes (or Mormon) Reservoir in 1967

Dam is in lower left corner. Only a portion of the reservoir is visible. The white things dotting the shoreline and in the lower right corner, are fishermen camping with their RVs.

water and this held true for over 70 years, until drought in the 1980's caused rationing.

Because the reservoir was built by the Mormon community, people in the area began calling it the *Mormon* reservoir, and as so often happens over time, its original name was lost, and now on signs, maps, and even government publications, it is known as "Mormon Reservoir."

Completion of the dam did not complete the irrigation system. The Butlers and their associates then turned their attention to the task of building the network of canals, flumes, laterals, head gates, etc., necessary to actually get the water to the farmers' fields. Bob Frostenson gave a good description of this effort.

At the end of the season in 1906 the dam was mainly completed, and work began on the Main Canal that leaves the dam. This Main Canal branches into two canals—the South and the North—about a half mile below the dam. The South Canal, about five miles long, was finished in 1907, and follows the South Hills. It demanded a lot of dynamite and rock blasting to build. The North Canal, about seven miles in length, was finished by 1908 and necessitated building four flumes within it. A flume is a structure which conveys water across rivers, creeks, and other deep fissures in the ground. Since flumes are usually made of heavy timbers and sheet metal, they made the construction on the North Canal time consuming. The year 1909 was spent building the laterals – ditches from the canals across the fields to be irrigated.

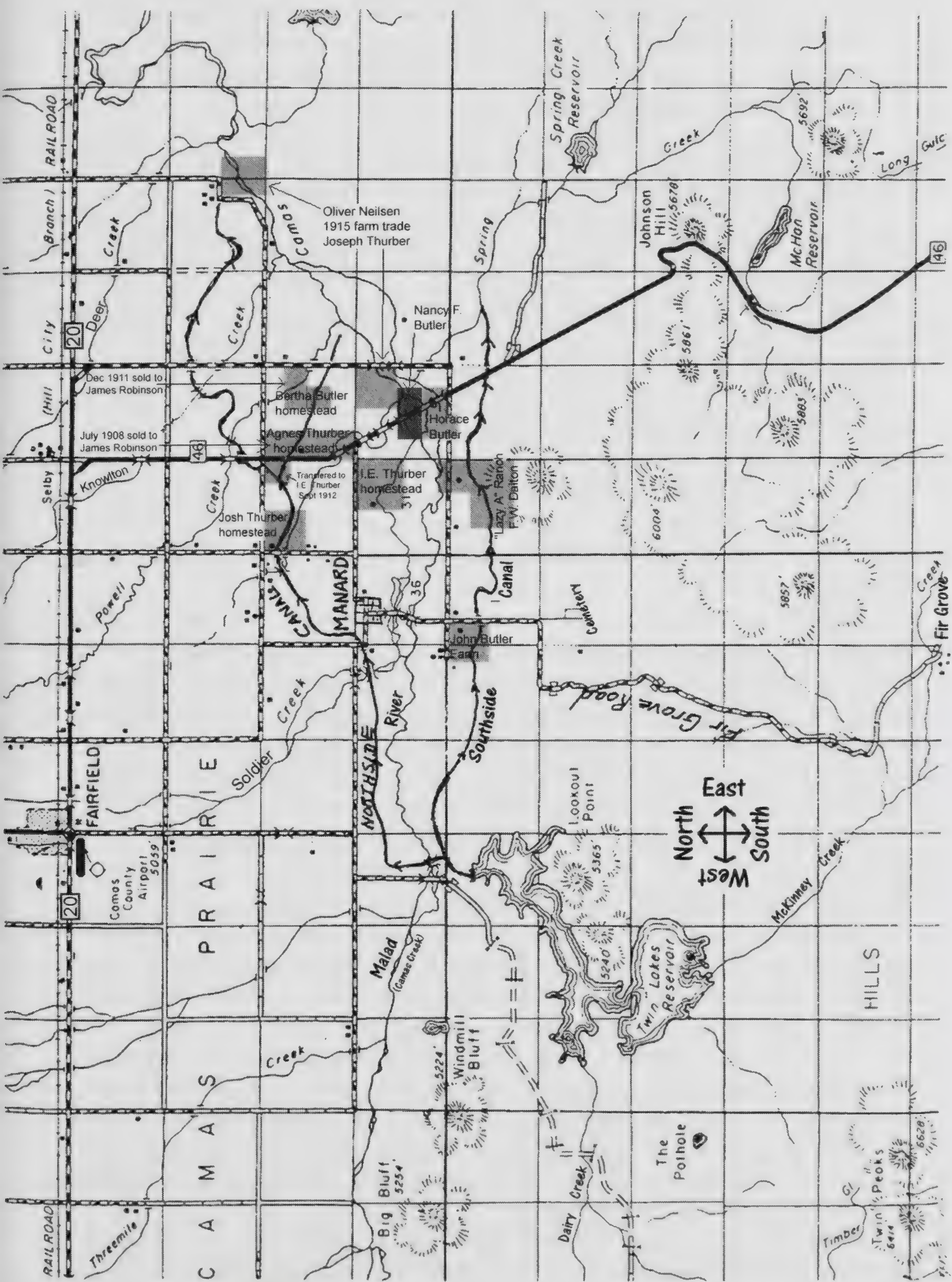
. . . in 1910, at long last, water was turned into the canals and irrigation was initiated. The original hopes that ten thousand acres could be covered with the water were too optimistic. About three thousand acres⁴⁸ were finally served by the Twin Lakes Reservoir.

That first year proved the settlers correct in their estimates of the value of irrigation water. 1910 was a dry year with no rains all summer and an additional plague of grasshoppers. The irrigated Manard land produced some of the only crops grown on Camas Prairie.⁴⁹

The project was not without its problems. Financing was perhaps the most significant issue, considering that most of these settlers had hardly any money. Nevertheless, they managed to squeak by each financial dilemma faced, and paid back the debts they had incurred honorably.

Building the dam, the biggest part of the project, went remarkably smoothly. However, the canals and distribution system caused more problems. First, mistakes caused elements of the system to have to be modified or even rebuilt. Especially troublesome were the flumes, which were like water bridges where canals had to cross existing streams or gullies. It's tough to build a bridge for water over water! Then once the water reached the farmers it was almost impossible to measure who was getting how much. Clifton Dixon explained this dilemma:

There was dissatisfaction with distribution of the water, particularly at the lower end of the canal. Head gates, checks, and



Map of Twin Lakes Reservoir and Irrigation Company project
and Camas Prairie farm locations

measuring devices were made of wood and of primitive design. The canals were generally built with a grade of less than 5 feet to the mile. The laterals seldom had enough fall to service an overshot weir, which was the best known measuring device. So early on the water distribution was mainly *by guess and by gosh*.⁵⁰

New technology and modern devices would later solve the problems of the “by guess and by gosh” method of measuring their water.

Another problem surfaced on May 10, 1912, when the Company received notice from a law firm, representing a W.C. Jarron, demanding they refrain from trespassing on *his* property, Alex Cyphers’ old homestead. Of course, that property was now covered with water! The Company had bought the ranch legally almost 10 years earlier; however, in an act of malice and obvious collusion with a county official, Mr. Jarron had managed to obtain a tax deed to the property. As a public works project, the land was supposed to have been taken off the tax rolls and a request had been made to the county commissioner to do so. However, that request was not acted on, delinquent taxes accrued with no notice to the Company, and their deed was offered for sale without notifying the Company. This turned into a long legal battle that finally ended in 1915, when the Company paid Jarron \$750 to basically get rid of this thorn in their sides.

John III and Erin, with the leadership roles they held in the community, would have been very much involved in this, and an earlier dispute. In August 1907, as the reservoir had begun filling, Thomas Marren and Con Ryan, who had farms downstream on the Malad River, claimed water rights infringement and filed suit against the Company. Con’s brother had died the year before, so Con also filed on behalf of his brother’s widow. However, shortly thereafter a little quirk in the case arose when Tom murdered Con, on October 29, 1907.

John III and Erin knew them both, they had property near them, and had business dealings with Marren, but the circumstances of the murder and resulting trial involved their Mormon community even more.

Historian John F. Ryan, who at the time was a neighbor and a 16-year-old nephew of the victim, gave a very interesting, and at times humorous, account of the whole affair in his book, *A History of Camas Prairie*, which I’ll summarize here.⁵¹

Con and Tom were partners in a water ditch and “were always quarreling.” Previously, Marren made threats that he was going to kill Con, but nobody took it seriously because “he constantly talked about all the people he had killed in his lifetime, however, everyone knew it was just talk . . . he was a blowhard.” The day before the tragedy he asked two people about Con’s whereabouts, insinuating he intended to kill him.

Evidence showed that the next day Tom hid in the willows by the river, where he knew Con was hauling wood. When Con stopped at the river to let his horses drink, Tom shot him twice, blowing off the crown of his head. Con’s spooked horses headed back to his farm with his body still on top of the wagon. Jane Butler explained what happened after Con’s wagon arrived home:

Con Ryan lived about three miles east of [John Lowe Butler III’s] home [where Jane was living]. One early evening we heard a rifle shot

coming from the east and wondered about it. Little Johnny Ryan came riding at high speed on old Buck, telling John [III] that his Uncle Con had been killed. John [III] sent word to Oscar Perkins who was the sheriff and coroner in Hailey. The next afternoon I went with Mrs. Labrum in a buggy to the Ryans. We pulled into the yard and I was tying our team to the wheel of a wagon load of logs when looking up I saw a mans feet and legs hanging from under a blanket. Con was shot in the back of the head as the team crossed the Malad River, now called Camas Creek. He had fallen back on the logs and his team had brought him home. Mrs. Ryan, thinking he was drunk, climbed on the wagon wheel to find him dead, his head half-blown off. The coroner had not yet arrived so they could not move the body. Mrs. Labrum had to return home so Velma Jenkins and I stayed there all night. Finally Dr. Air Higgs and Oscar Perkins came and the body was moved onto a plank table in the house. Velma and I were curious so looked through the window. Someone held a lamp by his head and we had our curiosity satisfied in a hurry. That night an Irish wake was held. That was a long old night.⁵²

Meanwhile, after he had shot Con Ryan, Tom Marren headed home thinking he had committed the perfect crime. But as John Ryan related, a problem arose.

It all happened about dusk in the evening and there was little danger of anyone seeing him on the way home. But what made it fall short of being a perfect crime was that while he was gone, an old bachelor friend came to his home and, as was customary in those days, put his horses away and went into the house. When Mr. Marren saw the light in the house he was compelled to make a quick decision.

At that time, it was common talk that when the Mormons began to settle up an area, they drove out or wiped out the non-Mormons. [This was based on twisted accounts of the Mountain Meadows Massacre]. . . Neither was it customary for the Mormons to wipe out the non-Mormons. This was all rubbish but Mr. Marren believed it and decided to build his defense around it. He began shooting. He shot a hole through his coat and one through his hat which, if it had been on his head, the bullet would have gone through his head.

When his friend came out of the house and asked what it was all about, he said, "They are shooting at me!" He then went in the house but failed to pull down the blinds until his friend, Eric Anderson, called his attention to it. His contention was that they [the Mormons] had killed Con Ryan and were trying to kill him.

A corrupt trial ensued, at which, even though it was obvious that the act had been premeditated, only managed a conviction of second-degree murder. Even so, the judge gave Tom 18 years worth of guest lodging, at what is now the Historic Old Idaho State Penitentiary in Boise.

Idaho history, even that of the Camas Prairie, is replete with instances of people getting away with obvious crimes, even murders witnessed by large

groups, with acquittals that are just baffling. So a prison sentence being handed down at all was at least something.

Another aspect of this case, that affected the Butlers and the Manard community, was defense attorney Arthur M. Bowen. He tried to drum up anti-Mormon sentiment (of which there was a fair amount in the area), and during a plea to the jury, referred to the Mormons as “satellites,” insinuating that they were too much devoted to the cause of sending Marren to the penitentiary. Of course, there might have been some truth to that, but remember Tom was trying to blame the murder on them! But they got even with this mouthy attorney, as John Ryan related: “Soon after Bowen ran for office, and the Mormons banded together and defeated him. *He paid for the remark.*”

Going back to the original issue of the water rights suit, in 1909 a settlement was reached allocating shares of Reservoir Company stock to the plaintiffs. The Ryan Brothers’ widows received stock, Mary 38 shares and Sarah 37 shares. Thomas Marren received 80 shares, although he wasn’t able to use them much, because, as mentioned, he was no longer residing *down river* on the Malad, having been sent *up the river* to Boise.⁵³

Manard Ward

In 1907, with the dam complete and the irrigation system well underway, the settlers’ attention turned mostly to their farms and the importance of raising a crop during the Prairie’s short summer season. They soon found that winters were brutal on the Prairie, but the snow did help in some ways. Winter was often the season for hauling the previous summer’s grain crop to the railroad in Gooding, because snow would be packed into “snow roads” and loads of grain could be hauled on sleds, which was much easier than using wagons.

That same year, as the Butler clan settled into their new home, the situation back at their old home in Kimberly became very interesting. In 1907, the whole mining industry at the Gold Mountain District began to unravel. Financial panic hit the area and investor money dried up. By 1908, miners began receiving company script, accepted only at company stores, instead of real money for their work, which resulted in unrest and an exodus of the labor force. Finally, in June of that year, the unthinkable happened – the giant Annie Laurie declared bankruptcy and the glory days of Gold Mountain ended. Kimberly soon became a ghost town, without even any buildings left for the “ghosts” to live in, because a material shortage at the time caused almost all of the buildings to be dismantled and moved down to valley towns.⁵⁴

Fortunately during all of this, the Butlers and Thurbers were far away in Idaho, farming and building a new town. As he heard of what was happening back on Gold Mountain, John III probably gave a big sigh of relief and thought, “I’m sure glad I got out of there when I did!” Erin definitely did, because right before the collapse he had sold out of all of his mining stock for top dollar, to pay for his property and equipment in Idaho.⁵⁵

Also in the fall of 1907, the name of the community they were forming was changed from Wynona to Manard. I have not been able to determine why the

name was changed, or even how the name “Manard” was chosen, or whether the people in the area even had any say in the matter. Clifton Dixon simply states that “the Post Office Department changed the name of the Post Office at Wynona to Manard.” At the time, government officials within the postal service seemed to have almost dictatorial power over town names. I have found several instances in which towns were simply notified that their post office was being assigned a new name, and the town had no choice but to follow suit. This was likely the case with Wynona, because no one seems to know where the name “Manard” came from, or who picked it.

That year, the LDS Church on the Prairie was organized into a Ward for the first time. In the early 1900’s the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was just in its infancy on the Camas Prairie.⁵⁶ On May 27, 1900, a Sunday School was organized at Fir Grove, with Harvey Dixon Sr. sustained as superintendent. A year later, on May 12, 1901, a Branch was organized at Soldier, with George Labrum as Branch President. These first Church organizations were both under the direction of the Northwestern States Mission.

As mentioned earlier, there were very few members of the Church on the Prairie at the time. Church meetings for both of these groups were usually held in the homes of members and were not held every week. With the Twin Lakes Reservoir project and the resulting influx of Church members (especially the large Butler-Thurber clan) to the new community of Wynona (later named Manard), existing Church members on the Prairie gravitated there as well. During the dam’s construction, church meetings were held at “Dam Town” in the communal dining hall tent and the tent homes of members. A bowery was built by the river and used for church meetings, when weather permitted.

As the dam was nearing completion, on August 4, 1906 a conference was held, during which Erin and Carrie’s new son, Waldo, was blessed by Cassia Stake President, William T. Jack. At that same conference the Fir Grove Sunday School organization was combined into the Soldier Branch, and a full branch presidency was called. Previous to this George Labrum had been presiding over the Soldier Branch without counselors, since its inception. The new branch presidency consisted of George Labrum—President, Isaac Erin Thurber—1st Counselor, and John L. Butler III—2nd Counselor. Lester Stott was sustained as Sunday School Superintendent, with B.J. Bean and S.W. Worthington counselors. From this point forward, Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting began to be held on a weekly basis. Carrie gave this description:

We used to hold our Sunday Schools and meetings in the different homes. I remember so many would stay and visit after the services, more than once I served dinner to twenty people. John and Bertha Butler had them more than anyone; finally a little building was built on John’s land for school, we then held church in it.⁵⁷

This “little building” Carrie refers to was built in the fall of 1906, on the northwest corner of John L. Butler III’s farm, on the south side of the Malad River, opposite where the Manard townsite would eventually be located. It was a small, one-room building and unfinished inside, but it served as a church meeting house, school, and community center for about three years. It was

called “Manard Hall,” but another more substantial building by the same name would be built later.

By the summer of 1907, some 300-400 members of the Church were living in the community and the decision was made to organize a Church ward. A conference began on Saturday, July 20, 1907, in the bowery, under the direction of William T. Jack, president of the Cassia Stake. According to Clifton Dixon, “slips of papers were passed out to members so they could suggest their preference for a new bishop.” Of course, the calling of bishop was not done by popularity, this was simply part of the process the Church leaders were using to “study it out in [their] mind.” In any case, the following day, Sunday, July 21, 1907, which just happened to be Waldo’s first birthday, the Manard Ward of the Cassia Stake was organized. Manard Ward’s first bishopric consisted of: Isaac Erin Thurber – Bishop, John L. Butler III – 1st Counselor, Harvey Dixon Jr. – 2nd Counselor, and Lewis Adams – Ward Clerk.

Both Erin and John III had held the office of Seventy since leaving on their missions nine years earlier, but needed to be ordained as High Priests for their new callings. In those days general authorities typically ordained Bishops. So one week later (on July 27, 1907), at a meeting in Oakley, Idaho, Isaac Erin Thurber was ordained a High Priest and Bishop of the Manard Ward by Apostle Francis M. Lyman. On January 26, 1908, at another meeting in Oakley, John L. Butler III was ordained a High Priest by Apostle David O. McKay, and Harvey Dixon Jr. was ordained the same day by John L. Smith of the Cassia Stake Presidency.⁵⁸

The responsibilities of a Bishop, especially in a Mormon pioneer community, were very significant. In addition to his many ecclesiastical duties, a “pioneer” bishop was also looked to as the leader in all the affairs of the community. So as the bishopric, Erin, John III, and Harvey, in many ways served as defacto mayor and city council for the new community. They spearheaded community development efforts, dealt with disputes, and pretty much anything that came up, large or small. People in the community would turn to them for counsel, often with an expectation that they solve any problems that arose.

The organization of the Manard Ward also initiated the full range of Church programs. In addition to Sunday School followed by Sacrament Meeting each Sunday, Priesthood meetings were held during the week, as well as MIA activities for the youth, and Primary for the children. Church sponsored activities formed the social network for the community and non-Mormons were invited to participate, and did so regularly. It was a tight-knit community for all.

The same day the bishopric was sustained, a Relief Society presidency for the Manard Ward was also called, with Agnes B. Thurber – President, Emma Labrum – 1st Counselor, Emily S. Dixon – 2nd Counselor, Caroline B. Thurber – Secretary, and Emily S. Jenkins – Treasurer.

Relief Society meetings were more or less routine. Formal lessons were usually followed by question and answer periods. On July 12, 1908, President Agnes Thurber delivered a talk against “killing the unborn,” showing that society, even a hundred years ago, dealt with the issue of abortion, and the Church’s continual stance against the practice.

Bazaars, quiltings, dinners, donation of eggs laid on Sundays, and many other activities, were engaged in to raise money, both for the poor and for the several significant building projects the community was engaged in.

Meticulous records were kept, giving us a wealth of information, and showing that Carrie as secretary was doing her job well. “The records clearly reflect the early members’ concern for each other, the Church, and the community at large, and their dedication to compassionate service came across loud and clear” according to Clifton Dixon. In his book *Manard*, Clifton also shared statistics from some of the Relief Society annual reports. Closing their report for 1907, Clifton notes that these pioneer sisters “reported that there were *no poor* in the Ward” and then with a touch of humor he parenthetically adds, “the writer thought they were *all poor!*”⁵⁹ I guess it’s all perspective.

Ettie was a regular attender at Relief Society and taught with Sister Olson. Young Lee Tom remembered that he “always begged to go with her,” but she always said “It’s no place for a little boy,” and that was that.⁶⁰

Manard Townsite

At the time there were a few “communities” (clusters of houses), on the Camas Prairie like Fir Grove, Corral, Hill City, and a few others, but the only real “town” was Soldier. Soldier had a population of about 300 and sat about 2 miles directly north of present day Fairfield, and about 7 miles northwest of Manard. Soldier was a thriving new town with a couple of hotels, a newspaper (the *Camas Prairie Courier*), a flour mill, and several stores. Picture a town from an old western movie and you’ll have a pretty good image of Soldier.

Stationed at Soldier were the only doctors on the Prairie, two brothers named Dee and Ayer Higgs, who did make house calls. Henry Jenkins’ daughter, Elizabeth Amatt Jenkins, served as a practical nurse, in the Jenkins home at Soldier. As an interesting side note, Amatt would eventually marry a Butler cousin, John L. Robinson. The two of them met while working at “Dam Town.” Completing the medical care situation on the Prairie was Annie Thurber, Joe’s wife, who was an accomplished mid-wife.⁶¹

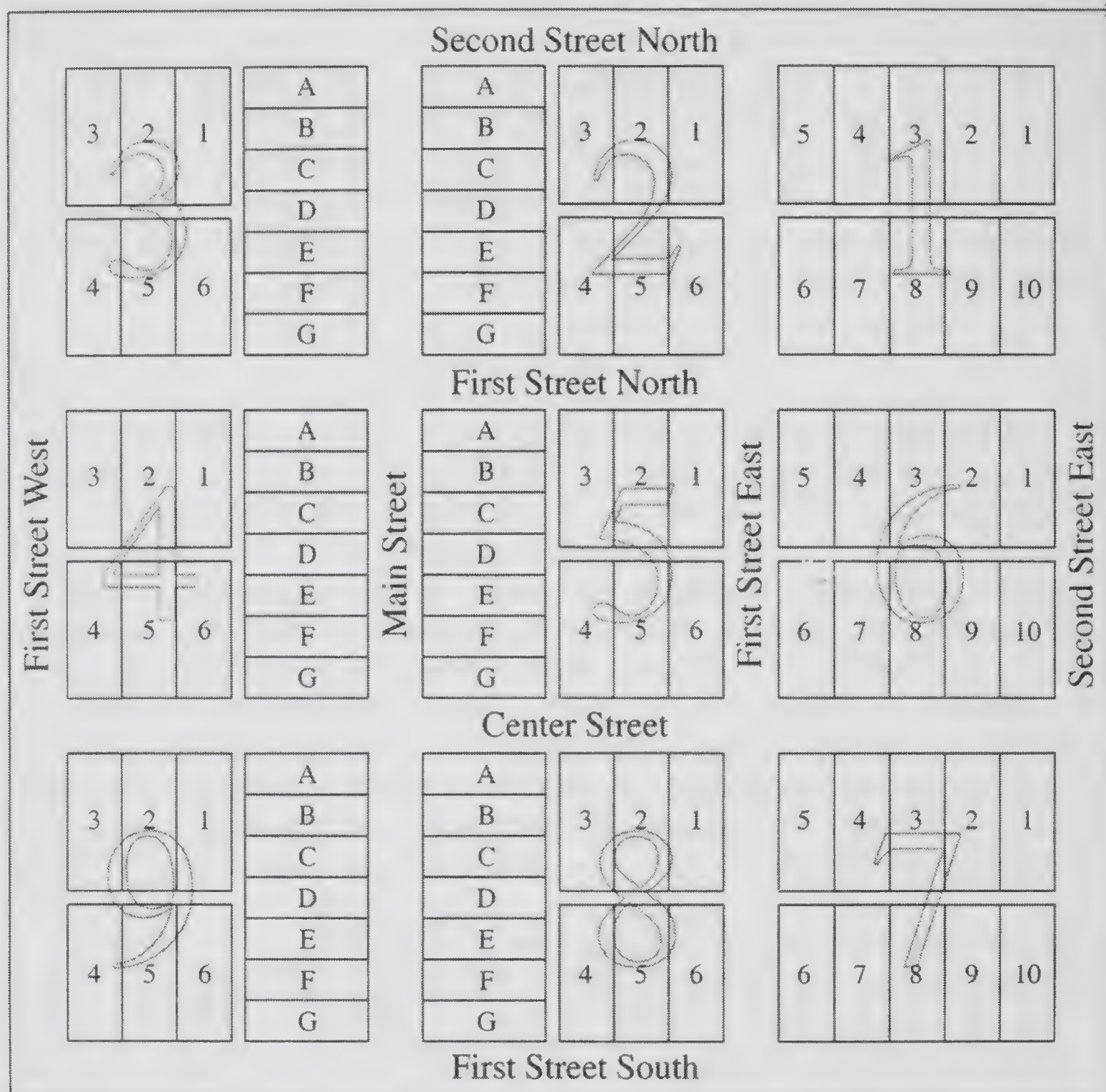
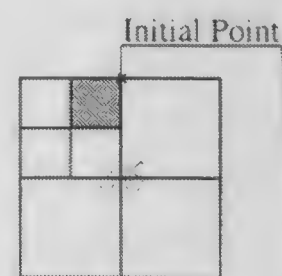
The community of Manard was forming rapidly, and beginning to rival Soldier in population, but as of yet it wasn’t a real “town.” Like most rural communities, Manard was simply a collection of farms and houses. As the community grew, and the dam was completed, talk turned towards the formation of a “town,” with a townsite surveyed into streets and lots where homes, businesses, school, and church could be developed in an orderly way. In other words, these pioneers wanted their own city!

Like any such endeavor, controversy arose over the location of the townsite. A slightly elevated knoll of sandy ground north of the Malad River, just east of Soldier Creek, was the ideal site because wet weather didn’t turn it to mud. In this area of long winters and wet spring weather, a town without muddy streets would be very nice. But there was a big problem – most of the physical facilities already built, including the “Manard Hall” school/church, were south of the river.

Manard Townsite

NE 1/4; NW 1/4; Sec. 36 T 1 So. R 14 E.

Platted in 1909



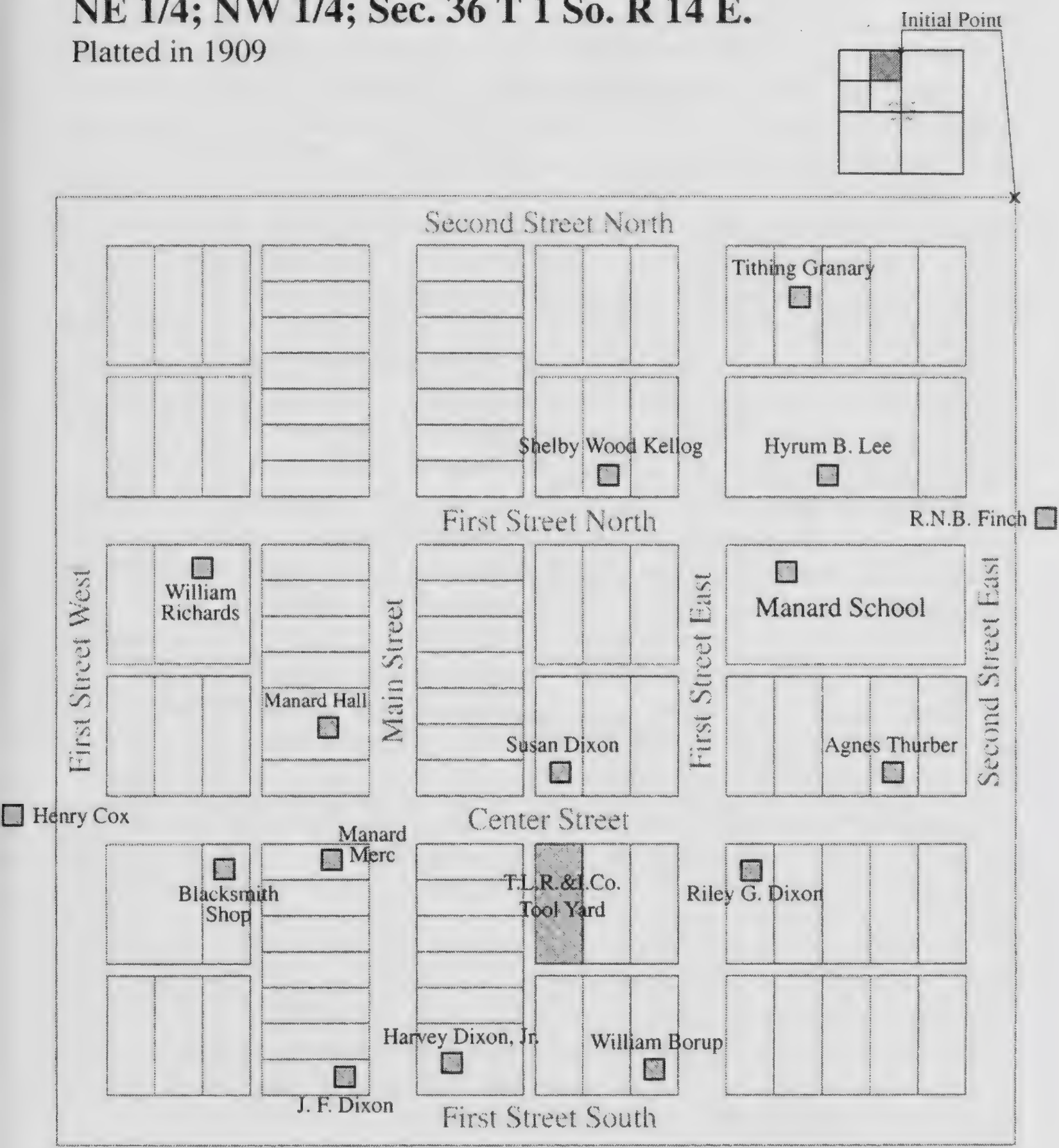
These two Manard Townsite plat maps were published in “Manard – The Pioneer Town That Used To Be” by Clifton Dixon and are used by permission.

The easiest way to travel to the Manard Townsite on current Camas County roads is to go west from Hwy 46 a mile and a half on Manard Rd (or 300S). Manard Road will make a brief jog to the south, at that point you will be driving on what used to be “Second Street East” as shown on the above map. The road will then jog to the west once more and you will be driving on “First Street North.” In about two hundred yards a road heading south will “T” into the one you’re driving on, that is “Main Street.” You are now in downtown Manard!

Manard Townsite

NE 1/4; NW 1/4; Sec. 36 T 1 So. R 14 E.

Platted in 1909



The above Manard Townsite map does not include all building locations, just those obtainable through existing records.

In addition to the locations shown above, Bob Frostenson remembered a Butler having a building in block 2 (perhaps lots 5 or 6), Joe Thurber having a house in block 4 (perhaps lots A or B) in addition to his blacksmith shop, and a “teacherage” being just east of the school. A map Bob drew showing various other locations is published on pages 50-51 of *Manard*, by Clifton Dixon.

At the same Church conference in the bowery during which Manard Ward was formed, a vote was taken considering four townsite propositions. Two weeks later, on August 4, 1907, another vote was taken, with a slim majority favoring a site on the south of the river. But that didn't settle the matter. At a Bishop's Council meeting on March 5, 1908, a committee was appointed to see the State Land agent about the possibility of securing a townsite. Bishop Thurber was Chairman of the Townsite Committee and as such would oversee the purchase of the land, organization, and platting out of the new town.

Finally, in a Bishop's Council meeting on April 19, 1908, it was decided that the townsite should be located on the sandy knoll north of the river. Of course, this was in contradiction to the majority vote from the previous summer.

However, the Bishopric was united in the decision, including 1st Counselor John L. Butler III, who had a vested interest in keeping the town on the south, where the school, church, and everything else would be right by his farm. But John III, and the other members of the bishopric, were acting unselfishly in the best interest of the new town, and urged everyone to set aside personal preferences, rally behind the decision, and cooperate with the development.

Bishop Thurber asked Harvey Dixon, his 2nd counselor, to secure the property. So acting on behalf of the Manard Townsite Company, Harvey purchased 40 acres of school section land from the state of Idaho for \$1,000, and received a patent deed for the property dated October 5, 1908.⁶²

In 1908 H.L. Childs was hired to survey, draft, and plat⁶³ the town of Manard on the newly purchased land. The survey was completed in 1909.

Over the next two years, the site was a flurry of activity and a town seemingly just "popped up," as lots were sold and home, business, school, and church buildings were constructed, or moved to town.

Yes, buildings were *moved* to town. These hardy pioneers were incredibly resourceful. I am truly amazed at what they managed with only teams, wagons, block and tackle, and various forms of leverage, and the thought of *moving* buildings did not seem daunting to them.

As mentioned earlier, John III had moved a house and farm buildings from Alex Cyphers' Twin Lakes Ranch, to his new farm several miles away. The "Old Manard Hall" school/church building was moved from John III's farm across the river, to the new townsite in the winter of 1910. It was eventually sold to E.C. Egelus and Harvey Dixon and became part of the Manard Mercantile establishment.

As an example of the apparent normalcy in which Camas Prairie residents viewed the moving of buildings, we find this interesting snippet published in a September 1913 issue of the *Camas Prairie Courier*:

Excitement came to the highest pitch yesterday when Rev. Max Reinhart (the minister at Fairfield) was arrested for stealing the Baptist Church at Soldier.

Now notice, the minister was not arrested for stealing "from" the Church, he was arrested for actually stealing "the" church!

However, just as houses, business buildings, and even churches *moved* into Manard, they could also *move* out. We'll touch on that sad part of the story later.

Some of the initial buildings established on the new townsite were Dixon's Manard Mercantile store mentioned above, and a blacksmith shop set up by Joseph Thurber which he operated until 1933, when he moved to Fairfield along with Manard Hall to serve as its custodian through his retirement years. Everyone on the Prairie called Joseph, "Uncle Joe," whether they were related to him or not (although a major chunk of Manard *was* related to him). He was a jolly favorite of all, especially the children for whom he regularly had special treats. With Uncle Joe, blacksmith work was free if you were a widow or orphan. He took care of people, and people loved him. Everyone loved "Aunt Annie" as well, who served as a mid-wife and helped literally hundreds of babies into the world.

In addition to lots that Erin purchased as an individual, "Bishop" Thurber was involved in numerous purchases, sales, and transfers of town property. His name appears on numerous deed abstract records, often as trustee. As bishop, he had the stewardship of managing tithing donations for the Church. This was still during the era of "in kind" donations, so in 1911 lot 4 of block 1 was acquired by him on behalf of the Church for the purpose of building a Tithing Granary. The building was about 16 x 24 feet in size, and was built on an elevated foundation to accommodate loading and unloading from wagons.⁶⁴

Many other homes, businesses, and buildings were in Manard, but we'll describe just two more structures that played important roles in the lives of the Butler family.

Manard School

The pride of any pioneer community was its school. Education for their children was extremely important to these early settlers, but in addition to education, a school was also the nucleus of community life in small towns. So before the townsite was even fully platted and ready for development, plans were being made to build a new school. In his book *Manard*, Clifton Dixon gives a brief history of schooling in early Manard and a building that was the pride of their community.

According to Caroline Butler Thurber's personal history, the first school in Manard (at that time Wynona) was held 1905-1906 in George Labrum's granary. The teacher was Harry McAdams. In 1906, the first Manard Hall was built. It was used for school, church, recreation, and other community activities. Caroline remembers four more teachers who taught here. May Griswold, Mamie Leek, Sybil Wood, and Roy Laird. This writer has not been able to determine term or sequence of their service.

April 23, 1908, a school board was elected; S. W. Worthington for a three year term, Emma Labrum, a two year term, John L. Butler for a one year term. John L. Butler was also a hold over from some other school board.

September 23, 1908, Manard School District #34 ⁶⁵ advertised 10 year bonds for sale in the amount of \$1,375 to build a school house. Bonds were 10 year term, 6% interest. This would be one of the first

buildings on the new Manard townsite. Voters also approved a 2 mil. levee for the school. Lots 1 through 5 block 6 became school property. January 13, 1909, *Camas Prairie Courier* reported that contractor Charles Borup would have the new school ready in two weeks. Mrs. Sybil Wood would teach.

At this time the population of the community was quite large. Pupils remember that more than ninety children attended the one room school. In an attempt to cope, a partition was built dividing the room in two. Although it involved another teacher, you can't help but wonder if this really helped.

Then on August 6, 1914, it was reported that Bailey A. and Riley L. Dixon had contracted to remodel the school. Another classroom the size of the original, was built to the east, and a library was added south of the new addition. The partition was removed from the original part leaving two class rooms of similar size. The new addition was called the "big room" and the original part became the "little room" because the little room was for the little people grades 1-4. The big room was for grades 5-8.

While remodeling, school was held for a time in the new Manard Assembly Hall. Victor LaVelle was the teacher, Miss Elva Barrett was also engaged to teach in the new two room school.

It is possible that remodeling was done in two stages. The big room August-October in 1914, the library some time later. The *Camas Prairie Courier* reported September 14, 1916, that Bailey and Lyman Dixon were laying a new floor in the school. Students remember work on the library going on about this time. Included in the school house were indoor comfort stations. They were without running water and had problems that caused them to be abandoned for the outdoor facilities, common in that time. The finished School House was quite impressive.



Manard School in the early 1900's (photo taken from the southwest)

Exact dimensions are unknown, but estimate was about 24 x 50 feet. It was 10 feet to the square and framed with native lumber 2x6 studding in the walls. Windows to the classrooms were on the north. Drop siding covered the exterior. The interior was lath and plaster. Each room was heated by a large coal stove. The floors were edge grain fir liberally oiled to settle the dust. It had a nice belfry with a flagstaff on top.⁶⁶

As a little boy, Bob Frostenson attended the Manard School with the Butler children, and years later he wrote a nice description of what going to school there was like.

Manard School had just been built. It was the pride of all who lived in the community, and many of the folks had a hand in the building. It was a two room school and meant to serve many students.

At this time Manard was a community made up of almost one hundred per cent LDS people. There was a farmhouse on every 80 or 160 acres. The Twin Lakes Reservoir (Mormon) was being built at this time, insuring these people of added food supply and prosperity. In addition, there was a post office, general store, blacksmith shop and a big new LDS building, later known as the Manard Hall.

. . . under the direction of two teachers there were approximately 80 pupils, ages six to eighteen, not caring whether they learned or not. But in those days, without interference from parents, school board, county superintendents or courts, the teacher could wield a paddle if he or she were big enough to manhandle the student.

The teacher not only taught four grades, and usually eight, did her janitor work, and split wood for the school room. School basics were taught, and music and art were emphasized. Elaborate programs nearly every holiday took care of the drama. Parents insisted on all the above. And the State required a passed written exam before the eighth grader could enter high school.



Manard School in 1972 (photo taken from the northwest) shortly before it was torn down. A monument erected by Jack Frostenson containing the bell, water pump, and a plaque of teachers now sits about a mile NE of the original site. The heating stove is in the county historical museum in Fairfield.

Every school had a big outdoor bell mounted in a belfry on the roof of the school. Every morning these bells would ring at 8:30 and again at 9:00 o'clock. This would remind the kids playing along the lanes and fields that they'd better hurry on to school. This helped the home folks to get the correct time also."⁶⁷

John L. Butler III was chairman of the school board, and later his brother-in-law Joshua Thurber would fill a three-year term as chairman.

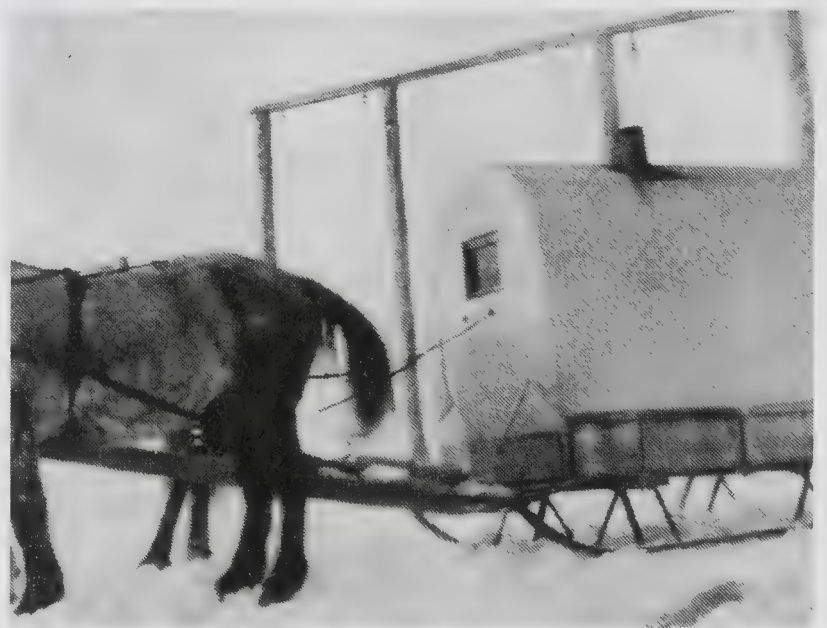
Transportation for school children was very different in those days. Instead of a parking lot, the school grounds had "a horse shed built to protect student transportation" which included a number of double stalls for teams, and single stalls for riding horses.

Of course, old timers tell the typical stories about having to walk miles and miles to school in several feet of snow, up hill, both ways! We can debunk part of that for those attending the Manard School, because the prairie was *flat* and therefore there really was no up or down hill. But the stories of many feet of snow were certainly true. Fence lines would disappear entirely during winter, and the prairie would appear as one thick winter blanket with only the occasional house, barn, or tree sticking up. However, many former school children tell that because of the extreme cold, a hard crust would often form on the deep snow, allowing them to take short cuts straight across fields, walking right over the top of fences, to and from school.

Also, a winter "school bus" of sorts was provided. This was a sleigh enclosed much like a covered wagon. Inside was a wood stove, providing heat for the children as they zipped along over hard packed snow roads. I guess child safety wasn't so much of a concern back then; perhaps parents figured if a child was dumb enough to touch the hot wood stove, he'd learn quickly enough to stay out of harm's way.

Winter travel by sleigh was much quicker and easier than by wagon during the rest of the year, and certainly better than slogging through the mud resulting during the spring thaw. There weren't snowplows in those days, at best they'd run teams dragging heavy sleds to pack down the snow, and normal sleigh traffic would continue to compact the "snow road." Carrie described travel on the Prairie, including by sleigh:

Those were horse and buggy days. It was the common mode of travel. Everyone had saddle horses. We had hard winters on the Prairie. Very cold, sometimes 40 below zero, and lots of snow, covering the fence posts. When we traveled by sleigh, and "wo" to the team should they get off the beaten track – having to flounder in the snow. It was fun, but also it was a great day in the spring when we could again use the buggy.⁶⁸



Manard winter "School Bus"
Photo courtesy of Jack Frostenson

Manard Hall

As mentioned earlier, the Bishopric moved the “Old Manard Hall” church/school building to the new townsite, with the intent to use it for church meetings. However, it was too small, as well as drafty and cold in winter, so they decided to sell it, to be used as part of the Manard Mercantile establishment. They would use the money earned towards the building of a new church that would double as a community recreation hall. In the meantime, they held church meetings in the recently completed school building, from February 13, 1910 to October 8, 1911.

In those days the general Church did not participate in the planning, building, or funding of local church buildings. Local wards took care of all their building projects, relying solely on the labor and funding of local Church members.

The project progressed slowly at first, with the year 1910 and the first half of 1911 being used primarily to accumulate funds. It should be remembered that during 1911, the Manard Ward was also in the process of building the Tithing Granary, and Church members had a lot of other things going on at the time, as Clifton Dixon noted:

The year of 1911 was a time of feverish activity at Manard and on the Prairie. There was a bumper crop of grain. The railroad from Richfield to Hill City was under construction. Several L.D.S. Church members had grading contracts with the railroad. Several homes were under construction in Manard. The Manard Mercantile was being established. There was great optimism.⁶⁹

It was an extremely busy time for the Church members, all relatively poor, to be building such a significant structure. At a conference in the bowery on July 16, 1911, visiting Stake President William T. Jack encouraged the ward members to push forward construction of the new hall, and requested the privilege of dedicating it upon its completion. Snippets from the *Camas Prairie Courier* under “Manard Items” help chronicle the progress of the building:

March 23, 1911 – Plans are underway for an amusement hall.

March 30, 1911 – A \$40.00 house saw the “Deacon”, a comedy produced by the Manard Comedy Company. Proceeds would go toward a New Recreation Hall.

June 15, 1911- A finance committee reported that enough finances were on hand to begin the new building and construction would start as soon as materials could be purchased.

July 16, 1911 – R. L. Dixon, assisted by O. Osaa, is about to start the new Manard Hall.

July 20, 1911 – Five men are digging a 20' x 40' basement for the New Hall. Vern Thurber was hauling wheat to Gooding and would bring cement for the new building on return.

August 17, 1911 – Fred Dixon returned from Gooding with a load of lumber for the New Hall.

August 24, 1911 – Lumber was pouring into Manard for the Hall and private buildings.

August 31, 1911 – R. L. Dixon went to Gooding to purchase supplies for the Manard Mercantile and the New Hall.

Much of the rough lumber and dimension material was logged up Deer Creek, on the north side of the valley, and sawn at the Borup Brothers sawmill located there.⁷⁰ Finished lumber, cement, and other supplies were hauled from Gooding.

Riley Lyman Dixon had been appointed head carpenter, but in the fall of 1911 he left to go to school at Oakley, so in late November John L. Butler III was appointed to finish the project.⁷¹ It became a “rush” job as they wanted to hold their Christmas party in the new building. Also, some objections had been raised to their holding church in the school and therefore, since the 8th of October, they had been without an adequate structure to hold church meetings. A large crew was working with flooring, interior siding, and shingling going on simultaneously. The *Camas Prairie Courier* continued monitoring the progress:

November 30, 1911 – Mouser and Bahr have taken a contract to shingle the Hall, and John L. Butler has been placed in charge of the Hall to rush to completion.

December 7, 1911 – The first floor of the New Hall is being laid.

December 14, 1911 – Interior siding and maple floor is being installed.

Somehow they managed to have the building completed enough to hold the Christmas party. An advertised outline of the program that night read:

December 25, 1911- 7:30 p.m. by the Manard Choir

Prayer by Joseph Thurber

Song by Primary - Mrs. Ora Bean Conducted

Welcome Address - Bishop Thurber 10 minutes

Music by the Manard Band - Grand March - 9:00 P.M.

The Amusement Committee will present the following program during the intermission of the dance.

Song by Lewis Adams and Company

Recitation by Edna Thurber

Song by Professor J.R. Price

Song by Alice Smith

Supper will be served at 11:30 P.M. in the basement

General Committee in Charge.

Mrs. A.M. Adams - Chairperson

Mrs. Emily Labrum

Mrs. Jennie Wray

Everyone is invited.

Reporting on that first event held in Manard Hall, the December 28th issue of the *Camas Prairie Courier* wrote: “The Christmas party was a huge success – more than 250 people were served supper, \$160.00 was raised from the dance and supper.”



Manard Hall – Early 1900s

– This building stood for many years as a monument to the effort and ingenuity of little Manard's group of pioneers, and still stands a hundred years later, although not in the same location. Large Mormon communities such as Logan, Richfield, St. George, and Salt Lake City built massive *tabernacles* as a testament of their faith and industry. Manard Hall was this little group of Mormon pioneers' *tabernacle*!

Upon its final completion, the *Camas Prairie Courier* lauded the structure and those who built it:

March 29, 1912 – The stage of the New Manard Hall has just been completed, and the community is to be congratulated for this enterprise. It would be a credit to a community of 10,000 people!

Clifton Dixon's description shows the magnitude of what was accomplished in so short a time and with so little resources:

The new Manard Amusement Hall was a great success. In its time and place it was impressive. It measured 80' x 40' with a stage over a 20' x 40' basement. It had a vaulted ceiling and maple dance floor unequaled in the county. Five windows opened on each side of the building, and two windows were on each side of the stage. The exterior was covered by drop siding, and the interior was lined with $\frac{3}{4}$ inch tongue and groove, or shiplap lumber. Six or eight steps on the east led up to a covered entrance with conventional double exterior doors and double interior swinging doors. An outside door opened on each side of the hall near the stage. A staircase went down into the basement on the north side, and steps lead up on to the stage on both sides. The basement had a covered entrance on the south. A coal burning stove on each side warmed the Hall in the cold weather. Originally it was lighted

by pressurized gasoline lamps. . . . The vaulted ceiling was supported by bridge like trusses of native lumber unlike any other structure in the community. Many wondered at the ingenuity and craftsmanship of this part of the building.⁷²

Clifton Dixon's father, Riley Lyman Dixon or "Lyme" as he was known, was in charge of the construction during most of the building project; however, he graciously gave much credit to an individual most knew as Ole Olson:

Father had a great deal of respect for Ole Osaa. If I remember correctly, he said that he was a master carpenter, trained in the old country. Sometimes when we were doing carpenter work he would mention some trick of the trade that he'd learned from the old master. He acknowledged that working with him was a kind of apprenticeship. Occasionally he quoted bits of wit and wisdom he learned from Ole Osaa as they worked together.

I assume that Ole Osaa was the designer and chief craftsman of the Manard Recreation Hall. The people of Manard and vicinity may have been very fortunate to have such talent come along at this time. Documentation is not complete in this matter. I hope I have not wandered too far from the truth.⁷³

There was a high degree of sociality among these early pioneers on the Prairie. With no television, video games, or movie theaters as distractions people found their amusement in getting together and doing things together. As Joshua Thurber related:

We had some real good times along with our hardships in the pioneering venture as there were a lot of young folks and they were of high moral character and very sociable. Our acquaintance here formed strong ties of lasting friendship. . . . We were sure a happy group of people when the new hall was completed . . . As soon as the new hall was completed we began holding church regularly, also dances and social gatherings, in fact it was one of the main recreation centers of Camas County for years and still is.⁷⁴

Several theatrical groups, like the Manard Comedy Company previously mentioned, and musical groups like the Manard Brass Band (the first of its kind on the Prairie), were organized and flourished even before suitable buildings existed for them to perform in. They toured the Prairie, performing in stores, churches, schools, and out of doors.

Now the Manard Hall became the prime location on the Prairie for plays, music recitals, debates, games, dances, and parties in general.

By this time Manard was a thriving community, and was quickly becoming a rival with Soldier as the Prairie's top town. Friendly competition between communities took on a variety of forms. The *Camas Prairie Courier* occasionally mentioned debates between the communities, and always reported which community produced the best float in a parade. Baseball games between

the communities were played regularly throughout the summer. And of course there was basketball, and they took basketball very seriously!

If you can envision the cultural hall inside a modern LDS Church building, with an elevated stage on one end and a large open area with basketball hoops and backboards on each end, you'll have a pretty good picture of what the main meeting area of Manard Hall looked like. With the chairs removed or pushed to the side it was an ideal basketball court! Really, could one have a Mormon Church, even in those days, without a basketball court?!

The Christmas party may have been Manard Hall's first event, but basketball was next, as Clifton shared:

The basketball season started at once. January 4, 1912, the *Camas Prairie Courier* reported two previous games. Friday night the score was Soldier 14, Manard 9. Tuesday night the game was Manard 10, Soldier 7. More games were planned, and dinners, theatricals, and music productions kept the new Manard Recreation Hall busy. Usually the games and other programs were followed by a dance. The Manard Hall was a huge success.

Not to be outdone, the next year a recreation hall was built in Soldier and the basketball rivalry continued. Music recitals and theatrical performances increased in number and complexity. Usually a performance would be staged at two or more locations. School houses and stores were used in outlying communities.⁷⁵

For reasons we'll discuss shortly, population would eventually flow from Soldier, Manard, and all the other Prairie communities to the future town of Fairfield. On November 19, 1933 the Fairfield Branch and Manard Ward were



Manard Hall at Fairfield, Idaho on August 28, 2009

On the right is the extension added after its move to Fairfield, Idaho with extra classrooms, Relief Society room, kitchen, and rest rooms. Also, the little front section (on left) with the entry way was not part of the original building.

combined to form the new Fairfield Ward. Manard Ward ceased to exist. That winter, Manard Hall was moved to Fairfield to continue to serve as the Ward's meeting house. It was remodeled with a stucco exterior, new heating system, water, and lights. A movie projector system was even installed, and the building gained a new role as the Prairie's movie theater, in addition to its traditional role as host of social events and church meetings.

Later, an extension was added on the right side of the building containing extra classrooms, a Relief Society room, kitchen, and rest rooms. A new entryway was also added to the front.

The building continued to serve as the ward meeting house until 1989, when a new LDS Church building was constructed. However, Manard Hall still stands today and is used as a rental.

Chapter Sixteen

Life on the Prairie

With key elements of “Manard” in place—the reservoir, church, townsite, school, and Manard Hall—let’s look at what life was like for the Butlers as pioneers on the Camas Prairie. During this last decade of Ettie’s life, she was accumulating a fair number of grandchildren, which gave her great pleasure. Several of them, the children of John III, Carrie, and Horace, lived close to her at Manard, and Sadie and Zettie’s children made regular visits. These young children certainly learned to work hard early in life, but in a community with many children their age to play with, and the wide-open country as their playground, the Prairie was a place of excitement and adventure. They had ponies to ride, lakes and streams to fish in, and hills to explore. Ettie’s granddaughter, Helen, described her home and what childhood was like on the Prairie when she was 6 years old:

And I remember that little log house. I have a picture of it too. There was plaster in between the logs. There was a kitchen and two bedrooms. There was a good ditch with water fairly close to the house where we got water.

. . . and now we were just about a block from the Malad River, and in the summer the boys and I would get an old door with long plank under, put it on the river and row out on our raft, and dream *dreams of adventure*.

. . . in the spring we picked wild currants across the river. There were many beautiful wild roses there too, and it was really adventure to wander along the trails among the bushes and trees, and willows. Especially in the spring time it seemed just wonderful over there.¹

Winters on the Prairie were harsh, and there are numerous stories of the children walking to school on the crust of snow that was so deep that they could walk right over the fence tops, but for these children winter also meant sledding or going for sleigh rides. However, K.T. explained an event that put a damper on some of that fun:

Coasting and skiing was a rough sport but we had lots of fun at it until Eva got hurt and never after that was it much fun. Eva’s knee had

gotten twisted in a toboggan upset coming down the hill where the Manard Cemetery now is. There were 11 of us on the toboggan when someone put a foot down causing the long sleigh to get off course and hit a choke cherry bush. Everyone in the party was hurt a little, such as losing skin off their nose, but Eva's was the only serious injury. It twisted her knee and always after that it gave her trouble.²

The injury troubled her so much, that the following summer Eva had to go to Salt Lake City to have her knee operated on, which cost the family a much needed \$200. As K.T. remembered, "the operation helped her knee but it never got so it didn't bother her."

Winter also meant Christmas, which created some very special memories for Ettie's young grandchildren living on the Prairie. Mostly what made it special was the fact that they spent most Christmases together as an extended family, staying the night at Grandma Butler's, or at one of their own homes.

Pioneer life may have been fun for youth and children, but for wives and mothers it was a lot of work, as Carrie describes:

At Manard in those early days we lived as pioneers, building the homes, etc. In common with all, we cooked on a kitchen stove made of iron, and burned wood for fuel. The men went to the mountains above Soldier for wood, probably ten miles away. Our stove had a reservoir for water and of course heated very nicely. We used coal oil lamps for lights in common with all homesteaders. All homes had little "out houses" at the back – and for bathing, a good galvanized metal tub. At least we had the metal tub. We had a well outside and a pump, to pump water for household use, and a little wash stand in the kitchen on which stood the wash basin and a bucket of water. When getting a drink of water, we just dipped the dipper down and helped ourselves.

To wash clothes, we used the tub and wash board, and while on the Prairie I got my first washing machine – a tub on legs, with two boards made so I could push one with one hand, then pull with the other. It was better than the washboard.³

One can imagine Carrie's children being enlisted to push and pull the boards, thereby making this new washing machine *automated*. A job Ettie's young son Lee Tom had was that of gathering "bum lambs" (newborn lambs rejected by their mothers), which he brought home and bottle-fed with Ettie's help.⁴

Regardless of poverty, starvation was not likely for these pioneers, as D. Clarence Borup, a neighbor boy and longtime friend of the Butlers, later recalled:

Who can forget the sagehens? Hundreds of them, yes, thousands of them. Many Camas Prairieites had many meals because the good Lord supplied the food. If sagehens were not enough – then we went to the river for fish. My mother (Minnie Borup) loved to fish and the river was not too far away for her and at least one of the kids to fish for their dinner.⁵

The men in the community engaged in a number of different enterprises as they tried to provide for their families, including road work, bridge building, carpentry, railroad work, and others that we'll touch on later. However, the most important was the building and operation of the farms they were homesteading. Often this was a family affair, with men, women, and children each playing a role. This was especially true at harvest time. Men would go from farm to farm with huge threshing equipment. This was not only a lot of work for the Butler men, but also for the women, because all these men needed fed. As a child, Helen's main memory of threshing time was "all the cooking that went on, and so many men there." Her mother Carrie also described feeding the men and "threshers' coffee":

Carl Borup and Sons had a big threshing machine, and went around to thresh grain, and it was so big it took six or eight spans of horses to pull; and they went around in a circle to thresh, and it took about twenty-five men to operate everything. When they came to our place I cooked for about 25 men. When threshers came to our place, there were quite a number who were not L.D.S. so we served real coffee. My young son, Waldo, often spoke of "threshers' coffee!" This was the only time we had coffee in the home. However, in our home we did make Barley Coffee, which was a good warm drink. We took the barley grain, after it was threshed, wash it good, and put in big square pan and placed in the oven and roasted it gently. We spoke of it as "parched barley."⁶

Social Activities

Because life on the Prairie was mainly filled with hard work, social diversion was a very important spice in their lives. In fact, from the perspective of teenagers like Bailey Dixon, we get the impression that pioneer life at Manard was one big party.

The neighborhood was made up of these families: Dixons, Butlers, Stotts, Adams, Olsons, Labrums, Robinsons, Jenkins, Poulsens, and Thurbers. We had to furnish our own entertainment. We had dances and parties. We'd go to each other's homes, mostly on Sunday afternoon. Our place and Mother Butler's [Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler] were the usual places. We would have dinner together and play games. We didn't have anything but horses so we couldn't go 100 miles in two hours.

We used to dance till sun up. We would start at 8 or 9 in the evening and dance till midnight, then quit and go to supper and come back and dance till daylight. One 4th of July we danced all night, went and hauled hay all day, danced all night again, and back to the hay field. About 9 o'clock, I had all I could take, so I went around on the shady side of the hay stack and went to sleep. I slept the clock around. One time I rode from Fir Grove to Soldier on our old cow pony, danced

all night and started home the next morning. I went to sleep in the saddle and when I woke up, the horse was out in the middle of someone's herd of cows wandering around.

It was while we lived at Manard that I met Eva Butler. I courted her, and later we were married in the Logan Temple on July 2, 1913. I was 24 years old. Those years at Manard were the happiest years of my life.⁷

In addition to gathering at various homes for parties, once the first one-room school/church building was erected on John Butler III's property, it became a center of social activity as well. Later, when they finished Manard Hall at the new townsite, it was used almost as regularly for community parties and activities as it was church meetings. These social events were often family affairs, with usually the entire town showing up, including the little children, as Helen recalled:

They built the Manard Hall while my father was Bishop, and there is where we held church services, as well as mutual, and the dances – and when they held dances it was a family affair. We little kids got to go too, which solved the baby tending problem. I remember one time my mother and father were dancing, and on the spur of the moment I concluded to follow them as they danced around the hall. I got scolded.⁸

K.T. echoed Helen's sentiments, saying that these dances "afforded many good times for young and old alike. The families would all come and any babies would be put to sleep on benches in the corner." He also observed that the non-LDS members of the community were also regular participants in these parties. In particular he mentioned that:

The Olsens, the Lairds, and the Wheelers all came and we had a jolly crowd at our dances and parties. The Lairds were musicians and Mrs. Laird played the piano and the Laird boys both played violins . . . The Lairds made lovely music. I liked to waltz with my Mother as the music played "Over the Waves" waltz. Mother was so very light on her feet and was a very good dancer. Other tunes they played included, "The Irish Washerwoman" and "Turkey in the Straw." Bailey always danced the Home Sweet Home waltz with Eva.⁹

Ettie Butler apparently was a very accomplished dancer. It was an attribute that many of her children and grandchildren remembered about her. For instance her granddaughter, Winona Richards, shared, "and speaking of dances, she did a cake walk which is what we call soft shoe tap that was the cleverest thing I have seen, on or off the stage."¹⁰ Zettie related that Ettie "could dance the quadrilles so well. I remember how she did a sort of step dance when they called for balance all."¹¹ Of that "step dance," Lee Tom shared, "As I got a little older I remember I would coax her to dance for me. She would pick up her long skirts and clip off a step dance like Ginger Rogers, and I would clap and

laugh.”¹² K.T. summarized Ettie’s dancing skill simply: “My, how I did love to waltz with her—she was so light on her feet.”¹³

Youth like Den, Olive, Jane, K.T., and Eva, were involved in numerous social activities including sporting events, dramas, parties, and dances, facilitated by the large number of young people their age in the area. The LDS Church sponsored “Mutual” organization provided a ready format for many of these activities and included most of the youth in Manard, not just members of the Church, as K.T. related:

Then there were some other families of non-LDS that sent their children to our school and would come to the young peoples’ Mutual. We did many of our activities in groups without much dating or going steady but it wasn’t long before some started pairing off.

It seemed like Bailey and Eva just naturally took to each other. Bailey and I did many things together, we worked on the dam at the same time and played together – sleigh riding and coasting. I didn’t go with any one girl very much as I had the responsibility of supporting my mother and the family, and would not allow myself to get serious with any girl.¹⁴

All these social activities were apparently very successful, because in addition to Bailey Dixon and Eva, a lot of youth “paired off” while at Manard. Clifton Dixon closed his book on Manard with a section entitled “Dan Cupid’s Doings” that lists “a few who came to Manard to find their companion.”¹⁵ He names some twenty marriages of couples who met at Manard, most of which involve Butler-Thurber relations, including five children of John Lowe Butler II:

Dennison Butler and Nancy Wardrop
Elmer Nielson and Jane Butler
K. T. Butler and Thelma Peterson
Will Richards and Ann Butler
Bailey Dixon and Eva Butler

While searching for romance, the area youth also engaged in typical teenage pranks, most of which were harmless fun, and therefore endured in good humor by the adults of the community. Lee Tom describes one such “event” and the humor it caused his mother:

I remember the young people had a chickeree and stole chickens at each neighbors’ place. Mother raised a chicken that was crippled, its toes stuck out to one side and was all deformed, and it so happened that was the one they stole out of mother’s chicken coop. I can remember so well seeing her laugh because they got her crippled chicken, the tears just rolled down her checks and her shoulders bobbed up and down but no noise.¹⁶

This story also brings out an interesting characteristic everyone at Manard noticed about “Mother Butler,” the odd way she laughed. Lee Tom described his mother, Ettie, as “a quiet, reserved person” and extremely “quiet working

around the house.” So much so that when “she would make a meal” you would not even “hear her lay a fork or plate down.” However, that “quietness” extended to her laugh as well. “When she laughed,” continued Lee Tom, “she didn’t made a noise, just bobbed her shoulders up and down.” Ettie’s non-audible laughter was noted by many of her children who agreed, “that when she laughed she would not make a sound, but her whole body would shake.”¹⁷

Lee Tom shared with his niece, Helen, a cute story involving Ettie’s inability to laugh out loud and her son-in-law, Erin Thurber’s, inability to whistle:

When Mom laughed she did not make a noise. She would just sit and shake up and down. If it was a hearty laugh, tears would be running down her cheeks.

I recall your father (Isaac Erin Thurber, husband of Caroline Butler) could not whistle very loud; one day Erin was trying to stop, or call someone. He was sputtering away and he looked around and saw Mom just rocking and laughing at him. He said: “Well, grandma, anyway I can whistle as loud as you can laugh.”

And they had a good laugh together, with their arms around each other. Mom thought the world and all of your daddy.¹⁸

Daughter Zettie shared one more interesting attribute of Ettie’s: “Mother sneezed just like she laughed – silently.”¹⁹



Jane, Eva, Leland Thomas, and Kenion Taylor Butler

Settlers Day

As has been shown, the people of Manard and Camas Prairie at this time were very interested in entertainment and diversion, and loved celebrations. Of course, the 4th of July was a big event on the Prairie, and especially for the Mormons of Manard, Pioneer Day, or the 24th of July, was celebrated with zeal. These events were carefully planned and enthusiastically executed, often featuring parades, music, performing arts, orations, athletic contests, public dances, and even horse racing or rodeos.

Perhaps the largest celebration on the Prairie in those days was “Settlers Day.” John F. Ryan wrote about the event’s beginning.

“Settlers Day” not Old Settlers Day, took place on August 15, 1906 for the first time, to commemorate the second settlement of Camas Prairie about that time. A number of people came from Utah and settled on the river afterward known as Manard. A number came from Palouse, Washington. There were a number of floats of which Palouse won first prize. A big steer was barbecued by W. H. Leek. Mayor Fred Reed from Burley was the speaker.²⁰

Just like the 4th of July, and 24th of July, the 15th of August was a fixture on area calendars, as Settlers Day became an annual event. This event was not only attended by local people, but many living outside the Prairie came as well. Often crowds that dwarfed the size of the Prairie’s normal population showed up in Soldier to participate. The rivalry between community floats also continued



Settlers Day celebration in Soldier, Idaho

full bore. This snippet from the *Camas Prairie Courier* summarizing the Settlers Day of 1910 shows both of these aspects.

It is estimated that over 2,000 people celebrated Settlers Day in Soldier. Best celebration ever had. Not an arrest was made or one fight noted. The Manard Float won first prize, West End second, and Corral third.²¹

The year of 1910 was the peak year ever, as far as population in the area of what is now Camas County. It was also the time of peak population for the town of Manard. A lot of myths exist regarding massive populations that existed on the Prairie and in Soldier during those early days. Using census records, John F. Ryan, in his book *History of Camas Prairie*, debunked those myths.

Someone with a very flexible imagination has said that there were five thousand persons on Camas Prairie at one time. The census report of 1910, which was the high point, showed a population of eighteen hundred and four . . . The last census taken of the village of Soldier in the year 1910 was two hundred sixty.²²

Mr. Ryan then published a table of census data by decade. This showed that the Prairie's population had more than doubled from the 767 figure reported in 1900. Much of that growth was attributable to the settlement of Manard, and the influx of Palouse settlers during that time. Each decade after 1910 the Prairie's population count showed decline, until it reached a low of 710 in 1970. The population today is still considerably less than the all time high of 1,804 recorded a hundred years ago, during the Prairie's glory years.

Many former residents of Manard remember fondly one Settlers Day in particular, it was the peak of an era, as Clifton Dixon shared:

The "Settlers Day Celebration" at Soldier in 1911 was the largest ever. It was estimated that there were between 3000 and 4000 people in attendance. The Manard Brass Band was the first on the Prairie and appeared in the parade.²³

First Airplane

It was during one such event that most of the area's residents, including the Butlers, got to see an airplane for the first time. An airplane was brought to Soldier by train in crates, assembled, and flown during the celebration. As Eva Labrum (a friend of the Butler's) related, to pay for the exhibition the organizing committee tried to charge people to watch the plane fly, without quite understanding the logistics of the matter.

Then there was the aeroplane's flight over Soldier during a celebration. The committee wanted to charge everyone for a look into the sky. Of course, there was no controlling this. Everyone saw it

without paying. I shall never forget my father [George Labrum] laughing as he said, “Children, look all you want to – they cannot charge us.”

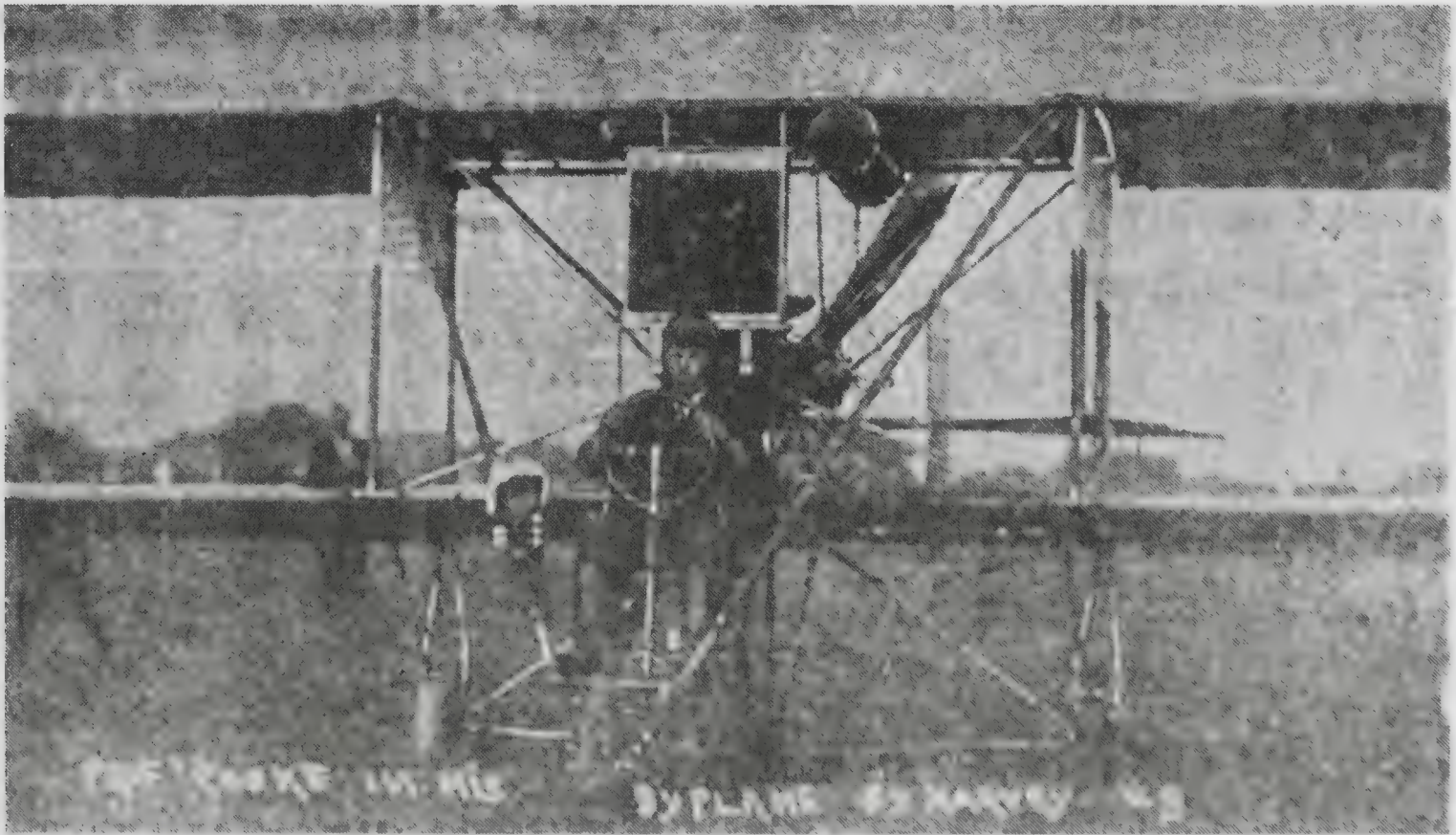
It was an unforgettable thrill.²⁴

However, they could charge people for the opportunity to go for a ride. That is, if they could find people willing to ride in such a contraption. The life expectancy of people flying, or flying in, such extremely early era airplanes, was not very high. In fact, the pilot flying that day later died in a plane crash. So who would go up? Those with enough money to pay for a ride usually had more sense than to risk their life in such a thing, whereas, those daring enough to do so, likely had no money! Little Waldo Thurber, Ettie’s grandson, fell into the latter category, as his sister Helen related.

That was a great day – Settlers Day in Fairfield. I was 8 or 9. The whole countryside was there, and we looked in great awe to see it flying in the air. It was one of those double winged planes, with the pilot sitting in open air without protection of a windshield. I remember it well. And my little brother Waldo wanted to ride in it!!²⁵

Interestingly, Waldo would later become a pilot himself, and have his own airplane. About 55 years after Waldo dreamed of flying as he watched that first rickety plane fly over the Camas Prairie, Waldo could be found giving Helen a ride over that same area.

The occasion was a trip to the Idaho Falls Temple and Waldo had offered Helen a ride in his personal airplane. As they flew over the Prairie, they reminisced about those years past, and this land where they spent their



The Butlers watched this first airplane fly over the Camas Prairie
(photo published in the *Camas County Courier* - 50th Anniversary Edition, Sept. 1, 1955)

childhood, where Waldo had begun life. According to Helen “this was such a wonderful trip” and she quoted her brother, saying:

I sure like Camas Prairie. See that Twin Lakes Reservoir down there? It brings back old memories. Camas Prairie has always had a special appeal to me. I once thought of buying some land here – I thought seriously about it – but came to the conclusion that I really knew nothing about raising crops, and nothing about stock raising, and I decided I had better stick to something I really knew about.

One reason perhaps that I like Camas Prairie is because this is the place of my beginnings. That thought is real special. I was born here at Soldier, and there must be a special appeal for where we first started. I am thinking of ancient Jacob, who because of the famine, went down into Egypt, and remained there – but he wanted his body to be returned to his own country after his death. There is an appeal to return to the place of our beginnings.²⁶

First Automobile

The first to own an automobile among the Butlers was Ettie’s daughter Sadie and her husband Gomer Richards. “My father took a 1904 model F Buick touring car in on a real estate deal,” related Ettie’s grandson, Karl Richards, who reflected: “We became the proud owners of the 29th car in the state of Utah. We took trips. We went [from Salt Lake City] to Richfield where my mother’s sister, Zettie, lived. They had the hardware store in Richfield.” These car trips weren’t necessarily relaxing for young Karl, who remembered, “I had to run in front of the car through all the towns picking up horseshoe nails and other things that might puncture the tires.”²⁷

About this same time, cars began to show up on the Prairie. Helen described the excitement they caused, especially with the children.

I am guessing I was somewhere around 6 or 7 when I saw an automobile for the first time. This would be about 1910 or 1911. Occasionally one would come into our area, and we would hear it from so far away, and we children would run down to the main road, and stand there in awe until it passed. And that same year we all basked in reflected glory when my Uncle Gomer Richards and family came up from Salt Lake City in their new car!! He wore his goggles and linen duster. He had to crank the car at the front to start the motor. He took us all for a ride. He would first crank up the motor from the front of the radiator and then run to get in behind the steering wheel. What a loud noise the motor made! Oh, so awesome and wonderful!²⁸

Helen’s friend, Eva Labrum, gave a similar description, and told of another device that had found its way to the Prairie:

I shall never forget the first automobile that came through the Prairie. Such excitement! Glenn went out on the highway to watch

them pass. One of the cars picked him up. How thrilled he was! He said they *went so fast it took his breath away*. It must have been traveling *at least ten or fifteen miles an hour*.

Then there was the coming of the Telephone in our little community. What excitement when we could ring our friends by using the little handle and ringing one long and two short, etc. Our ring was one long and three short rings. Many times our good friends, Henry Jenkins and family, would call and ask Elva and me to sing to them over the telephone. I am sure it was not that they enjoyed our voices, but the novelty of the telephone.²⁹

Regarding an *influx* of cars coming to the area, the April 24, 1913 issue of the *Camas Prairie Courier* reported there were 17 automobiles and 1 Indian motorcycle owned by residents of the Prairie. But in only a few short years cars would become common-place. Even so, driving cars was quite an adjustment for some of the Butler-Thurber men. For instance, referring to her family's first car, a Model T Ford they bought in 1918, Helen stated that it wasn't usually her father, Erin Thurber, who drove it, but her 12-year-old brother, Waldo, who "could sure drive it, better than his father could!"

Actually, it isn't too surprising that the young son would take to driving a car better than his dad. Men like Erin had lived their lives dealing with horses and teams, and handling cars was extremely foreign to them. Think about it, before cars how would a man like Erin have had any experience with things like steering wheels, brake pedals, clutches, etc?

A cute example of this is when John III got his first car. It was a second-hand Model T Ford that he bought in about 1917. After buying it, John III drove home with his little boy Glenn and wife Bertha in the front seat, and three other women in back. The speed cars traveled in those days was usually a brisk 20 miles per hour, or so, across Camas Prairie's dirt roads that were unencumbered with borrow pits or fences along the sides, allowing clear access to fields or pasture land.

On the drive home someone asked John III about the function of something under the dash, so John III leaned over and began to explain. Now, with a horse and buggy if the driver isn't paying attention, or even lets go of the reins, chances are the horse is going to just keep plodding down the road. With a moment's inattention a horse is not likely to immediately just run off the road, it's just not polite.

However, a car knows no such courtesy, so as John III was explaining the finer workings of his new vehicle, the car proceeded to head off through pasture land, bumps and all. Recognizing his predicament, John III did what any normal man in his generation would do; in his excitement he began to holler "Whoa! Whoa!" But the car was totally unresponsive to these time-honored commands. "In the meantime he jerked the dickens out of the steering wheel and kept on going in a big circle."³⁰ He eventually managed to get back on the road, and fortunately, by the time they got home, he remembered *how to stop* an automobile.

Railroad Comes

The year 1911 was a huge and busy year for the extended Butler clan. The town of Manard was reaching its peak, the Church's Tithing Granary was being built, Manard Hall was being rushed to completion, and grandchildren were being added to the family. During this same time, several members of the family worked on another important project that was critical to the people of the Prairie, the coming of the railroad. Clifton Dixon wrote:

1911 was a year of feverish activity. There was a bumper crop of grain. A contract for construction of a railroad from Richfield (Idaho, not Utah) to the west end of the Prairie was signed by Utah Construction Company, and many sub-contracts for grading, hay, grain and lumber were obtained by local individuals and organizations. There was a flurry of home building and new businesses. New towns were started along the railroad: Blaine, Fairfield, Corral and Hill City. Corral was moved from a location a mile to the north to the railroad. Fairfield would soon replace Soldier as the principle place of business.³¹

In the spring of 1911 Carrie's husband, Erin Thurber, had been awarded a contract to build the railroad grade (the base on which the tracks would be laid) between Corral and Hill City. Hill City was to be the terminus of the railroad, so Erin was working on the end of the line. This was another opportunity for Erin to put his team and fresno scraper to work, and it would provide the family with some much needed cash money.

The town of Corral sat almost exactly 7 miles west of present day Fairfield, on the railroad that parallels present day Highway 20, and Hill City was about 6 miles southwest of Corral. This meant that Erin's work was 11-15 miles west of



Isaac Erin Thurber with his railroad work crew

The woman in the center is Jane Butler, next to her is Isaac Erin Thurber, upper left stands Jimmy McClure, and 2nd from right, with hat, is Jesse Thurber.

his home at Manard, which meant he was away from home, camped out on-site much of the time.

For most of the summer Erin worked on the project, along with a crew working under him that included his brother Josh, sister-in-law Jane Butler, and several other Butler-Thurber relations.

K.T. Butler also had a similar contract of his own, working on the part of the railroad that passed through where Fairfield would soon spring up.

The site for a new town was located two miles directly south of Soldier, about the time the right of way was secured for the construction of the railroad. Of course, the railroad passed right through the new townsite, instead of the existing town of Soldier.³²

The town was creatively named “New Soldier,” and with the railroad going through it, existing businesses in the area flocked to the new town. In short order, “Old Soldier” saw a massive exodus of most of its business establishment, including the buildings. As mentioned earlier, these people thought nothing of picking up and moving their structures. Population, and their houses, also followed. As the *Courier* stated, the town of Soldier, that was booming only a year earlier, felt “stabbed in the back.” And that wound would eventually prove lethal, as today the site of Soldier is nothing more than an intersection.

The postal service, which as already mentioned had seemingly dictatorial power over town names, gave the post office in New Soldier the name of “Fairfield” and of course the rest of the town had to follow suit.³³

K.T. wrote this description of his railroad construction contract and the town that sprang up at the site:

In 1911 I took a contract building part of the railroad grade through what was to be the town of Fairfield. Eva took the job of cooking for me and my crew of 5 to 6 men. Eva and I fixed up a camp on the site of Fairfield so you might say we were the first citizens of Fairfield. Our house was a tent with a board floor and sides. That was the kitchen, dinning room, and also her bedroom. They were all young fellows working 10 hours a day and it took a lot of food to fill them up, and Eva could really dish it out. At first we got our supplies from the Old Soldier store, much of the fresh meat being grouse and fish; hunting and fishing after working hours. We had no refrigeration. Before the summer was over the town really took roots and started to grow. Some houses were moved down from Old Soldier. Scotty Leeper and Ray Jones put in the first grocery store. Later they came in but the saloon run by Charlie Gridley came first. One of the first buildings was a hotel and many homes were built but our work went on just the same. We finished the first 3 miles of grade and took another 3 mile contract nearer Hill City and finished that contract in time to get the bonus for finishing on time. The day we finished it was snowing and the engineer was there and approved the work. I received the money and paid the men off. Eva had stayed with me to the last. We would go home for Sunday and Mother would have clean clothes for us and make the day pleasant as possible. The men that worked for me

stayed at camp and took care of the 24 head of horses. Twenty head of these horses belonged to John and Horace and were unbroken horses when we started. They were well broken by the time they were turned over to John and Horace. Eva and Bailey's courtship was going on by this time. Bailey was always on hand when we went home for the week ends, going to parties on Saturday night and to church on Sunday.³⁴

The railroad saved farmers like the Butlers a lot of work. Whereas before they had to freight their grain, cattle, sheep, etc. to Gooding, a laborious trip, now grain buyers came to Fairfield. And for a time Hill City had the distinction of having more sheep shipped out of its railhead than any single place on earth.³⁵

Eucalyptus Trees

If working on the railroad and everything else going on in 1911 didn't keep the Butlers busy enough, another enterprise was garnering their attention. In the "Local Happenings" section of its November 23, 1911 issue, the *New Soldier Sun* newspaper briefly mentioned what they were involved in:

I.E. Thurber has returned from Spokane, where he was called as a witness in what is known as "THE EUCALYPTUS CASE."

Now that little snippet engenders a lot of questions, in particular, what did a tree native to Australia have to do with a remote pioneer prairie in central Idaho? It brings up the strange image of little koalas slogging through snow!

Information about this episode in Camas Prairie history is woefully lacking. No one had written about it in journals or personal histories, or really even talked about it with descendants. It seems like it was something that everyone wanted to forget. Over 50 years later, Erin's daughter Helen came across that newspaper snippet and asked her mother, Carrie, about it. "She just laughed with chagrin, and said that is something they would like to forget!"³⁶

Curiosity caused Helen to ask other former Manard residents if they knew anything about it. While talking with Elva Labrum, she mentioned the news item to her. Remembering a little about it, Elva also "just laughed and laughed." She then shared that her folks "were scraping to get enough to eat and yet that looked like such a wonderful deal to get rich quick they invested \$1,000!"³⁷

In about 1910, the Butlers, Thurbers, Labrums, Beans, and others had been, as Carrie put it, "taken in" by slick promoters of a "sure fire" investment. But these Camas Prairie-ites weren't the only ones "taken in." At the time, eucalyptus trees were actually a national craze, and investing in them was something akin to the infamous tulip bulb mania of over a century earlier.

During the mid-1800's eucalyptus trees had been imported from Australia to California, where they were planted to provide shade, building material, and firewood, in the mostly treeless lowland valleys. At exactly the same time our pioneers were building a new town on Camas Prairie, something was happening

in California that would even effect them. Robert L. Santos, California State University historian shared:

Many of the eucalyptus trees seen today in California base their existence on the eucalyptus boom of 1905-1912, during which time, large eucalyptus plantations were created with the hope of reaping sizeable profits. The tree promised much. Its rapid growth and size were well-known. Californians had developed valuable uses for it. It was promoted by the print media, government, the University, and enthusiasts who gave lectures and published essays on it. It was a rising star that received yet another boost in 1907. The U.S. Forest Service issued a report entitled "The Waning Hardwood Supply and the Appalachian Forests." The eucalyptus is a hardwood which could fill this void.³⁸

With reports like that, a frenzy of activity swept the country. Eucalyptus was billed as the solution to the predicted hardwood shortage. Companies quickly popped up selling seedlings, land on which to grow trees, and/or stock in companies growing, harvesting, or marketing trees. Slick materials accompanied the sales pitches, which certainly stretched the truth. For example, one company claimed that the tree could grow to over 500 feet, and that the company's plantations were already fully active. Its prospectus went on to tout:

This tree at this particular moment is in many instances the most valuable one on the face of the globe. Maturity is in a decade or two. No Teak, Mahogany, Ebony, Hickory, or Oak was ever tougher, denser, stronger or of more glorious hardness . . .³⁹

Mr. Santos shared how many of these companies operated, and how people like our poor Camas Prairie pioneers came to be involved:

The eucalyptus companies advertised for investors to be partners in the enterprise. An investor could buy land fully planted and make monthly payments. The company did all the work, and shared what profits there were with their business partners. It took normally ten years before a profit could be realized. An acre planted in eucalyptus cost \$250 with the promise of making \$2,500 an acre at harvest time ten years later. This offer was tempting, and widows, teachers, and small businessmen invested their life savings in the eucalyptus boom.⁴⁰

Regarding how the Eucalyptus craze reached the Prairie, John Ryan stated, "agents from California came selling land on which would grow these trees." K.T. Butler also remembered:

And then salesmen came to the Prairie (about 1910) and they came first to John Butler. They showed him a map and pictures of Eucalyptus trees in California. They were supposed to be a very valuable wood because of their weight and strength, and a quick growing tree, known to be light weight and yet strong. John was hard to sell. The price quoted was \$1,000.00 an acre for Eucalyptus trees.

K.T. added that before investing, John called a man named Paul Bickell, whose home was in California, to ask him how real this eucalyptus deal was. Paul was an engineer working on the Milner Dam project near Twin Falls, and K.T. had worked with him. Apparently his conversation with Mr. Bickell instilled enough confidence in John to go ahead and invest, buying two acres of eucalyptus trees. Others on the Prairie followed suit and signed notes buying California eucalyptus land.

Like during any investment craze, some of the companies involved were legitimate and some were just scams. The company our pioneers were involved with appears to fall somewhere in-between, because the investors did buy and own real land, but they apparently paid about four times the going rate for such land. However, that really didn't matter much, because the whole eucalyptus boom quickly turned to bust. They soon found out that unlike wood from old growth eucalyptus trees in Australia, lumber made from these young, quick-grown trees in California had a tendency to twist and crack, and so its viability as a solution to the projected hardwood shortage was cast in doubt. Also, steel, concrete, and other building materials began to replace hardwood in many of its traditional uses. In short, California ended up with a lot of firewood.

Of course, for our Camas Prairie investors, paying notes on almost worthless land, with money they really didn't have in the first place, was not something they were very anxious to do, and therefore some legal wrangling ensued. Thus Erin went to Spokane to testify, on behalf of himself and his fellow Camas Prairie-ites. However, the legal battle ended quickly, as K.T. described: "Smart lawyers came to the Prairie, seeking quit claim deeds. They got them to sign this to clear the title."⁴¹

With that the "Eucalyptus Case" came to an end, and aside from embarrassment, nobody suffered serious damage.

K.T. reported the reason why the California lawyers were so anxious to quickly end the matter, "someone had struck oil on the property." Also according to Helen, "but here is the surprise – many years later on this very spot are now located some rich oil wells."

I haven't been able to verify the accuracy of these later revelations, but it makes for a good ending to the story anyway.

Iceless Refrigerators and an Accident

Things were not easy for the Butlers on the Prairie. They worked hard and did about as well as anyone farming there at the time, but short growing seasons took their toll, and their frustration began to mount. Therefore many of the extended Butler clan began looking for business opportunities to supplement their farming income. One of these involved a new appliance called an "Iceless Refrigerator."

Before this time "refrigerators" were really "ice boxes," insulated cabinets with storage areas for food and a compartment for ice, which was the means of

keeping it cold. About this time *Iceless* refrigerators began to appear, but they were still “quite a novelty in those days.”⁴²

Right about 1913, a number of companies popped up manufacturing and selling different types of *iceless* refrigerators. Many of these companies were short-lived.⁴³ It is unclear how they got involved in this enterprise, but that spring John III and Horace became agents, selling iceless refrigerators in the area of Butte and Missoula, Montana, while their brother-in-law, Erin Thurber, secured an agency in Oregon.

Initially, prospects for this new business looked good. In particular, Erin’s letters home while working in Oregon are filled with optimism, enthusiasm, and high hopes. However, by summer’s end this business failed as well and John III, Horace, and Erin all returned to the Prairie disappointed.

That fall, after the failed iceless refrigerator venture, some of the Butlers took their families for a fishing trip to Magic Reservoir about 20 miles east of Manard on the eastern edge of the Camas Prairie. “We camped out one or two nights, had fun fishing and eating the fish,” according to Bertha. But on their journey home tragedy struck, as Bertha continued:

We were going over some bad roads, John was on a high seat in the wagon driving and holding a gun, the wagon struck a deep chuck hole, throwing him off his balance and he fell forward to the ground, the point of the gun striking him in the stomach. The horses began running and tho he was hurt he held to the lines and stopped the team. Horace soon arrived, as his outfit was not far from us. We were soon on our way again feeling thankful that the gun had not discharged and that no great injury had happened from the accident.⁴⁴

All felt lucky that “no great injury had happened” but they were wrong, John III’s bladder had been seriously injured in the accident. Over the following year, Bertha saw that her husband’s “health began failing and it soon became evident that there was something very seriously wrong. He could not accomplish his work and suffered internal pain.” By the following winter, his health had declined to the point that on December 2, 1914, he traveled to Salt Lake City to stay with his sister Sadie and seek medical care there. The doctors in Salt Lake stated that he needed a very serious operation on his bladder, but that they could not do it and referred him to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota. Alone and in tremendous pain, John III endured the long train trip across country, wondering if he would make it there alive.

The doctors at the Mayo Clinic “expressed their doubt as to the success of an operation, advised him to go home.” But John III knew returning home in his condition would be impossible, and that he could not possibly survive very long in his condition anyway. Even though he was told that “only about 35% of cases like his lived thru the operation, and half of those did not recover,” he told them to go ahead and operate; he would take whatever chance he had, as the alternative was certain death. By then “his suffering was so intense” that “it seemed he could hardly endure the pain and terrible spasms that came frequently.” With either death or recovery, at least that pain would be over. So

January 8, 1915 they proceeded with the operation, which was successful. During the operation the doctors found a tumor the size of an egg on his bladder. So the gun accident was actually “providential,” because it culminated in the finding and removing of that tumor.

The doctors were amazed at John III’s quick recovery and that, combined with hospital overcrowding, caused them to release him somewhat prematurely. He “could scarcely stand up or dress himself” when he left the hospital, but nevertheless made the long journey home, and was reunited with his family on February 2, 1915. During his two-month absence so far away, both he and his family wondered if they would ever see each other again.⁴⁵

Chapter Seventeen

Grandmas Butler

By the year 1913, much of John Lowe Butler II's family was established on farms in a "new country" in Idaho, just as he had wished. Later that year would mark the 15th anniversary of his death and in that same year we must begin finishing the story of his two wives, Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler and Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler.

Grandma Ettie Butler

Ever since the fall of 1905, John's first wife, Ettie, had made the Camas Prairie her home. Since then, she lived most of the time in the little house built by her sons, across the lane from her oldest son, John III's home, a half mile or so south of the town of Manard. She was a fixture in the community, known and loved by all, especially the youth, as her future son-in-law, Bailey Dixon, later reflected:

I don't think there was a kid in Manard that couldn't say they loved Mother Butler. Her home was the gathering place of the gang, and she was always there to make them welcome. I think she loved young people.

She was a good cook, too, and one of the outstanding things that I remember was when we went there for dinner (and it might seem simple) but it was the bean soup that she sometimes served. She knew just how to fix them, and they just struck the spot. I don't think I ever sat down to a dish of bean soup that I don't think of Mother Butler.¹

There seems to have been universal agreement as to Ettie's culinary skills. Grandson, Reed Richards, summarized her grandchildren's perspective simply: "She could make such good cinnamon rolls."²

Another characteristic mentioned by most of her children, was that Ettie worked hard and moved quickly. Her daughter-in-law Bertha commented, "she was very industrious, loving and kind and seemed always so understanding & wise." John III stated that "when she was walking anyplace, she bent slightly

forward from the hips, and tripped along at a rather fast pace.”³ On the same topic, granddaughter Winona Richards shared:

The most vivid impression I have of Grandmother Butler is the number of things she could do in one trip to the kitchen or bedroom. She said it was necessary to plan so she could save steps. When I go around in circles and get nothing done, I remember that.

Another memory is the graceful walk. They teach models to walk much the same way. . . . She said she held her mouth tight to keep her store teeth in. George Washington did too.⁴

In addition to her reputation as being very industrious, Ettie was also seen as “dainty and refined.”⁵ “My mother was five feet eight inches tall and was very slender, weighing about 115 pounds,”⁶ according to Jane, and had long dark pretty hair.⁷ She was also known by all at Manard for her stylish demeanor and dress, as daughter-in-law Thelma remembered:

The mother of this family should have many fine things written about her . . . [I] have talked to many people outside of the family about Francetta Smith Butler and they picture her as her son Taylor has said, tall, straight, and slim, neat, pretty and graceful; stylish even though she didn’t have to spend on clothes. She was calm, patient and gentle even over a hot stove, and in the face of hardships. In private family life she was prayerful and wise and taught morality and honesty should be first in her children’s lives. Her neighbors and friends that met her in Relief Society said she could look like a fashion plate in a gingham dress, always pleasant and immaculate, with her raven black hair piled on top of her head. She liked the crackle of a friendly fire.⁸

Her children noticed another characteristic that seemed at odds with Ettie’s “stylish” nature. Jane “wonder[ed] why she did not ‘like’ luxuries that might come into the home, such as butter in the winter, or a bit of jelly, etc.,” but already knew the answer, “she was so very unselfish and self-sacrificing.”⁹ Combining that quality with her mother’s innate stylishness, Zettie shared: “She was such a dear, patient mother. I can remember her when she had lovely clothes and looked so nice. She had a gray alpaca dress with polina in front with black fringe around it and puckers in the back. She looked so lovely. . . . She had little money in her later life and a lot of children to care for, so she couldn’t do the things she would like to.”¹⁰

Even though in her later years Ettie didn’t have money to buy the clothes she would have liked, she never seemed resentful. Instead she maintained a good humor about it, as shown in this story told by Carrie.

She loved nice clothes so much, but she held back and never put herself forward to have these things, and we just had to look after her and see that she got these things. I well remember when John was a young man. It was wash day and she put on an old basque (they wore those in those days). She was standing there and John came in and

looked at that basque and he asked her what she was wearing that for, and she answered, "Oh, just to wash in."

He had his pocket knife in his hand and he cut that basque into little strips. He stood there calmly and slowly cutting that into little strips with his knife and she just stood there laughing at him.¹¹

However, there was one time Ettie most definitely did not laugh when her "stylishness" was cut away. In 1910, Ettie contracted spotted fever. Although she survived, she "never was too well again," remembered her 13-year-old son, Lee Tom. Apparently, as a result of the disease, Ettie's beautiful long dark hair had to be cut, as Lee Tom went on to share:

I recall the time she [Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler] was just over the spotted fever and Jane cut her hair. I think Jane got ready to cut and shut her eyes and if I remember correctly, the first whack was a little crooked. I think Jane shed tears.¹²

Much more than her appearance, or even abilities, Ettie was remembered for the things she taught her children and the way in which she taught them. "I did think of my mother as being so beautiful, so clean, so perfect, and had much faith in prayers,"¹³ wrote K.T. who stated that Ettie "was so loving and self sacrificing for her children. . . . I was away from home so much after I was 13. She was so gentle with her counsel and advice that I always felt her influence."¹⁴ K.T. also reflected on the morals Ettie taught.

My mother could look at us children and make us feel important and want to be fine gentlemen even on the raw frontier. She would often say "Taylor, don't have a double standard of morals – one for girls and one for boys – save your virtue for the girl you marry. When you are out with a young lady treat her like you would want your sisters treated" and then I would think of Eva and Jane so beautiful and would have murdered a man that would have defiled them. She told her girls their virtue was priceless and they would keep their virtue if they carried themselves like ladies.

We are part and parcel of this marvelous mother and I might say like Abraham Lincoln "All that I am I owe to this angel mother."

There is nothing so wonderful to belong to as a good family and though we lacked much in the good things of life that money could buy, mother tried to make it up to us in love and gentleness. So I feel we did get a fine inheritance.¹⁵

One virtue Ettie taught, by both precept and example, seemed to define her character and exemplified her compassion. Jane summarized it simply, "[Mother told] us not to speak unkindly of others. She said, 'It is a poor habit.'"¹⁶ Being taught by Ettie that it was a "poor habit" to talk unkindly about others was echoed by several of her children and grandchildren.¹⁷ Lee Tom remembered a family friend, by the name of George Ogden, who later paid "a wonderful compliment" to Ettie when "he said that not one member of her family ever heard her say an unkind word to anyone." Throughout the rest of

his life Lee Tom “never forgot that. And I recall she taught her children if you can’t say a kind word about a person, don’t say anything. She was strong for that.”¹⁸

“A spirit of discernment,” or the ability to rightly judge character, was another important attribute many of Ettie’s children said she possessed. For instance, when Ettie sensed things in some of the young men or women her children courted, she would kindly, gently, and privately mention her concern. In doing so, she didn’t indulge in the “poor habit” of speaking about others unkindly, but was nevertheless direct. Carrie described her mother’s approach:

As time went on, we would have our dates. Mother seemed to have a spirit of discernment. I remember so well that she could read characters. If we girls were going with a young man she didn’t think was just right, she wouldn’t say much about it, but she would finally tell us (if we broke up) we had done just right. Sometimes she would slip up to us very quietly, saying, “I don’t care for that young man. I rather wish you would not go with him very much.”

One time I was quite serious with a young man, but we decided to break up. She had never interfered until I sat down to write the final verdict. She slipped over to me and said, “That is all right. I am pleased you are quitting.”

Then when Erin Thurber and I became engaged, she put her arm around my shoulders, and said, “Erin is all right. I am very pleased. That’s just fine, just fine.” She was always right. She was very modest that way, and never put herself forward, and had the faculty of getting along with people. . . .

I often wish I could have done more for mother to make her happy. When I was ill no one understood me like mother did. She seemed to know just the right things to do to make one feel better. How I long for her tonight. I owe her so much, and love her dearly.¹⁹

Since 1905, Ettie had lived most of the time at Manard. However, because of harsh winters on the Prairie, as well as to simply spend time with her two daughters and their families still living in Utah, Ettie often spent the winter months living with her daughter Sadie in Salt Lake City or Zettie in Richfield. This was particularly true of the winters after her bout with spotted fever in 1910.

In the first part of April 1913, as winter began to give way to spring, Ettie returned to the Camas Prairie from Richfield, Utah, where she had spent the recent winter months with her daughter Zettie and her family. She “was so happy to come back to Camas Prairie,” to her four youngest and as yet unmarried children, reflected K.T., who for his part was “mighty glad to have her” home. She was suffering from a bad cold at the time, but in her typical industrious fashion immediately went to work at “spring house cleaning” to make her home presentable after the long winter’s absence. In doing so, her illness progressed quickly to pneumonia, which “acted fast and she was dead within a few days” remembered K.T.²⁰

At just barely age 60, Ettie was still relatively young when she died on April 21, 1913, in her home at Manard, Idaho. Her sudden death shocked her family and saddened the entire community. Her daughter-in-law, Bertha, reflected: “The loss of this splendid mother was surely a trial to her family, and she was greatly missed, but her teachings and her guiding influence still remains with them. She was a wonderful wife & mother.”²¹ Granddaughter Edith Butler Whitehead described the scene when Ettie passed away.

Then my last memory of her was after her death, as she lay in her coffin in the living room of her home, surrounded by her loved ones. How sorry I felt for Uncle Lee who was so broken up at the loss of his mother.

All my life, I have heard from my father and mother, my uncles and aunts, nothing but the sweetest, kindest tributes to her lovely character.²²

As Edith mentioned, among those most heartsick at the time of Ettie’s death was her youngest son, Lee Tom, who was just sixteen. He related that his mother “lasted just eight days” after she first “came down with the pneumonia.” Of his final moments with her, Lee shared: “I think it was April 21st they called me in the house and I came in crying. She was in a coma, and I sat and held her hand until they sent me outside.”²³

The body of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler was carried by train to Richfield, Utah. Her children and their spouses at Camas Prairie made the weeklong trip to Richfield, where a large group of family, friends, and community members gathered to honor her with a lovely funeral service on the 24th of April.

During the service the Richfield choir performed musical numbers and several prominent Church leaders offered prayers and gave speeches honoring Ettie’s character and kindness. Among those were one of Richfield’s bishops, Heber C. Christensen, and the current president of the Sevier Stake, Robert D. Young. At the conclusion of the service, D.P. Jensen performed a beautiful solo rendition of the hymn “Oh, My Father” and Bishop Virginus Bean closed the meeting with prayer.²⁴

Following her funeral, Ettie was laid to rest in the Richfield Cemetery²⁵ next to her husband John Lowe Butler II. After 14 years as a widow she was together with him once more.

Grandma Sarah Butler

We pick up the story of John's second wife, Sarah, back in the Gold Mountain area of Utah. As mentioned earlier, Sarah and her children lived in Kimberly, along with many of Ettie's children, for the first three years of the new century.

With the exodus of many of the Butlers (including Sarah's son, Den) from Kimberly to Camas Prairie, Sarah moved with her daughters, Mary and Ann, down the mountain to Marysvale, where they lived on "Uncle Howse's" ranch. Here, Sarah's daughter Mary met Claybourne Edwin Nelson, whom she married on September 14, 1904, in the Manti Temple. Claybourne was employed hauling coal to Kimberly, and the couple lived up Sevier Canyon until Christmas that year.

By this time Sarah had moved to Monroe, where her parents still resided, and Mary and Claybourne joined her and Ann there to spend the remainder of the winter. That spring all of them returned to Kimberly and lived near the Bluebird Mine, where Mary gave birth to Sarah's first grandchild, a girl named Virta Louisa, on July 15, 1905.

Mary's father-in-law, Price William Nelson, visited them and encouraged Claybourne to move to Mexico with the rest of his family. Price asked Sarah to come with them as well and proposed that she marry him in Mexico as his second wife in polygamy. The practice of polygamy had been discontinued by the Church some 15 years earlier, but some members, unwilling to heed that directive, still believed they could practice it in Mexico, where it was still legal. About this time, the Church began excommunicating members and leaders who continued to solemnize new polygamous marriages. Future events would show that both Claybourne and his father, Price, were not faithful Church members. But neither Mary, nor Sarah, realized it at the time, so they prepared to leave with the Nelsons as Mary related:

When the baby [Virta Louisa] was six weeks old our group started for old Mexico. Mother [Sarah] sold what she had to secure the team and wagon. I was glad she and my sister [Ann] were with us. My husband's parents, two brothers and two sisters made up the rest of our party.²⁶

The group traveled south to Kanab and then through the Arizona desert, some "500 miles before reaching another town," according to Mary. Eventually they arrived at Clifton, Arizona. Here "trouble came between" Price and Sarah. According to Mary, Sarah "had refused his proposal of marriage." Possibly she had just then come to realize that polygamy was not sanctioned by the Church, even in Mexico where there were no laws against it. In any case, Sarah refused to become his wife and Price Nelson "cheated her out of her team and wagon," leaving her and Ann stranded in Clifton "without anything." Mary refused to abandon her mother and sister, and so she and Claybourne remained in Clifton as well.²⁷

Sarah and Mary found jobs cooking for boarders, and by the spring of 1906 had earned enough money to purchase train fare back to Monroe for Sarah and Ann. They came back through San Francisco, California and as Sarah marveled at the tall buildings built so close together, she remarked to her daughter, “if they ever have a fire or earthquake here these buildings will meet.” It wasn’t long after that the great San Francisco earthquake struck and those buildings did “meet.”

For the next three years, Sarah and Ann lived at Monroe with Sarah’s parents, King Benjamin and Mary Ellender Johnson. Sarah’s mother, Mary, died at Monroe on December 4, 1909, and soon after Sarah became gravely ill. A short history written by Sarah’s grandchild related the incident:

[Sarah] took a stroke and lay as if dead for seven hours. Although she could hear everything, she couldn’t move a muscle. Everyone except Ann thought she was dead and they were planning her funeral.

Sarah’s daughter Ann wouldn’t give up. She begged them to do more for her mother. The bishop took Ann outside and said to her, “your mother is dead, you will have to make up your mind to that.”

“I know my mother is not dead, if you will administer to her again and if she shows no signs of life I’ll give up,” Ann sobbed.

They administered to Sarah again and she opened her eyes. She said it was the most agony she had ever had to bear, them talking about her funeral, she couldn’t let them know she wasn’t dead and she thought she would be buried alive.

Maybe if Ann had not any faith she would have been.²⁸

Shortly after this, in early 1910, Sarah’s son Den, who several years earlier had gone to Camas Prairie with most of his half-brothers and sisters, sent for Sarah and Ann to join him and the others in Idaho.

Meanwhile, Sarah’s daughter Mary, her husband Claybourne Nelson, and their baby Virta Louisa, had made their way to Madera, Mexico. Here Mary began to suffer one tragedy after another:

My husband got work cutting timber in the mountains and we moved there and lived in a tent. The unexpected can happen anywhere. I had a severe appendicitis attack and it broke. I tried native herbs as a remedy but unfortunately they brought about my baby’s death as I was nursing her at the time. It was in March 1906. My grief was almost more than I could bear. We had to bury her without the comfort of a Latter Day Saint ceremony.²⁹

The couple then moved to the town of Chuichupa, Chihuahua, Mexico, where Mary’s second daughter, Pearl, was born on January 1, 1908. Claybourne found work as a sawyer at a sawmill at Queso (near Del Puerto), Chihuahua, Mexico. Here Mary was “the only white woman in the camp” and here she gave birth to a third daughter, Ruby Ellender Nelson, on August 4, 1909. Sadly, the baby lived only two weeks. Adding to her sorrow was the fact that the Mexicans would not let her bury the child in the local cemetery, because she was not Catholic. Mary wrote that “it nearly broke my heart to bury that tiny

baby all alone a long ways from our community. One small lone pine tree marked her grave.”³⁰

But the loss of her baby did not end Mary's trials. Soon a terrible fire destroyed all the buildings in the lumber camp, except Mary's house. Then shortly after the fire, an accident cost her husband three fingers on his left hand. Mary recalled, “All these adverse incidents gave me a nervous breakdown. I was in such a bad condition I was taken back to town [Chuichupa] to stay and recuperate.” However, things only got worse, because during her absence, Claybourne became unfaithful with a Mexican woman. When Mary returned, she found him living with his Mexican mistress. Mary “did not exchange any hard words” with him, even though she found herself stranded in the same camp with her former husband and his mistress. “I was unable to travel or I would have gone back to Chuichupa sooner,” remembered Mary, adding, “It was so hard to be in the same camp, see him, each of us feeling the sadness.” Adding to the insult was the fact that Mary was very pregnant at the time.

Finally, Mary's former father-in-law helped her back to Chuichupa, a 90-mile trip over very rough road that took three days to make. Three days after her arrival, Mary gave birth to a son she named Caril Dee, on Saturday, October 23, 1911. The baby would never see his father.

By this time Sarah, Den, and Ann were all living at Manard, Idaho. Church leaders stepped in and paid train fare so Mary and her two children could join them, in May of 1912. An odd thing happened as she journeyed for nine days and nights on the train. “While en route a man and wife who had no children offered me \$1,000 for my baby,” remembered Mary. “Of course, I refused.”

Mary had arranged to meet her half-brother, John III, at the train station in Gooding, Idaho, but she had arrived a day early. By this time she was “feeling very blue” at having no way to get the remaining forty miles to the Camas Prairie, where she'd finally be safe with her family after so much adversity. With nothing else to do, she got a hotel room and put the children to bed, but she was so anxious she couldn't sleep.

Towards morning, as I dozed off, a knock came upon the door. It was the hotel clerk to tell me he had a chance for me to go on to Manard right away with two men. Although they were total strangers to me, I accepted their offer and went with them. It took my last cent to pay them. Brother John passed us on the road. When we got to Manard, the men let us out of the buggy about a mile from my sister Ann's place, where mother was staying. I had to go through the field to get there and carried the baby, with Pearl clinging to my skirts. When I reached the house the dogs began to bark. Mother and Ann came out to see what the matter was, they didn't know me, I was so thin. I said, “Oh mother! Don't you know me?”³¹

At Manard, Mary and her children lived with her mother and helped earn a living doing laundry. Soon, Den built Mary a little house of her own. Mary lived in Idaho for about two years. She described her little boy as “very active and hardly ever cried.” But sadly, she related “I lost my little boy in June 1912.

He hemorrhaged from a bad fall.” Out of Mary’s first four children only one, Pearl, survived.

Earlier, Sarah’s youngest daughter, Ann, had married William Adams Richards, in 1910. Their first child, Marjorie La Rue Richards died shortly after birth. Den had married Nancy Morgarett Wardrop at Hailey, Idaho on December 21, 1906, and on June 28, 1907, a daughter named Alice Marguerite was born to them at Soldier, Idaho.

So by the time Sarah left the Camas Prairie, she had two living grandchildren, Pearl and Alice.

In 1913, Sarah’s father, now in ailing health, wrote asking her to come back to Monroe, Utah to take care of him, and Mary and Pearl went with her. As Mary described it, she “took in washings” to earn a living, while her mother Sarah “cared for grandpa,” adding that “mother [Sarah] and I went out often to care for the sick” as well.³²

Sarah had only been in Monroe a few months when her father, King Benjamin Johnson, died, on November 4, 1913.

A little over a year later, Mary met and married Andrew C. Anderson, of Elsinore. Mary finally would enjoy a happy marriage, but “Sarah was left alone for the first time since she became a widow seventeen years ago.”³³

About this same time, Sarah’s son Den had been writing to her about a man from Parowan he had met named Edwin Erastus Myers. Den, the matchmaker, mentioned that Edwin might come up to Monroe to visit her. One evening, just about dark, Sarah saw a lone man coming towards her house. Initially she was frightened, but once he introduced himself as Mr. Myers, she remembered Den’s correspondence and invited him in. They soon found themselves staying up all night visiting and getting to know each other. They apparently enjoyed each other’s company and felt compatible together, because the next morning they left for Salt Lake City, where they were married in the temple on April 8, 1915 by Alvin Smith.³⁴ Regarding their spur of the moment marriage, Sarah’s grandchild related that “they took a chance of finding their bishops and stake presidents, who were attending conference in Salt Lake, to get their recommends, but everything turned out all right.”³⁵ Edwin and Sarah would spend the next 20 years, the rest of their lives, together.

Edwin was five years older than Sarah, having been born in Newport, Kentucky on May 9, 1857. By the time he was a young man he had settled in Southern Utah, and at the age of 17 had married Rachel Bradshaw in Minersville, Utah on November 17, 1874. Between 1876 and 1907, Edwin and Rachel had 16 children together, of which 15 grew to adulthood. On August 25, 1910, Rachel had died, leaving Edwin a widower with a large family to care for. With her marriage in 1915, Sarah’s family expanded dramatically, as she moved to Parowan and became stepmother to Edwin’s thirteen living children, eight of whom were not married.³⁶

Edwin and Sarah were later called to work in the St. George Temple, so they bought a home in St. George and lived there for a number of years, until Sarah’s health began to fail and she could no longer stand the hot climate there.

They then moved to Elsinore, Utah, so she could be close to her daughter Mary.³⁷

They lived at Elsinore a few years and then moved to Milford, Utah, where they were close to some of Edwin's children. In 1935 both Sarah and Edwin were very sick and "everyone wondered which one would die first." On May 7, 1935, Edwin was at the point of death but "his children were all there clinging to him and wouldn't let him die" even though "he was suffering greatly," according to Sarah's biographer who continued:

Sarah got up out of her sick bed, not knowing what she was doing. She went in where he was, she had only her night clothes on, something she wouldn't have done, had she been in her right mind. Mary her daughter and Den her son tried to hold her back but she broke away from them and went up to the bed where her husband lay and dedicated him to the Lord. She uttered the most pitiful prayer, everyone in the room where she was, was crying when she was through. Fifteen minutes later he died peacefully.³⁸

After the death of her husband Edwin, Sarah remained very ill. Mary and Den felt impressed to bring her to Elsinore, where she lived in Mary's home during the final two and a half months of her life.

Sarah was 73 years old when she died on July 27, 1935 at Elsinore, Utah. At the time of her death she left three children, eight grandchildren, and three great grandchildren.³⁹

Sarah was buried in the Richfield Cemetery next to her first husband, John Lowe Butler II, who had died over 36 years earlier.⁴⁰ John III had purchased that burial plot years earlier and ever since "had seen to it that a place was reserved for Aunt Sarah" next to his father.⁴¹



The graves of John Lowe Butler II and his wives Nancy Franzetta (left) and Sarah Sariah (right) in the Richfield Cemetery – August 31, 2009

Epilogue

Treasure

In closing this book on John Lowe Butler II, we need to go back to the time shortly after Ettie's death and complete the story of the Butlers on the Camas Prairie. It had been John's dying wish that his large family would unite together and settle on farms where they could grow and prosper, and most of all, where a strong bond of family would be forged. "Go and seek out a place that would be fruitful, a place where our family can work together in harmony,"¹ was the request he had given his oldest son.

However, the farms on Camas Prairie were proving no more successful than John's gold mine had. With four years of crop failure, about the only thing farmers on the Prairie were storing up was mortgages on their farms! In only a few short years, most of the original settlers of Manard left, about as quickly as they had come with such high hopes only 10 years earlier. Clifton Dixon shared the circumstances and result of this exodus:

Farm size increased as population decreased. Hard times came. There were several years of killing frosts. It was reported in April 1916, that 100 foreclosures were in process in Blaine County. Most of these were on the Prairie. Population of the Prairie declined. World War I strengthened the economy for a time, but power farming encouraged large farms. When a farmer failed their land was taken by large operators. The Great Depression took its toll and further accelerated the trend toward large farms. Alfalfa hay has replaced wheat as the principle crop.²

As I reviewed numerous county deed records, I noticed that every one of the farms I reviewed had been sold subject to existing mortgages, which is surprising, considering almost all of them began as homesteads. It goes to show the financial toll these difficult years took on these pioneers.

In the midst of this exodus, the Camas Prairie was split off from Blaine County and formed into the new Camas County. From that time forward the

area newspaper, the *Camas Prairie Courier* took on the name *Camas County Courier*.

On February 6, 1917 there occurred a blessed event. Blaine County gave birth to about eleven hundred square miles of territory which was named Camas. The editor of the HILL CITY NEWS pronounced the birth premature. The Editor of the CAMAS PRAIRIE COURIER replied that "It may be so but he can stake his meal ticket on one thing. It was not stillborn."³

By 1917, most of the extended Butler clan had left the Prairie. We'll pick up their stories in this book's appendix. A few hardy settlers, like the Frostensons, remained on the Prairie and continued family farms that have lasted generations. Their descendants continue to enjoy an unspoiled land filled with beauty and seclusion, reserved for only hardy souls. The Camas Prairie remains much as it did a hundred years ago, an enchanted place, and the true image of Idaho serenity! But according to Clifton Dixon, "Not one of the families who pioneered the [Twin Lakes Irrigation] project remains today."⁴

So what did these families gain from all their hard work and sacrifice? I'll leave that question for the reader to ponder.

I will mention one thing they gained—enduring friendships. Butlers, Thurbers, Borups, Labrums, Wrays, Daltons, Worthingtons, Dixons, Adams, Lees, Nielsons, and many, many others became very close for generations. Most intermarried. Years later, Clarence Borup shared sentiments that could be echoed by any of them.

We can look back to Camas Prairie for the beginning of the Borup-Butler relationship. A great place to hunt and fish and form good relationships, but not quite the right place to prosper financially. After a few years of trying to gain our goals in life at Camas Prairie, I think most of the Borups and the Butlers left for greener pastures. No matter where these folks went we would keep running into each other and their relationships continued.

Our association here on earth has been good, friendly and loving. If there has been any friction between these families I do not know of it. That is the way I want it to stay.

GOLLY! I know so many Butlers, so many members of their families, and their loved ones. My family [the Borup's] have on so many occasions met with the Butlers in church, at parties, recreation events, camping trips, you name it. The Borups know the Butlers, and vice-versa, so well that we shall probably be able to meet and associate with each other in the hereafter. Why not? ⁵

Yes, *why not?! The Manard pioneers may not have left the Camas Prairie with financial gain, but they did leave with eternal friendships!*

It wasn't just the *families* that moved away from Manard. The *buildings* moved too! Building by building, houses, stores, and even Manard Hall, were moved to other locations. Like the Butlers' mining town of Kimberly, Manard

didn't just become a ghost town of old decaying buildings; it simply *disappeared!*

For many years the old school house that they had worked so hard to build, stood as a lone sentinel marking the location of this "pioneer town that used to be." But it too was finally removed in the late 1970's. A decade later, some 70 years after her family left Manard, Helen Thurber Dalton returned to the townsite. Her heart sank, as she saw nothing but a hayfield where so many hopes and dreams once lived!

So was John Butler's dying wish a failure, just like his gold mine had been? Was it a mistake for him to request that his oldest son take the family to "a new country" like Camas Prairie? Not according to K.T.

You think of those families that went up there [to Camas Prairie] – just look at their children: Waldo, Ross, and Glenn, and all the others – they are good, honorable citizens, and also members of stake presidencies, stake high council members, bishops, etc. AND THAT IS JUST WHAT MY DAD WANTED FOR HIS FAMILY, and not to go hunting for gold.⁶

John's desire that his family remain close and united was also realized. For decades, John's children gathered together frequently and his grandchildren spent so much time together they thought of one another as brothers and sisters, not just cousins. This "closeness" was not a fleeting thing, but lasted generations, and even continues now. Almost 75 years after John's death, his grandson, Karl Richards, still saw this high sense of family among the Butlers:

There were certain things in my father's family that I noticed by contrast with my mother's family [the Butlers]. There wasn't the closeness in his family that there was in my mother's family. That has been evidenced in later life. Today [in 1972] my mother's family is very, very close as they grow old and die. There's a closeness not only with the children but with the grandchildren and so forth.⁷

That closeness was also preserved among both sides of John's family, between Ettie's children and Sarah's. Grandson Ross Butler, the son of John III, touched on this:

It was not my privilege to meet Aunt Sarah during her lifetime, but in later years I became close to Aunt Ann, her daughter, and with Den's daughter, Alice, I have had considerable correspondence. Also, I have been on a friendly basis with Pearl and Ora, daughters of Mary, and just last week met with Jack and Charlene Stevens, Jack being a son of Ora, meeting them at the Boise Temple.⁸

For generations John's children, grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren held family reunions, sent around "round robin" letters, recorded memories, and wrote histories preserving for all "Butlers" a strong sense of "family." Many of John's children were avid family historians. John III (in connection with his wife Bertha), Zettie, Carrie, Mary, Olive, Jane, and K.T. all

recorded a tremendous amount of family history, as did many of their children and grandchildren. In doing so, they not only shared for future generations what life was like in the John Lowe Butler II family, but also “bound” the extended Butler family together under a noble heritage.

So was John successful in life? Was he prosperous?

Elder Dallin H. Oaks, a latter-day apostle, recently stated, “We believe that the ultimate *treasures* on earth and in heaven are our children and our posterity.”⁹

By that measure, John certainly ranks among the richest of men. No matter how productive John’s mine would have been, its *gold* would be worthless to him now. But his *treasure* continues forever!



Butler Family Reunion at K.T. Butler’s home at Gooding, Idaho on July 15, 1945.

The Children of John Lowe Butler II

As part of this book's narrative, the lives of most of John's children were chronicled through the Butler family's Camas Prairie era. Rather than leave their stories unfinished, a summary of the life of each of John's thirteen children, who lived to adulthood, is provided here. Rather than duplicate material already in the book, most of the following short biographical sketches begin after the Camas Prairie period. Full family group records for each of John's children are contained on the CD attached to the inside back cover of this book.

Right:

Leland Thomas, Caroline, Jane, Horace, Olive, and Kenion Taylor at a Butler Family Reunion at Fir Grove, Idaho on August 6, 1939



Below left:

Olive, Horace, Francetty, Jane, K.T., Eva, Leland Thomas, and Caroline at the funeral of John Lowe Butler III on July 3, 1937.

Below right:

Ann, Dennison, and Mary



John Lowe III

John and Nancy Franzetta’s first son, John Lowe Butler III, was born on June 5, 1874, at Panguitch, Utah. He married Bertha Malvina Thurber on November 15, 1899, in the Manti Temple.¹ They had eleven children, six sons and five daughters:

	<u>Born</u>			<u>Died</u>	
Lazelle Smith	7 Jan 1901	Richfield, Utah	16 Feb 1901	Richfield, Utah	
J Grant	7 Sep 1902	Richfield, Utah	10 Oct 1993	Idaho Falls, Idaho	
Elma	20 Nov 1904	Hailey, Idaho	31 Jan 1905	Hailey, Idaho	
Gladys	15 Nov 1905	Manard, Idaho	10 Mar 2000	Downey, Calif.	
Edith	5 Nov 1907	Manard, Idaho	4 Feb 1980	Twin Falls, Idaho	
Donald Thurber	20 May 1910	Manard, Idaho	26 Jan 1991	Pocatello, Idaho	
Glenn Lowe	6 May 1912	Manard, Idaho	1 Mar 1992	Orem, Utah	
Etta	1 Jun 1914	Manard, Idaho	31 Dec 2007	Paradise, Utah	
Ross Erin	16 Jun 1916	Manard, Idaho	3 Jul 2004	Ontario, Oregon	
Agnes	11 Nov 1918	Acequia, Idaho	5 Sep 1997	Caldwell, Idaho	
John Lowe IV	5 Nov 1920	Acequia, Idaho	6 Jul 2009	Portland, Oregon	

After four consecutive years of crop failure, John III began looking beyond the Camas Prairie for other means of providing for his family. In the late summer of 1917, John III traded his home and property on Camas Prairie to John Packham, in exchange for his 80-acre farm and five-room house, near Acequia, Idaho (5 miles northeast of Rupert).

Life was tough for John III in Acequia. Several in his family came down with whooping cough, followed by smallpox, and then influenza, but amazingly none of them died. John III’s ill health made it difficult to work his farm, so he worked some for a real estate firm in nearby Rupert. In the spring of 1920, John III traded his farm for a mercantile business in the town of Acequia, and moved his family there.



The wife and children of John Lowe Butler III in 1948

*Back: J. Grant, John Lowe IV, Donald Thurber, Glenn Lowe, and Ross Erin
Front: Etta, Gladys, Bertha, Edith, and Agnes*

In Acequia, John III led a very busy life. He owned and operated the Acequia Cash Store as a family business, with his wife and several of his children working together in the enterprise. He had a cream station in connection with the store and was also the town's postmaster. He also served as a Minidoka County Commissioner. In addition, on November 21, 1920, John III was ordained and set apart as the bishop of the Acequia Ward in the LDS Church.

The family's mercantile business in Acequia "was not very satisfactory" with "too much let out on credit," which became difficult, if not impossible to collect. So John III traded his business and property in Acequia, for ten acres with a nice home just north of Twin Falls, moving there in March 1922.

At Twin Falls, John III worked as an insurance salesman for "Illinois Bankers Assn." and as an agent for Excelsis products. The family was "quite successful" in raising chickens as well.

In 1924, John III moved his family to another home, on Adams Street in Twin Falls, and rented an 80-acre farm at nearby Filer, where he planted beans. The farming operation didn't work out. So over the next couple of years John III traveled about, working a number of building contracts and other endeavors, including working for a mining operation at Jarbridge, Nevada. During this time, John III also served as a member of the Stake High Council and as Chairman of the Stake Genealogical Society.

In September of 1926, John moved his family to Hollister (18 miles south of Twin Falls), where he rented a 320-acre farm and was happy to "have a chance at farming again." In addition to hay, grain, and bean crops, raising turkeys became a significant part of the family's enterprise at Hollister.

John III rented an 80-acre farm, with better water, and moved there in November 1933. This place was about 13 miles northeast of Twin Falls and three miles straight west of the town of Eden, Idaho.

In June of 1937, while cutting hay at his farm near Eden, John III "cut his front finger on his left hand," while adjusting the sickle on his mower machine. It seemed like a minor issue, so, like most farmers, he just continued working. However, the finger developed a streptococcus infection. John III was taken to the hospital in Twin Falls on June 26th, but the infection had become systemic, and he died on July 1st.

John III's funeral was held in the Twin Falls Tabernacle, on Saturday, July 3, 1937, and his body was shipped by train to Shelley, Idaho, where it was buried the following day. Throughout his life, John III had sacrificed much to fulfill the promise he made to his dying father, to help his family become strong and unified. John III's death actually served that purpose as well. Most of his siblings and their families gathered together at John III's funeral. It was a family reunion of sorts and at that time his siblings determined to hold a Butler family reunion each year. Those reunions continued for the better part of four decades and served to make the extended Butler family strong and unified. I imagine John III was very pleased that his death had such an effect!



Left: Bertha and John III at Eden, Idaho on May 30, 1937 a month before his death.



Right: John III and Bertha as a young married couple in December of 1901.

Francetty

John and Nancy Franzetta’s first daughter, Francetty, was born on April 7, 1876, at Panguitch, Utah. She was the only one of John’s children who never lived on the Camas Prairie or owned property there. Having married John Christensen on July 21, 1898, in the Manti Temple, Zettie was well established in Richfield, Utah, by the time her mother and siblings moved to Idaho.²

Zettie’s husband was 12 years her senior, and at age 34 he was becoming a successful businessman in Richfield, when they were married. In 1887, John had opened his own blacksmith shop, and in 1888, he established a firm called Richfield Hardware Co. From 1891 to 1893, John served a Church mission to Iowa.

After their marriage, John and Zettie moved into a two-room house with a lean-to kitchen in Richfield. They made “a few additions through the years” to this house, which served as their home for many years. Here all eight of their children were born, four sons and four daughters:

	<u>Born</u>			<u>Died</u>	
Erma	14 May 1899	Richfield, Utah		7 Dec 1982	Salt Lake City, UT
Omar John	8 Nov 1901	Richfield, Utah		16 Jul 1997	Lancaster, Calif.
Don Butler	6 Mar 1904	Richfield, Utah		7 Apr 1904	Richfield, Utah
Arlo L.	10 Jul 1905	Richfield, Utah		27 Dec 1988	Granada Hills, CA
Dan Smith	14 Jul 1908	Richfield, Utah		31 Jul 2003	Richfield, Utah
Beth	12 Sep 1910	Richfield, Utah		19 Nov 1997	Salt Lake City, UT
Laurel	22 Dec 1912	Richfield, Utah		24 Mar 2006	Bountiful, Utah
Mae	28 Dec 1914	Richfield, Utah			

In 1904, John constructed a new building for his hardware store and renamed his business, John Christensen Company, “the first hardware store in Southern Utah,” according to Zettie. She remembered “how John put his thumbs under his arms and told me, ‘I am a business man now!’” Several members of John’s family, including some of his sons, worked with the business, which was enlarged several times over the years. It became known as Christensen Hardware and was a prominent business in Richfield for over 60 years.

From 1904 to 1906, John served another Church mission, this time to the Northern States, which was quite a sacrifice for Zettie and her young children. Upon his return, John became a significant business, community, and Church leader in Richfield. Besides the hardware store, John served as President of the First State Bank of Sevier, owned a 160-acre ranch southeast of Richfield, and he and Zettie acquired the “Anona.” The Anona was a recreation hall in Richfield, where people from the community came to dance. They later donated it to the Sevier Stake of the Church.

John and Zettie gained reputations in the community, and especially among members of their family, for being very charitable. Numerous stories among the extended Butler clan recount instances of unexpected kindness and gifts extended from John and Zettie. They were dearly loved by all. “Tramps” often came to Zettie’s house, and she “never turned any of them away without food. They were not ‘tramps’ to her but someone’s sons.” Zettie’s children also noticed that “the Indians must have marked mother’s house as a good place for a handout. She had great compassion for them.”



Francetty Butler – about age 18

Zettie was known as an excellent homemaker and seamstress. She was also very active in the LDS Church. At the end of her long life, she reflected, "I have a strong testimony of the gospel and during my married life worked faithfully in the Relief Society and contributed willingly to all organizations. I have accomplished much temple work for the dead." John served as the Second Counselor in the Sevier Stake Presidency during the last 19 years of his life. Because of that, Zettie noted that she was "privileged to entertain many apostles and general authorities in our home."

In 1915, they built a nice new brick home and moved into it that fall. They also built a cabin at Fish Lake and "had many happy times there," Zettie remembered. She added, "John and I loved to fish and since there were no boat motors at that time, someone

had to do the heavy work, so the children rowed while we fished." Her daughter, Laurel, related that she had as much fun rowing as her mother did fishing, because Zettie "had a very soft voice and every time she snagged a fish she would give a dainty little squeal!"

John played a major role in the building of a new tabernacle in Richfield, which still stands today. He was chairman of the building committee and spent many hours on the project. Unfortunately, he died of cancer on June 15, 1930, before the building was ready for dedication. Nevertheless, the community saw that it was only fitting to hold his funeral service in the nearly completed building, the first funeral ever held there.

For 29 years Zettie lived as a widow. During her last illness, she talked about "John" often and wondered if he had forgotten her, "it has been such a long time." On September 27, 1959, she died peacefully in her sleep at age 83. Many beautiful tributes were paid to her at the funeral service. She was dearly loved by her family and friends for her many fine qualities, her beautiful spirit, and for being a loving and kind mother.



Francetty at about age 75



The John & Francetty Christensen family

Back: Dan Smith, Omar John, John, Arlo, Erma. Front: Mae, Laurel, Francetty, Beth

Sarah

John and Nancy Franzetta's third child, Sarah, or Sadie as she was known by her siblings, was born on February 2, 1878, at Panguitch, Utah. She was the first of John's children to get married. On January 12, 1898, Sadie married Gomer Morgan Richards, in the Salt Lake Temple. Gomer was part of a prominent family from Parowan, Utah, and John and Nancy had known Gomer's parents since their early pioneer days in Southern Utah. Gomer and Sadie settled in Salt Lake City, which would be home to them for the rest of their lives.³

Sadie also gave birth to John and Ettie's first grandchild, a girl named Winona, who was born about a month after John's death. Eventually, Sadie and Gomer had seven children, four sons and three daughters:

	<u>Born</u>		<u>Died</u>	
Winona	7 Feb 1899	Salt Lake City, UT	19 May 1959	Salt Lake City, UT
Karl Morgan	22 Dec 1900	Salt Lake City, UT	28 Mar 1980	Provo, Utah
Reed Horace	22 Mar 1904	Salt Lake City, UT	11 Nov 1984	Salt Lake City, UT
Dorothy	10 Feb 1906	Salt Lake City, UT	22 Jul 1991	Potomac, Maryland
Russell Lowe	3 Sep 1908	Salt Lake City, UT	Mar 1986	Potomac, Maryland
John Milton	27 Dec 1910	Salt Lake City, UT	29 Apr 1969	Towson, Maryland
Franzetta	8 Mar 1913	Salt Lake City, UT	1 Jul 1997	Gaithersburg, MD

Shortly after Karl's birth, Gomer was called on a mission to Pennsylvania. During his absence, Sadie and her two little children, Winona and Karl, lived part of the time with Gomer's parents in Parowan, Utah.

"I think we had a very close family," noted Sadie's son, Karl, reflecting on his childhood and youth. He added, "there was a good deal of family togetherness and very close loyalty in the family. Family prayer was a daily habit and blessings on the food. My mother was extremely close to the children. I think she used emotion a little bit. I recall that she would tell stories that would really arouse my emotions."

"People thought we were rich," remembered Karl, because "we had a car when no one else had a car" and fresh fruit in the wintertime. Some of Karl's "friends thought that was evidence of great wealth." But in reality, Gomer "was a promoter and as a result we generally didn't have very much money," reflected Karl. "We found when he died that he had made quite a lot of money in his life, but it had all gone back into other investments," remembered Karl, adding, "he promoted everything. . . a lot of mining" and "land development."

One of the things Gomer promoted was the irrigation and property development projects on Camas Prairie. He acquired property there, along with the other Butler relations. Although he never moved his family to Idaho, they did make regular trips there. Karl remembered, "Starting at age five, I went to Idaho every summer and lived with my Grandmother Butler and my uncles and aunts up there." Financially, Gomer's development efforts on Camas Prairie were a failure, however, as Karl noted, "I think the summer trips in Idaho had a great influence on my life."

As mentioned earlier, the Richards' trips to Camas Prairie caused quite a sensation because of their car.



Sarah (Sadie) Butler at age 2

They “had one of the very first automobiles in Utah,” according to Sadie’s daughter, Dorothy Richards Pusey. Dorothy portrayed her father as “the ultimate tinkerer,” taking the car apart and putting it back together again, at times with “parts left over.” Dorothy reminisced about their family automobile adventures, in particular their trips to visit relatives in Richfield, about 160 miles south of Salt Lake City. Roads at the time were very primitive, often just trails, and they never made the trip to Richfield without having a flat tire, and often more than one. Repairing a flat was a time consuming process, as Gomer had to remove the tire from the rim, patch the inner tube, remount the tire and pump it up by hand. “But the kids loved it because they could go exploring or have a picnic while dad repaired the flat.”⁴

Sadie’s husband “was a bit of a dreamer.” Descriptions of his profession included: promoter, prospector, developer, and mining engineer. As such, “the family finances were up and down – it was either feast or famine.”⁵ Sadie’s son, Russell, “disparaged how his father was to his mother, because he was gone so much and left their mother in such straitened circumstances.”⁶

Universally, Sadie was viewed by her children “to be a saint” and “kept the family together.” She was a good homemaker and cook, who “baked bread every day.”⁷ She was also known as being very sensitive and tenderhearted. Many of Sadie’s children noted how spiritual she was. They particularly remembered her as being charitable, as Karl shared:

My mother was unusual in her charity and in her hospitality. At conference time we would have many guests and I was relegated to sleep on the floor somewhere. Relatives would come from all over the place. . . To my mother it didn’t make any difference how many came. She always seemed to improvise. I could never understand how she could do it, because there wasn’t much money. As I said, my father was a promoter . . . I furnished the money for the food. My father was working on the millions.⁸

Perhaps most of all, Sadie’s children remembered her for how much she loved and doted on them. One of her sons remembered that Sadie would often tell him “I adore my children, I adore my children,” as she walked about their home. One day, when this son was about 4 years old, he accidentally locked his mother in the cellar. Coming upstairs he reported to his Aunt Jane, “I *adored* my Mommy in the cellar!”⁹

Their adoring mother, Sadie, passed away on July 4, 1942, in Salt Lake City at the age of 64.



*Sarah (Sadie) Butler Richards
(about 1900)*

Caroline

Caroline was the last of John and Nancy Franzetta’s children to be born at Panguitch, Utah.¹⁰ She was born on December 2, 1880, and married Isaac Erin Thurber on April 7, 1903, in the Salt Lake Temple. They had five children, a daughter followed by four sons:

	<u>Born</u>		<u>Died</u>	
Helen	7 Nov 1904	Richfield, Utah	30 Mar 2004	Upland, Calif.
Waldo Arion	21 Jul 1906	Soldier, Idaho	11 Jan 2004	Boise, Idaho
Rex Gordon	16 Apr 1909	Manard, Idaho	11 Sep 1990	Portland, Oregon
Erin Butler	26 Mar 1911	Manard, Idaho	19 Jul 1948	Long Beach, Calif.
Milton J	23 Feb 1916	Manard, Idaho	19 Sep 2006	Vancouver, WA

As shown above, all of Carrie’s children except for Helen were born on the Camas Prairie, where Carrie and her husband Erin were major players in the development of Manard. However, after four straight years of killing frost that caused their crops to fail, the family decided to move to a more temperate climate. So, in 1916, they traded their Camas Prairie property for a 40-acre farm at Filer, Idaho, 14 miles west of Twin Falls.

However, their stay at Filer only lasted a year, because the entire family contracted influenza. The disease nearly killed Erin, who developed pneumonia and struggled with ill-health much of that year. As a young man, Erin had worked at the infamous Delamar Mine in Nevada. Delamar’s “Dagger Dust,” which had killed much of the workforce there, had severely weakened Erin’s lungs. Fearing another winter’s worth of “bitterly cold Twin Falls winds,” they sold their farm at Filer and bought another 40-acre farm, at Eight Mile near Boise, and moved there in October of 1917.

Erin started a coal distribution business in Boise, in partnership with another former Manard resident, Sam Worthington. In the spring of 1919, Erin and Carrie sold their farm at Eight Mile and moved their family into Boise. They initially lived in a small building at the coal yard, located at 11th and Front Streets. Then that fall they purchased a nice home, at 1610 North 11th Street. They were thrilled with their new home, especially because it was the first time they had electric lights!

Prospects for the “Worthington & Thurber Coal Company” were very promising and after many years of hardship their future was finally looking bright. But then, in the midst of a nationwide influenza epidemic, Carrie’s husband, Erin, contracted the disease in January of 1920. Once again, his weakened lungs developed pneumonia. For two months he struggled with this last illness. A number of miraculous and very spiritual events occurred during this time, that were witnessed by many, including several of Carrie’s Butler and Thurber relations.

Erin’s death left Caroline a 39-year-old widow, with five young children. In addition, Caroline, who suffered ill-health all of her life, developed a tumor and it appeared for a time that she would leave her children as orphans. The tumor turned out to be benign, and after an operation she recovered.

Caroline was never well enough to work outside the home, so her children, ranging from 4 to 15 years of age, took it



Newlyweds Isaac Erin and Caroline Thurber - 1903

upon themselves to support the family. After a very difficult time during the 1920's, that Carrie's children later titled their "Grapes of Wrath Years," the family finally began to prosper during the 1930's, while ironically the rest of the nation, which had enjoyed the "roaring 20's," was slumping in depression.

Carrie was known as a very good housekeeper. She took particular pride in her "Thurber Boys," who she made sure always looked so "spic and span." Neighbors and friends remarked, "you can tell those Thurber boys by the way their shirts look!" Through the difficulty, turmoil, and poverty of the 1920's, the widow Carrie watched her four little boys grow "into a band of tall handsome men."

Carrie was actively involved in family history work. She was a charter member of the Boise Chapter of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, and for many, many years enjoyed their monthly meetings. Throughout her life, Carrie was an active and faithful member of the LDS Church, and involved in many forms of service. She served on the Boise Stake Genealogy committee and for many years as a member of the Stake Relief Society Board. In 1958, the Relief Society paid Carrie a special honor for having served 51 years as a Visiting Teacher. However, in Carrie's view, one of her greatest forms of service was the calling she had to make temple clothes, especially for burial purposes. She did this for many years, and because of the sacred way she viewed the assignment, it brought her great satisfaction.

Once her children were grown, Carrie sold the house she and her husband had purchased shortly before his death, and lived most of the remainder of her life with her daughter Helen. Carrie was a widow for over 49 years. During that time her sons and daughter took care of her and treated her like a queen in every respect. Nevertheless, it had been extremely difficult to be parted so long from the husband she loved and missed so very much. Even after so many years, Carrie still viewed him as "the finest man I ever knew."

Carrie's identity could be most accurately described with the word "Mother." So, fittingly, she passed away on Mother's Day, May 11, 1969, in Boise. This little girl who no one expected to survive, and who suffered ill-health throughout her life, had somehow managed to live over 88 years!



Caroline Butler Thurber with her children in 1917: Erin, Rex, Waldo, Helen, Caroline, and Milton

Horace Calvin

Horace Calvin¹¹ was John and Nancy Franzetta’s first child born after the family’s move north to Sevier County, Utah. He was born on February 6, 1883, at Joseph, Utah.

Horace is one of my favorite heroes in the Butler family. Peaceful, quiet, and unassuming, he continually sacrificed his own well-being and comfort for that of his family. Horace’s name pops up regularly in his younger siblings’ stories, as an older brother who took care of them, looked out for them, and was always very kind to them. As a youth, no one worked harder or more selflessly for his father, trying to save the Butler-Beck Mine, than Horace. And it was 15-year-old Horace, who spent all those winter months alone at the failed mine to support his father’s large family. Again, at Kimberly, Horace set aside his own personal interests while working in the harsh mining environment with his brothers to support his mother and younger siblings. He even spent his own hard earned money to buy them a new home. I could cite many other examples, but in reading this book, you’ve probably already noticed yourself that in almost every story involving Horace, there is an element of his self-sacrifice.

Most remarkable of all is Horace’s tenderhearted nature. His younger brother, K.T., described him as “a kind, soft spoken man, always so appreciative of his loved ones. He never could seem to get enough companionship with friends; he loved people and adored his wife and family – always putting their comfort before his own. To him, Ida was the finest, most capable woman in the whole world.”¹²

In 1903, according to John III, “Horace had formed a partnership” with him and “were both working hard [at the mine in Kimberly] to get themselves and their mother established” on farms in Idaho, a move they both planned to make the following spring.¹³ However, instead of moving himself to Idaho that spring, Horace remained in Utah for three more years. One reason for his delay was the fact that he had a good job running the tramway at the Annie Laurie Mine. Working there provided much needed cash money for the “partnership” to pay for land and equipment in Idaho.

However, perhaps the most important reason why Horace remained in Utah was a girl he met, who as K.T. mentioned, was viewed by Horace as “the finest, most capable woman in the whole world.” On May 16, 1906, Horace married Ida Rebecca Goold in the Salt Lake Temple. The following year, their first child, Ruth, was born on February 23, 1907, at Monroe, Utah. That spring, Horace finally made his move to Camas Prairie, where he joined the rest of the Butler clan. There he homesteaded a farm about two miles southeast of Manard, adjoining a farm claimed in his mother’s name.

Horace and Ida lived on Camas Prairie for about a decade and during that time their family expanded, with three more children. Eventually they would have seven children, two daughters and five sons:

	<u>Born</u>		<u>Died</u>	
Ruth	23 Feb 1907	Monroe, Utah	24 Oct 1990	Provo, Utah
Ray Goold	7 Oct 1908	Manard, Idaho	17 Jun 2000	Idaho Falls, Idaho
Frank Talmage	10 Feb 1912	Manard, Idaho	16 Jul 2009	Shelley, Idaho
Claude	8 May 1917	Manard, Idaho	9 Feb 1937	Rupert, Idaho
Wesley G.	7 Mar 1919	Acequia, Idaho		
Norma	8 Aug 1920	Acequia, Idaho	15 Feb 2005	Provo, Utah
Dale Horace	10 Aug 1927	Acequia, Idaho		

Although Horace’s family grew well on Camas Prairie, raising crops there was very difficult. In 1917, Horace moved his family to Acequia, Idaho (just northeast of Rupert and Burley), along with his brother John III.

At Acequia, Horace purchased 80 acres with a nice big home. Unfortunately, he lost the property when he couldn’t come up with a \$2,000 mortgage payment.

He then moved onto 20 acres north of Acequia. This property included a log home that was originally built in Montana, and had been taken apart and moved to Acequia.

Horace's vocation was mainly farming and he grew red clover seed, hay, grain and potatoes. In addition to his 20 acre home, Horace rented other farmland and then about 1941 purchased another 40 acre farm. In addition to his farming endeavors, Horace also did land leveling for hire. He had a tailboard scraper that used up to 8 horses to pull. Horace would stand on the scraper while the horses pulled it over the land.

Unlike his younger brother, K.T., Horace wasn't into riding horses. His love was workhorses and he knew them well. Horace's son, Dale, told this story that exemplified his father's knowledge of horses, as well as his innate kindness:

A Mr. Radmall lived about 2 miles from Horace. The Radmalls didn't have a car, only two workhorses and one of them came up missing. Radmall walked to Horace's home and asked him to drive him around to see if they could find his horse. They spent several days searching for the horse and stopped at the home of a younger man who was out working in the field with his horses. They walked out to the field and Mr. Radmall began speaking to the fellow. One of the horses in the young man's team immediately perked up his ears and lifted his head. Horace grabbed the horses harness and took it off saying, "Here's your horse!" The horse had strayed to this farm and the man just harnessed it and used it not even trying to find the rightful owner. He even shaved off the long, heavy mane of the horse to change its looks. Horace drove slowly home, while the man led his horse along side the car.

Horace was 75 years old when he passed away on October 10, 1958, at Rupert, Idaho. His son, Dale, characterized Horace as strong willed and persistent, and a hard worker. But most of all, he was "kind and gentle to his wife and children."



Horace in his youth



Ida and Horace Butler

Dennison Lowe

John and Sarah Sariah's first child, Dennison Lowe Butler, was born on April 7, 1883 at Monroe, Utah. As a child, Den received his education in the Monroe schools. On February 18, 1892, he was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.¹⁴ He participated in many of the mining ventures the family was involved with, helping his father with the Butler-Beck Mine, and later working at the mines at Kimberly along with his older half-brothers.

Den moved to Camas Prairie with much of the Butler clan in the early 1900's. He was involved with many of the projects and activities described in chapters 15 and 16. In addition to the construction and farming ventures around Manard, he found employment at Soldier and Hailey.

Den was also one of the many youth who found love on Camas Prairie, and on December 21, 1906, he married Nancy Morgarett Wardrop at Hailey, Idaho. Den was working for the Muldoon Mining Company east of Hailey at the time. Den's bride was from a family well established on the Prairie. Nancy had been born at Soldier 19 years earlier, on December 3, 1887.

On June 28, 1907, Nancy gave birth to Den's first and only child, a daughter they named Alice Marguerite. Unfortunately, within a year of Alice's birth, Den and Nancy's marriage ended in divorce, a "heart-break for both of them."

Alice may have been Den's only child, but she was a good one. She would remain a devoted and loving daughter to Den throughout his life. Alice was raised on the Camas Prairie by her mother and stepfather, John Edwards. After graduating from high school in Fairfield, she attended LDS Business College in Salt Lake City. She married Albert Charles Kelly on July 12, 1929, and made their home in Idaho Falls, where Alice served as Bonneville County Treasurer for 30 years. After her first husband's death, she married Orvel Ward Curtis on January 25, 1962. Alice was an active member of the LDS Church, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, and Rebekah Lodge. She enjoyed writing poetry and short stories, quilting, and family history and genealogy work. She was well known for her quick wit, and as a very kind and loving individual. Alice passed away on February 4, 1997 in Idaho Falls, and four days later was buried in the Fairfield Cemetery.¹⁵

Den remained on the Camas Prairie for a few years after his divorce. He was ordained an Elder in the Melchezidek Priesthood by William F. Rawson on October 1, 1911 at Carey, Idaho.¹⁶ He was endowed in the Salt Lake Temple on November 15, 1911, and on the same day was sealed for time and eternity to his second wife, an immigrant from Australia named Annie Elizabeth Hansen. Unfortunately, that marriage ended in divorce as well, and Annie went back to her old home in Australia.

With the break up of his second marriage, Den moved about frequently, pursuing a variety of vocations.



*Dennison's daughter Alice
as a child (above) and
as an adult (below).*



His sister, Ann, recorded Den's occupations as "a ship builder, miner, undertaker, harness maker and farmer." She also gave us this description of his physical appearance: "Dennison Lowe Butler was 6' 2" tall, 180 lbs., with brown eyes and black hair."¹⁷

Regarding Den's occupations, his daughter Alice wrote: "His work-a-day life was that of a carpenter and cabinet maker. He took great pride in his work and especially miniature furniture for children. He was employed by the union pacific railroad in building the lodge on the rim of the Grand Canyon. It was a beautiful structure in stone mostly, but a mighty fire leveled its beauty. He worked for Uncle Sam in the shipyards at Washington and an accident there almost took his life. He later worked for the government at the Geneva plant near Provo, Utah."

Den was known as a kind, gentle, friendly man. He may not have been tremendously successful financially, but as his daughter described, "most of the dollars he earned rolled away in all directions bringing succor to those in need." She noted that Den "had a great love for his fellowmen and a keen eye where help was desperately needed. He was tolerant of another's failings and sincere in his forgiveness." In particular, Den "had a deep concern and love for his widowed mother and cared for her tenderly, especially in her declining years." He was a dutiful older brother as well, and "his sisters too fell under [his] generous hand."¹⁸

An example of Den's compassion was shown in his marriage to Charlotte Walker on November 22, 1924, at Summit, Utah.¹⁹ They lived in Cedar City, Utah, where Den cared for Charlotte's invalid brother in his home for many, many years. After eighteen years of marriage, Charlotte passed away and Den was left alone once more.

In 1943, Den moved to Sacramento, California and married a lady named Lillian. Here he established a cabinet making business and remodeled an apartment house, finishing six living quarters to rent.

In 1950, Den's health failed him and he found himself "grasped [with] the yoke of pain and suffering." In addition, his wife, Lillian, refused to care for him. Fortunately, a cousin who was a nurse, took him into her home. Hearing of his situation, his daughter Alice invited Den to come to Idaho Falls so she could care for him in her home. But he was only able to travel as far as St. George, Utah, before his heart began giving him serious trouble. He felt it was best to return to California until he was stronger.

The last 18 months of his life, Den lived at San Martin, California, near San Jose. On March 18, 1952, he passed away at a San Jose hospital. Arrangements were made for his body to be returned to Camas Prairie, where he was buried in the Fairfield Cemetery on May 16, 1952. Den left behind his devoted daughter Alice, and two grandchildren, Annette and Roy Kelly.



Dennison Lowe Butler

Mary

John and Sarah Sariah’s second child, their daughter Mary, was born on December 22, 1884, at Richfield, Utah.²⁰ At age 19, Mary married Claybourne Edwin Nelson in the Manti Temple, on September 14, 1904. Together they had four children:

	Born		Died	
Virta Louisa	15 Jul 1905	Kimberly, Utah	March 1906	Madera, Mexico
Pearl Butler	1 Jan 1908	Chuichupa, Mex.	24 Oct 1994	Salt Lake City, UT
Ruby Ellender	4 Aug 1909	Queso, Mexico	18 Aug 1909	Queso, Mexico
Caril Dee	23 Oct 1911	Chuichupa, Mex.	June 1912	Gooding, Idaho

Mary’s young married life was very difficult. Her ill-fated stay in Mexico, Claybourne’s infidelity and desertion of his family there, and Mary’s journey to join her mother at Camas Prairie, Idaho in the spring of 1912, have already been detailed in chapter 17. After all these trials, only one of Mary’s four children with Claybourne survived to adulthood, her daughter Pearl.

In 1913, Mary moved with her mother back to Monroe, Utah, to care for her ailing grandfather, King Benjamin Johnson. A little over a year after his death, Mary met and married a Danish immigrant, Andrew Christian Anderson, in the Manti Temple, on March 5, 1915. Andrew was a widower, almost 30 years older than Mary, but with him she would finally enjoy a happy marriage. The Andersons made their home in Elsinore, where Mary gave birth to four more children, all of whom survived to adulthood:

	Born		Died	
Maurine	28 Nov 1915	Elsinore, Utah	2 Oct 1994	Heber, Utah
Ora Lexey	1 Mar 1917	Elsinore, Utah	9 Nov 2002	Salt Lake City, UT
Grant Butler	27 Mar 1919	Elsinore, Utah	21 Mar 2002	Salt Lake City, UT
Edward Lowe	10 Oct 1923	Elsinore, Utah	2 Apr 1978	Ogden, Utah

Mary described her husband Andrew as a sheep herder and “a rock mason and a good one. Some of his work stands today as evidence of his skill. After we were married he served as a janitor of the church for many years along with his mason work. He was a good worker but could not always find work and as a result we were always poor.” Even though poor, Mary remembered, “we were very happy.”

After Grant’s birth in 1919, the family moved to St George, Utah, where they lived close to Mary’s mother, Sarah. Here Andrew worked for Mary’s new stepfather, Edwin Myers. A few years later, they moved about 30 miles east to Springdale, Utah, on the southern edge of what is now Zion National Park.

Things became very difficult in Springdale, as Andrew could not find work and the family “became very destitute.” Andrew finally found a job doing masonry work on the school house in Orderville, over the mountains east of Springdale. While her husband was away, the situation for Mary and her children was becoming harsh, as she related: “For a week my children and I lived on melons. The children had a little milk. It was summer so the children didn’t mind having no shoes. I wrote to Andrew asking him to try to get some advance on his pay as the children would be needing shoes with winter coming. I cried when I received not only some money, but the children’s shoes.”



Mary Butler as a young woman

Before winter, Mary and her children moved to Orderville to join Andrew. They made the journey “over the mountain” with “a donkey to help make the trip over the dangerous narrow path.” After his masonry job was finished, Andrew continued working in Orderville as a janitor of the school house. When summer came, the family moved four miles out of town on a ranch, where they lived in a tent. Finally, as Mary related, “we sold our tent and went back to Elsinore.”

Back in Elsinore, Mary gave birth to Edward Lowe, her last child, on October 10, 1923. Mary recalled: “The girls were delighted with a baby brother. Pearl ran over to the neighbors shouting, ‘It’s a boy! It’s a boy!’”

Mary stated that her family was “happy, even though we weren’t always able to make ends meet.” She described her husband, Andrew, as “a good husband and father. The children will remember our ‘home’ nights when he read the Bible to us and played games with the children. I have enjoyed watching them. We used to have dances in our home and the neighbors would come and enjoy them with us.”

It was a very sad time for Mary and her family when Andrew passed away on February 27, 1938, at the age of 83.

After Andrew’s death, Mary lived at different times with each of her children. She “enjoyed the grandchildren and have given my love and what else I could offer to them all.” At the end of her life, Mary moved to Salt Lake City, which she enjoyed very much, because it was “easy to go to the temple and do work for my kinfolks,” she wrote. She added, “I look forward to the day I can see each of my children sealed there to their loved ones so we can all be together when we join Andrew again some day.”

Mary Butler Anderson passed away to join Andrew on April 17, 1961.



Mary Butler Anderson – 1956



*Andrew Anderson with
a grandchild*



*Mary Butler Anderson with her children: Ora Lexey,
Edward Lowe, Maurine, Grant Butler, Pearl Butler.*

Olive

John and Ettie’s sixth child was their daughter, Olive, born on January 26, 1885, at Richfield, Utah. As a young teenager, after the death of her father, Olive worked doing house cleaning, as a nanny, and as a school teacher at Kimberly, which has been described in chapter 14. During 1904 and 1905 she attended Brigham Young University. In 1906 and early 1907, Olive was living with her sister Sadie in Salt Lake City and this is when she met her future husband, Jesse Loren Smith.²¹

Jesse had been living with his family at McGrath, Canada, but was in Salt Lake City when a mission reunion was held at the Richards home, in February of 1907. Olive’s brother-in-law, Gomer Richards, and Jesse’s father had served together in the Eastern States Mission, and Jesse accompanied his father to the party. It was there Jesse met Olive for the first time. “After a couple of dates,” Jesse’s “mind was made up” and he knew “this was the girl [he] wanted to make [his] wife.” They “dated every night for three weeks” before Olive moved to Camas Prairie, Idaho, that April, and Jesse returned to Canada. “So we had to do all the rest of our courting through the mail,” recalled Jesse.

On January 17, 1908, Jesse and Olive were married for time and eternity in the Salt Lake Temple, by John R. Wider. Together they would have a large family of nine children, seven sons and two daughters:

	Born		Died	
Loren Butler	1 Nov 1908	Imbler, Oregon	8 Jun 1985	West Covina, CA
Horace Butler	26 Dec 1910	Manard, Idaho	19 Mar 1988	La Brea, CA
Norman Butler	17 Oct 1912	Manard, Idaho	10 Nov 2003	San Diego, CA
Gordon Butler	31 May 1914	McGill, Nevada	13 Nov 1975	Las Vegas, Nevada
Frances	5 Jul 1916	McGill, Nevada	15 Jul 2006	Colorado Spgs, CO
Helen	19 Jan 1920	Richfield, Utah		
Eldon Jesse	10 Jul 1922	Rupert, Idaho	5 Dec 2009	Page, Arizona
Wilbert Kay	13 Jun 1927	Rupert, Idaho		
Stanley Walker	19 Jul 1930	Rupert, Idaho	19 Jul 1971	Los Angeles, CA

Olive and Jesse’s first two years of married life were spent in the northeastern corner of Oregon, at Imbler, where Jesse worked with his father and brother “in the contracting business, logging for saw mills and building canals and roads.”

The Smiths then moved to Camas Prairie, Idaho to join Olive’s family in homesteading. Jesse related that their homestead “was a dry farm and we couldn’t make it pay,” so after a few years they sold it and by 1914 had moved to McGill, Nevada. At McGill, Jesse worked for the Nevada Copper Company “as flotation operator, then construction work, then repairs.”

In January of 1920, after about six years at McGill, Jesse decided to move his family to Rupert, Idaho, where he would do contracting work building roads. On their way to Rupert, they stopped at Olive’s sister Zettie’s house in Richfield, Utah. While there Olive gave birth to her sixth child and second daughter, Helen.

At Rupert, Jesse “always wanted to get back to farming,” so in 1928 he bought a farm. But after the financial collapse of 1929, that plunged the nation into the Great Depression, Jesse lost the farm and was forced to rent farms from then on. “I know this was probably one of the lowest points in their lives,” wrote Olive’s daughter Helen, but “their worries weren’t passed on to us. We were always able to play after chores and some of the happiest times of my life were on these farms. Mother was very inventive of games for us to play. . . Mother and Dad were very supportive of each other and seemed happy even through the hard times.”

With World War II, the Smith’s moved to San Diego, California, where Jesse worked in the defense industry. Olive “fell in love with San Diego” and with her children mostly grown and on their own, she had more time for herself and got a job as “The Avon Lady.” “Being a ‘people person,’ she had a wonderful time with that job,” recalled Helen.

Eventually, Jesse lost an eye from one of the machines he worked with, so he bought a little shoe repair shop in Hollywood, California, where he worked until retirement. His oldest son, Loren, was then living in Covina (just east of Los Angeles) and built a small house on his property. Jesse and Olive lived out the rest of their days in that lovely little cottage.

Olive was active and served in the LDS Church throughout her life. She loved family history, as her heritage was very important to her, and she was very endeared to her Butler siblings. She loved to get together with them at the Butler family reunions. Gathering together with her posterity was a joy as well. Fortunately, most of her children had settled in Southern California, so she enjoyed many family celebrations and holidays with numerous grandchildren. "Christmas was always a get-to-gather. Lots of fun," remembered Helen. Olive's grandchildren particularly enjoyed the stories she told. Frances related:

Every Wednesday night was our family night. We would all stay home and enjoy each others' company. And Grandmother would come over and tell us some of the stories of her childhood. We all sat in a circle around her chair and with a twinkle in her eye, she takes us back to the days when the west was young and Indians and Cowboys really did have fights and some men really wore guns.²²

Olive was described "as very loving, good-natured, [with] a great sense of humor," and a "people person." Exemplifying this, Helen shared:

During my high school years, my girl friends used to love to come to our house because they could talk with my mother. She straightened out many misconceptions they had about life that they didn't get at home. As recently as I was in my 70's, I was privileged to have an old friend from high school visit me. She said to me "I just loved your mother."

Jesse passed away on November 21, 1965, and Olive died six years later, on December 31, 1971. Summarizing their lives, daughter Helen stated: "I think, if asked, Olive & Jesse would say their lives, for the most part, were happy & rewarding."



*Jesse Loren and Olive Butler Smith in 1958 with their children
Loren, Horace, Norman, Gordon, Frances, Helen, Eldon, Wilbert, and Stanley*

Jane

Jane, John and Ettie’s seventh child and fifth daughter, was born at Richfield, Utah, on February 22, 1888. This book is replete with stories from Jane’s childhood and youth, as she was a great storyteller and in later life wrote considerably.

During the Butlers’ Camas Prairie years, Jane worked in a variety of occupations, including cook, nurse, and clerk at the Manard Mercantile store. She also served in several Church positions and was actively involved in most of the major developments described in chapters 15 and 16, during Manard’s first decade. During that same period, Jane also lived at times in Salt Lake City with her sister Sadie, and in Richfield with her sister Zettie. On March 6, 1918, Jane married Elmer Nielson, in her brother Horace’s home at Acequia, Idaho. The ceremony was performed by Bishop John Anderson. Jane had known Elmer for many years. The Nielsons were friends of the Butlers from Elsinore, Utah, and Elmer’s family had moved to Camas Prairie in 1908, when he was 17 years old.²³

Elmer and Jane began their life together living on the Nielson family homestead, on Camas Prairie. Here they began a family that would eventually consist of four daughters:

	<u>Born</u>		<u>Died</u>	
Elma Jean	3 Mar 1920	Fairfield, Idaho	25 Jun 2009	Boise, Idaho
Fae	8 Sep 1921	Manard, Idaho		
Carol	21 Oct 1923	Manard, Idaho		
Donna Mae	10 Mar 1927	Wendell, Idaho	5 Sep 2003	Seattle, WA

Elmer and Jane farmed and ranched on Camas Prairie. In 1920, they also bought some pastureland about 40 miles south, at Wendell. They would spend part of each year there, wintering livestock, while living in a “homestead shack.” At times they lived at nearby Gooding, Idaho, where Elmer had established a home for his mother.

After a few years of renting various farms and ranches, and living in various places on the Camas Prairie and around Wendell and Gooding, Elmer and Jane rented Fir Grove Ranch, in the fall of 1925. Fir Grove was where the Butlers met the Dixons, Sants, and others when John III and K.T. arrived on Camas Prairie. In 1916, the Fir Grove homesteads had been sold to the Rocking H Cattle Company. After a few years, the operation went broke and Elmer was able to rent it from the loan company that had received the property. He would later purchase it.

Fir Grove Ranch consisted of 3,500 acres of land. 1,100 acres was flat and farmable, and the balance was of rougher terrain on the mountain and in the canyons to the south. The backwaters of the Twin Lakes Reservoir were on the lower end of the ranch. They “raised beautiful crops of wheat, alfalfa and barley, all dry land farming,” according to Jane, and “there was a nice stream flowing through the pasture.”

A village once sat on the Fir Grove Ranch property, two decades earlier, which included a post office and a stage stop. Quite a number of buildings were still present on the ranch. There were homes and homestead shacks “scattered over the valley” and even a log school house built by the Dixons and other homesteaders. “There was a large red barn with stalls for horses and stantions for milk cows, also two grain bins and deep hay lofts on two sides,” Jane remembered. But the jewel of Fir Grove Ranch was a fine house, built by the former manager of the Rocking H Cattle Company in 1917. Jane wrote: “The house had nine rooms and a bath. Water was piped from a nearby spring. There was a fireplace in a large living room, a dining room, two bedrooms, a kitchen and bathroom downstairs. An open staircase ascended from the living room to the second story which had four bedrooms and a sleeping porch. There was a half basement with a coal-burning furnace. It had a screened porch to the south of the kitchen and porch on the north of the living room which extended around to the dining room on the west.”

This house would be Elmer and Jane’s for 36 years. The house, and Fir Grove Ranch, would also be a favorite site of many Butler family reunions over the years.

The Nielsons lived at, and operated, Fir Grove Ranch during the summer months, spending the winters at Buhl, Wendell, and other locations, where they would tend their livestock over the winter months. In 1946, with their daughters grown, Elmer and Jane began living in Wendell year round, and their daughter Carol and son-in-law Moe Sagers made Fir Grove their home. Jane shared her family's feelings about the ranch:

As the girls grew older they loved to wander through the hills and canyons at Fir Grove. They helped their dad with the cattle and with the farm work. We were always glad to get back to the ranch in the spring. Their friends loved to spend a few days there too. As I look back I am sure that those years at Fir Grove were the happiest years of our lives. Fir Grove is still very dear to me and to all of the girls.

In addition to Fir Grove, Elmer and Jane owned or operated a number of other ranch properties, including the Lazy A Ranch on Camas Prairie, the Sand Springs Ranch about 9 miles southwest of Wendell, and the Seven U Ranch in Owyhee County, Idaho. All of these were very large ranches and Elmer had thousands of acres of property.

By the late 1950's, Elmer's health was failing him quite badly, so he began the process of selling his properties and cattle interests. In November of 1961, Elmer and Jane sold their beloved Fir Grove Ranch.

In 1963, Elmer Nielson was inducted as a Hall of Fame cattleman by the Southern Idaho Agricultural Association, and a special banquet was held in his honor, on March 16, 1963, at Twin Falls. A year later, on March 15, 1964, Elmer died of heart failure at their Wendell home.

Jane had difficulty adjusting to life without Elmer. She was such a devoted wife and everything she did, she did with him. Her many nieces and nephews were very good to her, writing and calling often. She had several friends in the Wendell area, and her children and grandchildren who lived close tried to include her in their activities, but she was still lonely. When the grandchildren and their friends came home from school she loved to visit with them and hear about their experiences, she always thought young even when her body grew old. She loved to take trips with her family and took a number of them with a camper she owned. Perhaps her favorite trips were to family reunions, and in 1969 she took a very memorable trip back to the Butler-Beck Mine site.

On January 6, 1979, Jane died as a result of a stroke she had suffered three weeks earlier. Her family and friends "all missed her so much, she was such a good woman and such a devoted, kind mother."



*Elmer and Jane Nielson with their four daughters
Fae, Carol, Elma Jean, and Donna Mae (front-center)*



Jane Butler in her youth

Kenion Taylor

John and Ettie’s eighth child, Kenion Taylor, was born on May 10, 1890, at Richfield, Utah.²⁴ Throughout his life, he was called by his middle name Taylor, or simply by his initials, K.T. Among the significant contributions K.T. gave the Butler family are the detailed accounts he wrote of family events in the 1890’s and early 1900’s. Because of this, much of K.T.’s early life has been described in earlier chapters.

K.T. was a major player in the Butlers’ settling of Camas Prairie, the founding of Manard, and the key events that occurred there. K.T. homesteaded and farmed on Camas Prairie, both his own property and at times the property of his siblings. A bachelor for his first 28 years of life, K.T. often found himself camped out on the range, herding cattle or sheep. He also traveled about a lot working various construction jobs. Some of these included the contract he had building railroad grade through what became Fairfield, described earlier, working at the Milner Dam irrigation project near Twin Falls, and helping build the New York Canal in the Boise Valley.

In early 1918, Thelma Peterson, from Fillmore, Utah, came to the Camas Prairie to visit her sister. K.T. met Thelma at a dance and for him “it was love at first sight.” The two corresponded throughout that spring, until they were married on June 5, 1918, in the Salt Lake Temple.

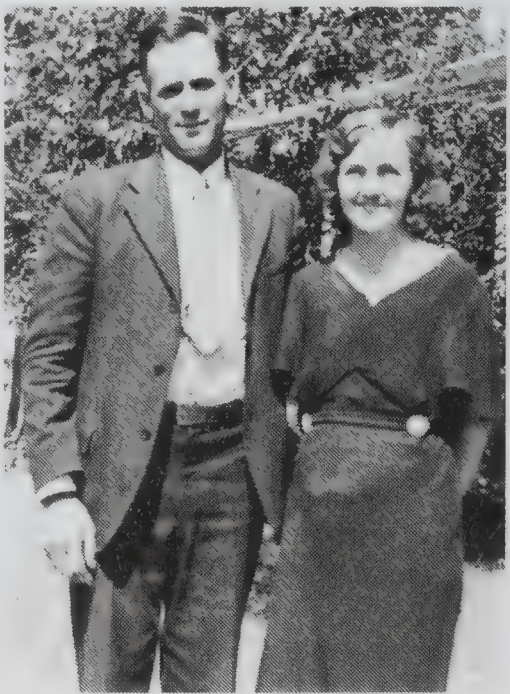
K.T. and Thelma began their life together in a two-story house just east of present-day Highway 46 on Camas Prairie, but unlike K.T., Thelma was not a pioneer at heart. She was “a dainty little blonde” from a well-established city, and living with no phones, no electricity, no running water, no snowplows, and no close neighbors was not very enchanting for her. So they soon moved south to Gooding, where they farmed south of town. Here their first three children were born. They would eventually have six children, two daughters and four sons:

	Born		Died	
Cleona	14 Jan 1920	Gooding, Idaho		
K. Dwain	19 Mar 1921	Gooding, Idaho	11 Dec 1999	Gooding, Idaho
Nayoma	20 Aug 1922	Gooding, Idaho		
Dale T.	17 Mar 1926	Chinook, Montana		
Horace Milton	13 Jun 1930	Chinook, Montana	25 Apr 2003	Phoenix, Arizona
Larry Gayle	7 May 1936	Chinook, Montana	29 May 2008	Spokane, WA

In December of 1924, K.T. moved his family to a ranch near Chinook, in north-central Montana, just south of the Canadian border. Here they raised cattle and sheep for 13 years, and Thelma gave birth to three more sons.

In 1937, the hardships of the Great Depression finally drove them from the ranch, and the Butlers returned to Gooding, this time settling on a farm north of town. K.T. also bought the Soldier Creek Ranch, on Camas Prairie, to use as summer pasture. That ranch “looked like heaven,” to K.T., “with green meadows, orchards, and hay fields.” It was a piece of property he had dreamed of owning since he first came to Idaho as a boy.

K.T. was a tremendous horseman even into his old age. He was still “gentling horses,” not “breaking” them, in his 80’s. He was still “riding with the posse when most men prefer a chair by the fire,” a newspaper reported. He loved to pack into wilderness areas to hunt and fish with family and friends. As his nephew, Ross Butler, put it, “He is really and truly one of the last great horsemen and westerners.”



K.T. & Thelma Butler as a young married couple

As a youth, K.T. frequently participated in rodeos, and throughout most of his life he rode in parades and other events. He often performed amazing feats on horseback. His sister, Zettie, remembered once when K.T. was offered \$5 to do something particularly dangerous on a horse. Naturally, K.T. took up the dare, but when Zettie heard of it, she came running “across the fields waving a \$5 bill and calling out that [she’d] pay him \$5” not to.²⁵ As a young girl, K.T.’s niece, Helen, remembered seeing him “reach down and pick up his hat from off the ground” as he sped by in the middle of a horse race. All were amazed at the feat, which “was wonderful to see,” Helen remembered. Over the years, many of his extended family witnessed tall and lanky K.T. perform the trick of snatching a hat off the ground while riding.

Another attribute for which K.T. was widely known was his art of story telling. His niece Helen related: “I always loved him. I loved his visits, and the stories of the past he could tell so excitedly, and thrillingly – and they were true stories of the past.” A newspaper wrote: “His storytelling was a trademark. He had participated in life while others only read or dreamed.”

K.T. was a respected community figure wherever he lived. He was a civic leader and “an influential man on commissions and boards.” He was also an active and faithful member of the LDS Church throughout his life, and served in a number of leadership positions. He was described as “honorable, handsome, caring, honest, proud, hard working, and strong,” and most of all exemplified the word “integrity.”

Just shy of his 92nd birthday, K.T. passed away at Gooding, Idaho, on April 26, 1982, leaving his lovely wife of 64 years a widow. Thelma would join him once more, a decade later, when she passed away at Gooding on April 10, 1992.



*K.T. & Thelma Butler
50th Wedding Anniversary*



The Kenion Taylor and Thelma Butler Family – about 1943

Front—Larry, K.T., Thelma, Horace Milton. Back—Cleona, Dwain, Dale, Nayoma.

Ann

Ann Butler was born on June 6, 1891, at Monroe, Utah. She was John and Sarah Sariah's fifth child and fourth daughter, although only she, her older brother Den, and older sister Mary would live to adulthood. Ann was baptized by Parley Magable, July 2, 1899, and confirmed a member of the Church the same day by Heber Magable.²⁶ As Sarah's youngest surviving child, Ann was close to her mother's side and a great support to her, during the difficult years following her father's death. Ann accompanied Sarah to the mining town of Kimberly, Utah, and on her aborted trip to Mexico with the Nelsons (see chapters 14 and 17). Ann went with Sarah to Camas Prairie, Idaho, arriving at Manard on June 9, 1910.²⁷

At Manard, Ann, now 19, was romanced by the 30-year-old, William Adams Richards. Ann was familiar with the Richards family, who were early settlers of the Parowan, Utah area, along with Ann's parents. In addition, Will was already connected to Ann's family. His older brother, Gomer, had married Ann's half-sister, Sadie, twelve years earlier. Will had been involved in the early pioneering efforts at Manard, having come to Camas Prairie in 1904 and filed a homestead claim in 1905.²⁸

Ann and Will were married on December 12, 1910, at Twin Falls, Idaho. For the next 18 years, their home was at Manard, Idaho, where Will farmed and worked as a sheep shearer.²⁹ A year after their marriage, Ann gave birth to their first child, a daughter they named Marjorie LaRue, on December 14, 1911, at Manard. Unfortunately, the baby died that same day.

Four and a half years later, while visiting family in Utah, Ann gave birth to her second daughter, Ruth, on May 28, 1916, at Milford, Utah. After another four year wait, Will and Ann's third and last daughter, Naomi, was born on April 9, 1920, at Manard.

Ann's daughters attended grade school at the Springdale School, on the east side of Camas Prairie. Ann suffered ill health throughout much of her life, due to a heart condition. They determined that the high altitude and extreme winters on Camas Prairie were taking their toll on Ann, so in 1928 they moved south to Gooding, Idaho.³⁰ Here Ruth and Naomi would finish grade school and graduate from high school. Gooding would be home to Ann and Will for the remainder of their lives.

Ann was 5' 7" tall, and had brown eyes and black hair like her mother, Sarah.³¹ Even though Ann suffered such poor health, it was actually her husband Will who passed away first, on July 29, 1944, at Gooding.³² For the next nine years Ann would remain a widow.

Ann's oldest living daughter, Ruth, became a certified public accountant and worked for an accounting firm in Ontario, Oregon. She also worked for her cousin, Ross Butler (John III's son), at his G&B Furniture business in Ontario. The two became close friends and their relationship helped solidify ties between Ettie's descendants and Sarah Sariah's. Ruth married James Edward Aldrich, but that ended in divorce, and Ruth had no children. She would pass away on June 9, 1999, at Astoria, Oregon.³³

Ann's youngest daughter, Naomi, graduated from Boise Junior College in 1942. She married Russell Henry Eller on March 18, 1942, just before he shipped out with the Army to fight in World War II. Through Naomi and Russell, Ann would have four grandchildren: Russell Richards, Effie Ann, Ruth Marie, and William Alfred.³⁴



Ann Butler in her youth

Ann was a faithful member of the LDS Church and was known for her spiritual insight and faith. As her daughter, Naomi Richards Eller wrote, Ann “was very close to the Savior and had a very strong testimony of His mission on earth.” Naomi related that her mother “was also gifted with a spiritual insight of future events” and that during her life Ann had witnessed a number of spiritual manifestations. In a Christmas letter to her children and grandchildren in 2004, Naomi recounted a number of these. One involved Ann’s father, John Lowe Butler II:

Because of ill health during [Ann’s] life, she came close to death three different times, but she chose to return to her body so that she could benefit her family. The first time, she had been married only a short time. Her father, John Lowe Butler II, [who] had died when she was nine years old, came back to her and told her that she could return to heaven with him at that time. Ann then asked her father what would happen to her husband, Will. She was told that Will would leave the church if she left at that time. She returned to her body to help Will. My mother chose to return to her life on earth. The result of this was that my father, Will Adams Richards, became strong in his testimony and remained strong for the rest of his life. Another time that she was at death’s door was when I was about seven years old. The messenger told her at this time that her family again needed her so she returned again to help her family. The third time she was told that her husband Will, would need her help during a long illness. Even though she suffered many illnesses and poor health she chose to remain on earth to help her family.³⁵

While staying with her daughter, Ruth, at Ontario, Oregon, Ann died of heart failure at the age of 64, on December 12, 1953. Naomi wrote that when they found that Ann had passed away, they noticed “she was laid out as if someone beyond the veil had come to take her home.”³⁶ Four days later she was buried by her husband in the Gooding Cemetery.³⁷



*Left: The Richards Family – Will and Ann Richards with daughters Ruth and Naomi.
Right: William Adams and Ann Butler Richards as newlyweds.*

Eva

John and Ettie's ninth child and sixth daughter, Eva, was born on December 9, 1892, at Richfield, Utah. As the youngest daughter in such a large family, Eva enjoyed a lot of affection and kindness growing up, even though the family's circumstances were very difficult financially. She was born at the beginning of the Butler-Beck Mine years, and in her childhood endured the difficulties attending its failure.³⁸

Eva attended grade school in Richfield during her early childhood. At age 12, she moved to Camas Prairie with her mother, in September of 1905. At Camas Prairie, Eva attended school at the old Manard School and helped cook for the men working on the various community projects underway at the time. Throughout her life, Eva was always a faithful member of the LDS Church. In 1906, at age 13, she was called to serve as secretary of the Sunday School and two years later, as secretary to the Primary.

As mentioned in chapter 16, the youth on Camas Prairie did numerous social activities together, and Eva was involved in many of them. Eva was a very beautiful girl. Her older brother, Horace, "vowed Eva was the most attractive young lady." Aub Dalton, who moved to Camas Prairie as a young boy, viewed Eva as "the most beautiful girl he had ever seen." Her older sister, Jane recalled, "When [Eva] came to Idaho she was a beautiful girl, and was admired by all for her charm and gracious dignity." Ettie raised Eva as a cultured and refined young lady, "a lovely sweet-tempered girl." Some would consider her "timid," but in reality she would be better described as reserved and unassuming. However, on at least one occasion she threw her reserved nature out the proverbial window, as Jane shared:

I remember Eva crossing the river (Malad) on old Bess when the water came clear up to John's fence. Bess plugged along in the water (about a foot deep) and decided to lay down and roll over! Old Bess beat Eva home and when she got there mother had a hard time to keep her from using the axe on old Bess' head. John (our eldest brother) was a tease, so he pled with her "Please don't kill my horse!"

Eva "was always liked by people wherever she was," and as a "very popular" girl, she had dates with several young men on Camas Prairie. But as time went on she became more and more attached to Bailey Dixon. Most in Manard shared Elva Labrum's view, who remembered, "how Eva and Bailey were such a good looking couple, how they were so nice to each other, and they were really in love." Summarizing his courtship with Eva, Bailey later recorded, "These years at Manard were the happiest years of my life."

Eva's mother, Ettie, liked Bailey and approved of their romance. Sadly, when Eva was 20 years old, her mother died shortly before her marriage. Eva missed her mother very much, but her sorrow was mitigated some as she prepared for her wedding and the happiness she felt with Bailey.

Bailey Albert Dixon and Eva Butler were married on July 2, 1913 in the Logan Temple. After returning to Manard, Bailey's friends planned to play a traditional joke on the newlyweds. But, with help from Eva's little brother, Lee Tom, they instead turned the joke on them, as Jane shared:

Bailey had gone to Fir Grove or someplace, and a gang down by the river planned to chivaree [interrupt the newlyweds at night with noise and sometimes carrying off the groom] them, so they sent Lee up to see if Bailey was back home. He was not back, so Lee took a bed roll and cached it out in the



Eva Butler as a young woman

wheat field, then gave a signal to the boys that all was well, then he (Lee) disappeared into the field. We had the old folding bed in the front room. We took it down and Eva and I put a pair of Bailey’s pants across a chair, also one of Eva’s dresses, then climbed in bed fully dressed and covered up tight. Soon we heard noises outside, so covered up our heads. Soon the door flew open and a bunch of boys burst in calling for Bailey to come with them. We stayed under the covers as long as we would—when they finally pulled the covers off and we got up fully dressed. They were so disappointed and at once started looking for Lee [the one who had set them up]. They searched for a long time, but finally gave up. Lee was peacefully sleeping out in the field.

Bailey’s mother, Susan Dixon, had a house in the center of Manard (see townsite map in chapter 15) that was set up as a duplex. Bailey and Eva began their married life living in part of her house. They later moved to a farm near Manard with a two room house. Here their first son, Wallace Bailey, was born on May 30, 1914. Eva and Bailey would eventually have a total of three sons:

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
Wallace Bailey	30 May 1914 Manard, Idaho	22 Nov 1930 Nampa, Idaho
LaMar Albert	23 Jan 1918 Salt Lake City, UT	7 Jan 1997 Boise, Idaho
Keith Howard	24 Sep 1924 Rupert, Idaho	

Eva “was so happy preparing for her first born,” but sadly due to difficulties at birth, little Wallace became totally dependent on his parents until his death at age 16. Eva loved Wallace dearly and spent much time caring for him, but the effort took a toll on her physically and emotionally. Bailey wrote, “Wallace became quite a chore for her. He had to be lifted, carried and fed. We had him in the hospital for a while too.”

In an effort to obtain medical aid for Wallace, Eva and Bailey spent the winter of 1917-18 in Salt Lake City, where Bailey “bucked freight for the railroad to make a living.” While in Salt Lake, their second son, LaMar, was born on January 23, 1918.

After that winter, they returned to Camas Prairie. In 1923 they moved to Rupert, which would be home for the remainder of Eva’s life. Eva’s last son, Keith Howard was born at Rupert, on September 24, 1924. Both LaMar and Keith were born healthy and lived long, good lives. Eva was always very proud of them.

Bailey worked farming, sorting potatoes, doing carpentry work, and each spring he sheared sheep. His sheep shearing occupation took him all over the west, as far north as the Canadian border and as far south as St. George, Utah. In the mid-1930’s they also operated a small Armour Creamery and grocery store.

Throughout her life, Eva loved music. As a child she would sit for hours in front of an old secretary desk, pretending it was an organ, and sing Primary and Sunday School songs. By the time she was an adult she learned to play a real organ and “how she loved to play.” She had an old pedal pump organ that she loved.

The last several years of her life Eva suffered poor health. She developed a goiter in her neck, which gave her much trouble. Yet through it all, “she did not lose her pride and dignity.” In 1940, Eva had to have an operation for the goiter, so Bailey took her to a hospital at Soda Springs, Idaho. “She went through the operation fine and was doing well,” according to Bailey, “but three or four days later, she suddenly took a turn for the worse and passed away June 24, 1940.” Four days later, Eva was buried in the Rupert Cemetery beside her beloved son, Wallace.



Bailey Albert & Eva Butler Dixon

Leland Thomas

John and Ettie's last child, Leland Thomas, was born at Richfield, Utah, on May 21, 1897. Known as Lee Tom, or simply Lee, by his siblings, he was not quite two years old when his father died. The story of his childhood was presented in chapters 13 and 14. At age 8, Lee moved to the Camas Prairie, in September of 1905, with his mother. There he watched the various projects and events pertaining to the founding of Manard (described in chapters 15 and 16) unfold, attended school in the old school house there, and helped with the farm work. The death of Ettie, in 1913, affected Lee deeply, perhaps more than any of his siblings. He had been very close to his mother and was only 16 when she passed away suddenly.³⁹

After his mother's death, Lee moved to Richfield, Utah, where he lived with his sister Zettie for two years and attended high school. In 1915, Lee returned to the Camas Prairie, where the three Butlers still unmarried, Jane, K.T., and Lee lived together. Although Lee enjoyed machinery, he "did not like horses, nor farming," like his older brother K.T., so he decided to leave the farm. In 1918, both K.T. and Jane got married, which hastened that decision, and as Lee put it, "I was left a lone man in a dreary world."

Lee went to Pasco, Washington, where he was employed in the railroad roundhouse, working on engines and boxcars. He was soon promoted to handling parts and inventory, and as an inspector. His nephew, Grant Butler, the son of John III and only five years younger than Lee, soon joined him in Pasco, as did a good friend, Bry Black. The three of them "had many enjoyable experiences together." While in Pasco, Lee fell in love with a girl from Spokane (140 miles to the northeast), and he had even bought her a ring, but found out "she was two timing me," Lee recalled. "This was a hard pill to swallow," and Lee, already 29 years old, would remain a bachelor for another 17 years.

In 1926, Lee went to Wyoming and worked at an oil refinery. A year or so later, Lee's nephew, Waldo Thurber, contacted him and offered Lee a job, working for Boise Wholesale Drygoods Company, where Waldo served as an accountant. So Lee moved to his sister Carrie's home in Boise. Carrie had been a widow for about a decade by then, so Lee was a welcome addition to the household. His Thurber niece and nephews enjoyed being around their fun loving uncle, who wasn't much older than them. His initial job was stocking, shipping, and inventory, but as Lee related, "soon they gave me a big car to drive and sent me out in the field as a salesman," for the 25 stores they serviced in Idaho and Oregon. "This was a big challenge for me, but I enjoyed it, and succeeded at it very well," remembered Lee.

Boise remained Lee's home, until he was drafted into the Army in 1942 at the beginning of World War II. At age 45, Lee was too old to see combat, and with his work experience became a supply sergeant, stationed at Santa Barbara, California. It was here that Lee's long years as a bachelor came to an end. Before leaving Boise, he had met and fallen in love with Helen Camille Phelps (known as Camille). He wrote to her, inviting her



*Above - Lee as a young man
Below - Lee as a salesman in
Boise*



to come to California and the two were married in Santa Barbara on Lee's 46th birthday, March 21, 1943.⁴⁰

Camille had been married previously and already had a little girl, so when Lee married her, he not only gained a wife, he gained a daughter. Lee would never have any children of his own, but Patricia, or Patty as he always called her, "became like my real daughter," Lee wrote.

With Lee's release from service after the War, he became involved in the care of mental patients at a Santa Barbara facility. He "seemed to have a knack at helping these unfortunate persons." The doctors recognized this and sent him to school to gain additional training. Eventually, he was relocated to an institution in Stockton, California. He would work at the State Mental Hospital for 20 years, until he "was forced to retire," as Lee put it, at age 70.

Stockton would remain home to Lee for the remainder of his life. Upon initially moving there, they had a lovely two bedroom home, but the yard was too big to care for as Lee aged. So they bought a smaller, one bedroom home at 1008 N. San Jose Street, where Lee would live out the remainder of his days.

Lee was known for being extremely charitable and generous. Numerous stories abound, among the extended Butler family, which recount Lee giving significant financial aid when needed with no expectation of anything in return. Lee simply loved to help his family, and giving was a joy to him.

Lee was also a gifted dancer, and loved to dance. Even though a bachelor throughout the first half of his life, Lee was very active socially.

As has already been shown with several stories earlier in this book, Lee was perhaps best known for his sense of humor and the ability to make people laugh. His nephew,



Lee in the Army during the 1940's.



Leland Thomas & Helen Camille Butler – January 5, 1972

Ross Butler, added: “Through the years, the Butler family would have reunions, and whenever Lee attended he always did something to make people laugh. Everybody loved their Uncle Lee!”⁴¹ Sadly, in later life, Lee confided that his jokes were often a means of masking the loneliness he felt inside. As a bachelor for so many years, it had sometimes been difficult for him to see his happily married siblings.

Lee had a particularly close relationship with Ross Butler, whom he referred to as his “favorite nephew.” Ross was particularly mindful of Uncle Lee in his old age and corresponded with and visited him often. By 1988, Lee’s health was failing, but as Ross noted, “Aunt Camille took such good care of him.”⁴²

Lee passed away at the age of 92, on May 22, 1989 at Stockton, California. He was the last of John’s children to leave mortality. Written a few years before his death, Lee closed his autobiography with a special tribute and blessing to the descendants of John Lowe Butler II. It seems fitting to close this book with Lee’s words:

I do love all of my nieces and nephews and their families, and I am proud of their accomplishments. I am proud of my heritage and the name of Butler. May the Lord bless you one and all.



Notes

Digital Reference Materials

Many sources of information were utilized as research material for this book. Many of these were typescript or manuscript autobiographies, journals, histories, genealogical works, etc., written by various Butler descendants and others. I have digitally preserved as many of these as have come into my possession, and in an effort to make these available to the extended Butler family, as well as interested historians, I have provided them on the CD accompanying this book.

On this same CD I have also included as many published books, articles, etc., used as sources of reference in the writing of this book, as permission was granted by their respective authors, or as copyright laws would allow regarding works considered to be now public domain. I have done this to provide a comprehensive library of information relating to the John Lowe Butler II family and allow interested historians the ability to easily delve more deeply into these sources, as well as see first hand from what sources I drew my conclusions.

Therefore, in the reference notes that follow, if a digital version of any source cited is included on the accompanying CD, a filename will be identified along with the first occurrence of the cited work. Each digital work so cited will include at least a PDF version (.pdf), and many are included in Microsoft Word (.doc) and plain text (.txt) versions as well.

If a digital version of a reference source is provided on the CD, all page numbers referenced in the following notes are in accordance with that digital version.

Chapter One The End and The Beginning

¹ *Doctrine and Covenants*, section 135 verse 3.

² *Pearl of Great Price*, “Joseph Smith – History,” page 52, verse 33.

³ William G. Hartley’s very fine book, *My Best For The Kingdom, History and Autobiography of John Lowe Butler, A Mormon Frontiersman*, for comprehensive information regarding the life of John Lowe Butler. This book is the source for much of the information in the brief sketch of John and Caroline Butler that follows. Filename: “MyBestForTheKingdom.”

⁴ “Autobiography of John Lowe Butler,” as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 388.

⁵ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 15; Olive Butler Smith, Plot of Death for John Lowe Butler I, page 1. Filename:

“Butler_CarolineFarozoneSkeen-Plot of Death for JLB I-by Olive Butler Smith 1967.”

⁶ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 25.

⁷ “Autobiography of John Lowe Butler,” as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 386.

⁸ Joseph Fielding Smith, *Essentials in Church History*, page 216.

⁹ “Autobiography of John Lowe Butler,” as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 389.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, page 390.

¹¹ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 56.

¹² “Autobiography of John Lowe Butler,” as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 392.

- ¹³ See William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 86, and Olive Butler Smith, *Plot of Death for John Lowe Butler I*, pages 2-3.
- ¹⁴ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 399.
- ¹⁵ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 99.
- ¹⁶ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 401.
- ¹⁷ *Ibid.*, pages 401-402.
- ¹⁸ See William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, chapter 11 for in-depth information regarding John Butler's roles as an "Ordained Bodyguard."
- ¹⁹ This story is taken verbatim from page 59 of *Our Heritage*, a book published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1996 and used as part of the Church's Sunday School curriculum. See also *Heart Throbs of the West*, volume 7, page 385. Several versions of the story are also contained in some short biographies of Caroline Butler included on the CD accompanying this book.
- ²⁰ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 120.
- ²¹ *Doctrine and Covenants*, section 20, verse 70.

Chapter Two Out On The Plains

- ¹ See *Doctrine and Covenants*, section 135, verse 1.
- ² See William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 127-132, for a detailed account of John Lowe Butler's involvement in events surrounding the Martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith.
- ³ Joseph Fielding Smith, *Essentials in Church History*, page 374.
- ⁴ *Doctrine and Covenants*, section 135, verse 4. See also "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 406.
- ⁵ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 406.
- ⁶ *Ibid.*
- ⁷ *Ibid.*, page 407
- ⁸ *Ibid.*
- ⁹ *Ibid.*
- ¹⁰ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 142.
- ¹¹ Lydia Duffin, *History of Charity Artemesia Butler*, page 10.
- ¹² "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 417.
- ¹³ Statement made in personal conversations with the author.
- ¹⁴ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 407.
- ¹⁵ *History of Johnson County, Iowa*, page 528.
- ¹⁶ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 151.
- ¹⁷ *Ibid.*, page 153
- ¹⁸ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 407.
- ¹⁹ *History of Johnson County, Iowa*, pages 527-528.
- ²⁰ *History of Johnson County, Iowa*, page 529. While otherwise accurate, the author of this account mistakenly confused John Butler's name with that of "Porter." This I corrected in brackets.
- ²¹ This story and the quotations therein are from a letter Lyman Hinman (one of John Butler's fellow "prisoners") wrote on June 27, 1847. The quotations cited are found in *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 161.
- ²² "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 408.
- ²³ *History of Johnson County, Iowa*, page 529.
- ²⁴ *Ibid.*

²⁵ The author derived most of the sugar making story from the typescript, "Incident In My Father's Life When Crossing The Plains" by Olive Butler Smith. Filename:

"Butler_CarolineFarozineSkeen-Sugar Making Story-by Olive Butler Smith 1967.pdf"

Virtually all of the histories of Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler written by descendants of her children contain versions of this story. Several of those histories are also included in electronic form on the CD accompanying this book. Also see Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 8-9 and William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 154.

²⁶ Olive Butler Smith's account states they "stopped at a grove of sugar cane." However, all other accounts state that they made the sugar from "maple trees" which coincides with local geography and history.

²⁷ Olive Butler Smith's account continually refers to Caroline's "two" deaf sisters, however, while Caroline did have three deaf sisters, only one of them had joined the Church and come west, and that was Charity.

²⁸ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 8-9. Filename:

"Butler_JohnLowell-Life and Times of-by Helen Thurber Dalton."

²⁹ Ibid.

³⁰ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 154, 161-162.

³¹ Ibid., pages 163-164

³² "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 408.

³³ In the Autobiography of John Lowe Butler, this man's name is always spelled "Breyner," whereas other accounts use the name "Brewyer." William Hartley in *My Best For The Kingdom* uses the name Brewyer and notes that one historian believed that this Brewyer was actually Theophile Bruquiere, as noted in "Reminiscences of James Holt," edited by Dale Morgan, *Utah Historical Quarterly - Year 1955*, page 30, note 62.

³⁴ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 168.

³⁵ "James Emmett Hearing, August 4, 1845" in *History of the Church*, volume 7, pages 433-434.

³⁶ Dale Morgan, "Reminiscences of James Holt," *Utah Historical Quarterly - Year 1955*, page 27.

³⁷ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 408.

³⁸ "Henry G. Sherwood and John S. Fullmer, Statement, Nauvoo Municipal High Council Minutes, September 22, 1845" in *History of the Church*, volume 7, pages 494-498.

³⁹ Ibid.

⁴⁰ Ibid.

⁴¹ Ibid., see also "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 409-412.

⁴² *History of the Church*, volume 7, pages 496-497; William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 171.

⁴³ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 408.

⁴⁴ Ibid., pages 408-409.

⁴⁵ Dale Morgan, "Reminiscences of James Holt," *Utah Historical Quarterly - Year 1955*, page 31.

⁴⁶ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 409.

⁴⁷ Ibid.

⁴⁸ Ibid.

⁴⁹ Ibid.

⁵⁰ *History of the Church*, volume 7, pages 496-497; William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 173.

⁵¹ Ibid.

⁵² Dale Morgan, "Reminiscences of James Holt," *Utah Historical Quarterly - Year 1955*, page 31.

⁵³ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 409.

⁵⁴ Ibid., pages 409-410.

⁵⁵ Ibid., page 410.

⁵⁶ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 175.

- ⁵⁷ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 411-412.
- ⁵⁸ "The Mormons and The Indians" in Kate B. Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, volume 7, page 385; See also Luella A. Dalton's manuscript history entitled *Life Story of Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler*, pages 4-5. Filename: "Butler_CarolineFarozineSkeen-Life Story of by Luella A Dalton.pdf"
- ⁵⁹ Our Pioneer Heritage, volume 16, pages 236-237. See also Mary Butler Anderson, *History of Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler*, pages 2-3. Filename: "Butler_CarolineFarozineSkeen-History of by Mary Butler Anderson.pdf"
- ⁶⁰ Luella A. Dalton, manuscript history *Life Story of Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler*, pages 5-6.
- ⁶¹ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 411.
- ⁶² Ibid., page 410.
- ⁶³ Kate B. Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, volume 7, pages 385-386, article submitted by Luella Adams Dalton. See also Luella A. Dalton's manuscript history, *Life Story of Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler*, page 6. Another version of the "Grandmother Squaw" story passed down through descendants of Charity Artemesia Butler Thornton, as told by Caroline's granddaughter Lydia Adaline Thorton Duffin, is recorded in Beryl Putnam Duffin's, *The Butler Saga*, page 73. Filename: "ButlerSaga.pdf"
- ⁶⁴ "Pioneer Sacrifice" in Kate B. Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, volume 12, pages 120-121. Filename: "Butler_CarolineFarozineSkeen-from Heart Throbs of the West Vol 12 pgs 120-121." Note: While this account contains additional information regarding the "Grandmother Squaw" story, aspects of this account are in error, including location and time frame.
- ⁶⁵ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 410-411.
- ⁶⁶ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 198.
- ⁶⁷ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 412-413.
- ⁶⁸ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 199-200.
- ⁶⁹ This is taken from the version of the "Grandmother Squaw" story passed down through descendants of Charity Artemesia Butler Thornton, as told by Caroline's granddaughter Lydia Adaline Thorton Duffin, recorded in Beryl Putnam Duffin's, *The Butler Saga*, pages 73-74. Other versions passed down through Keziah Jane Butler Redd's descendants are found in Kate B. Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, volume 7, page 386 and Luella Adams Dalton's manuscript history, *Life Story of Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler*, page 7.
- ⁷⁰ *Doctrine and Covenants*, section 132.
- ⁷¹ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 136.
- ⁷² Ibid., pages 183-184.
- ⁷³ For a more detailed account of John Butler and James Cummings' trek to Camp Vermillion, see William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 189-197, who derives his account from the James Cummings' diary.
- ⁷⁴ Some 14 years later, John Butler Sr. states in his autobiography that "Sarah came up with me to Council Bluffs" is clearly an error in memory, as he and James Cummings arrived at Council Bluffs the first time alone, and the second time after returning with the Emmett Company. Sarah likely joined John there and that is his memory of Sarah at Council Bluffs.
- ⁷⁵ Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, page 75.
- ⁷⁶ Letter from John L. Butler to Brigham Young, June 15, 1846, Brigham Young Incoming Correspondence, LDS Archives.
- ⁷⁷ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 205.
- ⁷⁸ Dale Morgan, "Reminiscences of James Holt," *Utah Historical Quarterly - Year 1955*, page 160; Rev. Samuel Allis, "Forty Years Among the Indians," *Nebraska State Historical 1887*, volume 2, pages 157-158.
- ⁷⁹ William C. Staines, "Among the Poncas."
- ⁸⁰ Quote by George Miller in Dale Morgan, "Reminiscences of James Holt," *Utah Historical Quarterly - Year 1955*, page 154.
- ⁸¹ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 217-218.

- ⁸² “Autobiography of John Lowe Butler,” as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 413.
- ⁸³ Ibid., pages 415-416.
- ⁸⁴ Ibid., page 413.
- ⁸⁵ Quote from Wilmer Bronson as recorded in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 224, who references “Life of Wilmer W. Bronson,” page 53.
- ⁸⁶ Quotes by Joseph Holbrook from his autobiography and journal, *History of Joseph Holbrook*, page 29. Filename: “History of Joseph Holbrook-Autobiography.”
- ⁸⁷ “Autobiography of John Lowe Butler,” as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 414.
- ⁸⁸ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 222-223.
- ⁸⁹ Autobiography and journal, *History of Joseph Holbrook*, page 29.
- ⁹⁰ Ibid.
- ⁹¹ Russell R. Rich, *Ensign to the Nations, A History of the LDS Church from 1846 to 1972*, pages 87, 98-99.
- ⁹² “Autobiography of John Lowe Butler,” as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 416.
- ⁹³ Ibid., pages 415-416.
- ⁹⁴ Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, page 69. This story was recorded by Lydia Adaline Thornton Duffin, Caroline Butler’s granddaughter. Lydia’s story of Alex Skeen’s visit seems to suggest that it happened in Nauvoo, however, such facts in family stories passed down through three generations can easily become inaccurate. It is likely that this visit from Alex and the visit from an unidentified brother to Winter Quarters recorded in John’s autobiography were one and the same.
- ⁹⁵ “Autobiography of John Lowe Butler,” as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 416.
- ⁹⁶ Ibid.
- ⁹⁷ See William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 234, 237.
- ⁹⁸ James Emmett did force one daughter, Lucinda, to go with him to California to do his cooking and wait on him, and whom he physically abused. After his death on December 28, 1852, Lucinda moved to Utah and rejoined her mother and family, and married Armstead Moffett. Emmett’s wife, Phoebe, was sealed as a second wife to Bishop Sanford Porter, Sr. See William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 236-237.
- ⁹⁹ The death of Charity Lowe Butler is noted in the May 16, 1851 issue of the Kanesville newspaper *Frontier Guardian*. Lorenzo Dow Butler and James Morgan Butler both remained in Iowa and never immigrated to Utah. See William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 237-238.
- ¹⁰⁰ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 242.
- ¹⁰¹ As told by Charity’s daughter, Lydia Adaline Thornton Duffin. See Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, page 74.
- ¹⁰² William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 242-243.
- ¹⁰³ Ibid.
- ¹⁰⁴ From account given by Augusta Dorius, one of the members of the Butler’s Danish group, as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 245.
- ¹⁰⁵ “Autobiography of John Lowe Butler,” as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 417-418.
- ¹⁰⁶ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 13.
- ¹⁰⁷ “Autobiography of John Lowe Butler,” as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 418.
- ¹⁰⁸ From account given by Augusta Dorius, one of the members of the Butler’s Danish group, as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 248.
- ¹⁰⁹ There are several versions of this Buffalo Stampede story, the one quoted here came from Della Redd Ivans in July 1916 and is recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 13-14. Another version, given by Augusta Dorius, is published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 247.
- ¹¹⁰ “Autobiography of John Lowe Butler,” as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 418.

¹¹¹ Ibid., pages 418-419.

¹¹² Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, page 74, and Luella A. Dalton, manuscript history *Life Story of Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler*, pages 7-8.

¹¹³ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 419.

¹¹⁴ Ibid., pages 419-420.

Chapter Three

Spanish Fork Youth

¹ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 420.

² *Autobiography of Isaac Brockbank, Jr.*, pages 8-9.

³ Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, page 75.

⁴ See Luella A. Dalton, manuscript history *Life Story of Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler*, page 9; Mary Butler Anderson, *History of Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler*, page 4; Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, page 75.

⁵ Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, page 76.

⁶ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 259.

⁷ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 260-262; *Autobiography and Journal of Albert King Thurber*, entries for July 1853.

⁸ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 261.

⁹ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 421.

¹⁰ Ibid., page 420.

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 270.

¹³ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 421.

¹⁴ Article by Ruth Hill Brockbank in Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, volume 9, pages 130-131.

¹⁵ See map of Fort Saint Luke included in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 271.

¹⁶ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 16.

¹⁷ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 274.

¹⁸ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 422-423

¹⁹ *History of Lucy Ann Butler Barton*, page 1.

²⁰ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 423.

²¹ Lura Redd, *The Utah Redds and Their Progenitors*, 1st Edition 1973, page 366.

²² Although recounted in several family histories, this story of the thumb sewing incident was taken primarily from the version handed down through Keziah Jane's descendants. See Lura Redd, *The Utah Redds and Their Progenitors*, 1st Edition 1973, pages 366-367.

²³ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 423.

²⁴ Ibid., pages 425-426.

²⁵ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 426-427.

²⁶ Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, page 76.

²⁷ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 297.

²⁸ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 426-427.

²⁹ Ibid., page 426.

³⁰ Ibid.

³¹ See William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 356. The quote is taken from John Lowe Butler in his autobiography, page 434.

- ³² For a good treatise on the Utah War, see Russell R. Rich, *Ensign to the Nations, A History of the Church from 1846 to 1972*, pages 205-265. For an in-depth treatment of how the Utah War affected the Butler family, see William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 309-335.
- ³³ Lydia Adaline Thorton Duffin, as recorded in Beryl Putnam Duffin's, *Writings of Addie Thornton Duffin*, page 7. Filename: "Writings of Addie Thornton Duffin.pdf"
- ³⁴ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 434.
- ³⁵ The account of John's trip back with Charity and her marriage to Amos Thornton is primarily taken from, Beryl Putnam Duffin, *Writings of Addie Thornton Duffin*, pages 7-9.
- ³⁶ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 375.
- ³⁷ Ibid., page 434.
- ³⁸ Ibid.
- ³⁹ March 26, 1860 letter from Brigham Young to John L. Butler, Brigham Young Papers.
- ⁴⁰ Olive Butler Smith, *John Lowe Butler I, His Testimony*.
- ⁴¹ Nelle Spilsbury Hatch, *Mother Jane's Story*, page 8.
- ⁴² See note number two on page 482 of the notes section of William G. Hartley's work, *My Best For The Kingdom*.
- ⁴³ "Autobiography of John Lowe Butler," as published in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 434.
- ⁴⁴ Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, page 77.
- ⁴⁵ See the summary of the lives of the widows of John Lowe Butler I after his death as contained in William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 351-352.
- ⁴⁶ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 16.
- ⁴⁷ Mary Butler Anderson, *My Father*, page 1. Filename: "Butler_JohnLII-My Father by Mary Butler Anderson."

Chapter Four

Southern Utah Pioneer

- ¹ Quote by Addison Pratt as recorded in Janet Burton Seegmiller, *A History of Iron County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), page 42.
- ² Written by Ilene Hanks Kingsbury for Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, included in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 34.
- ³ Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, pages 170-172. Filename: "History of Iron County Mission and Parowan Utah by Luella Adams Dalton.pdf"
- ⁴ Historical records indicate that the Butlers moved to Panguitch in 1864 from Paragonah. See Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 201 and Mary Butler Anderson, *My Father*, page 1. Also Horace and Olive Butler state that their father John moved from Spanish Fork first to Paragonah, then to Panguitch, back to Paragonah, and then back to Panguitch. See *Some Memories of Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler*. Filename: "Butler_JohnLII-Some Memories by Olive Butler Smith and Horac   Butler.pdf"
- ⁵ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 18.
- ⁶ A digital copy of this time line is included on the CD accompanying this book under the filename: "Butler_JohnLII-Events timeline.pdf"
- ⁷ Ibid.
- ⁸ See the deed to Caroline Butler's "Paragoonah" city lot recorded in Iron County deed book D, page 296. Even though this deed was recorded on September 9, 1872, it should be remembered that it wasn't until the early 1870's that a federal land office opened in Utah allowing for official recording of title to property by Utah settlers, therefore even though persons like Caroline may have "owned" property for many years before, it was not officially recorded until the early 1870's. A digital version of this deed record is included on the accompanying CD under the filename: "Butler_CarolineFarozineSkeen-1872Sept09 Deed to Paragoonah City Lot-Iron County deed book D page 296.jpg"

The location of the lot described in this deed record is shown on the Paragoonah City plat map, a digital version of which is included on the CD under the filename:

“Paragoonah Town Survey Plat C map.jpg”

- ⁹ According to a letter written by Alva Retta Robinson Dixon to Helen Dalton dated 1976, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 18.
- ¹⁰ Linda King Newell and Vivian Linford Talbot, *A History of Garfield County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), page 53.
- ¹¹ *Deseret News*, August 7, 1852.
- ¹² While a dirt road still exists, that roughly follows this original road from Parowan and Paragonah across the mountains to Panguitch, current paved highways do not. Highway 20 cuts across the divide well to the north of the original road, and scenic Highway 143 goes across well to the south.
- ¹³ See Linda King Newell and Vivian Linford Talbot, *A History of Garfield County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), pages 57-58; Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, pages 201-202; Ida Chidester and Eleanor Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days, A History of Garfield County* (Garfield County Chapter of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1949), pages 11-13.
- ¹⁴ Newell and Talbot, *A History of Garfield County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), pages 51, 58.
- ¹⁵ *Ibid.*, page 58.
- ¹⁶ *Ibid.*, page 59.
- ¹⁷ Chidester and Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days*, pages 12-13.
- ¹⁸ As related by Alva Retta Robinson Dixon the daughter of Alveretta Farozine, John’s sister, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 18.
- ¹⁹ The author has drawn on several accounts of the “Quilt Walker” incident in writing the summation contained in this section. Digital versions of these have been included on the CD accompanying this book under the following filenames:
 “Quilt Walker Article1-by Yardley,Sandberg,Bridges.pdf”
 “Quilt Walker Article2-Salt Lake Tribune.pdf”
 “Quilt Walker Article3-Richfield Reaper 2002June05.pdf”
 “Quilt Walker Marker.pdf”
 See also accounts found in Chidester and Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days*, page 12 and Newell and Talbot, *A History of Garfield County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), page 61.
- ²⁰ Quote by Alexander Matheson, as written on the monument commemorating “The Panguitch Quilt Walk” located on the corner of Center Street (Highway 89) and 200 East, Panguitch, Utah. See also Newell and Talbot, *A History of Garfield County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), page 61.
- ²¹ Quote by Alexander Matheson, as written on the monument commemorating “The Panguitch Quilt Walk” located on the corner of Center Street (Highway 89) and 200 East, Panguitch, Utah.
- ²² Chidester and Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days*, page 12.
- ²³ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 18.
- ²⁴ “Quilt Walk Festival,” *Richfield Reaper*, June 5, 2002.
- ²⁵ From website <http://www.fivecounty.utah.gov/sr143.html>
- ²⁶ As told by Olive Butler Smith in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 27.
- ²⁷ Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 202.
- ²⁸ Newell and Talbot, *A History of Garfield County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), page 61.
- ²⁹ Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 202.
- ³⁰ *Ibid.*, page 203.
- ³¹ This quote and most of the information about the Indian battle near Panguitch are taken from a first hand account written by Captain John Louder published in Peter Gottfredson, *History of Indian Depredations in Utah* (Skelton Publishing Co., 1919), pages 190-193. Filename:
 “History of Indian Depredations in Utah by Peter Gottfredson.pdf”
- ³² Carlton Culmsee, *Utah’s Black Hawk War* (University of Utah Press, 1973), pages 92-93.
- ³³ *Ibid.*
- ³⁴ Gottfredson, *History of Indian Depredations in Utah* (Skelton Publishing Co., 1919), pages 192.
- ³⁵ Jesse N. Smith, “Our Indian War,” pages 20-21, as recorded in John A. Peterson, *Utah’s Black Hawk War*, page 332.

- ³⁶ “Autobiography of Joseph Fish 1840-1926,” Silas L. Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, page 107. Filename:
“Life and Times of Joseph Fish-Autobiography.”
- ³⁷ John A. Peterson, *Utah’s Black Hawk War*, pages 195-208, 326.
- ³⁸ Unless otherwise noted, this account of the Little Creek Raid is taken from the first hand descriptions written by Joseph Fish. See his autobiography and journal in *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, pages 115-117. See also a shorter and slightly different version in Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, pages 95-96.
- ³⁹ John A. Peterson, *Utah’s Black Hawk War*, pages 341-342.
- ⁴⁰ Joseph McGregor, *A Battle with the Indians in Pioneer Days*, page 2. Filename:
“Blawk Hawk War-Little Creek Battle by Joseph McGregor.”
- ⁴¹ Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, page 116.
- ⁴² Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, pages 96.
- ⁴³ *Ibid.*, pages 96-97.
- ⁴⁴ Joseph McGregor, *A Battle with the Indians in Pioneer Days*, page 3.
- ⁴⁵ John A. Peterson, *Utah’s Black Hawk War*, page 341.
- ⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, page 2.
- ⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, page 3.
- ⁴⁸ Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, page 116.
- ⁴⁹ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 27.
- ⁵⁰ John A. Peterson, *Utah’s Black Hawk War*, pages 341-342.
- ⁵¹ Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 97.
- ⁵² This account is a summary of one written by Heber Benson, as published in Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, pages 97-98.
- ⁵³ This account of the October 31, 1869 Navajo raid was taken from the writings of Joseph Fish, found in Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, page 127 and Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 98.
- ⁵⁴ This account of the Navajo raid and pursuit during January 1870 is a composite made of three versions. See the Heber Benson account in *Heart Throbs of the West*, volume 6, pages 491-493; Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, pages 98-99; Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, pages 127-128.
- ⁵⁵ Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, page 127.
- ⁵⁶ Mention of “Panguitch John” acting as guide is found in Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, page 127. More information about “Panguitch John” is found in John A. Peterson, *Utah’s Black Hawk War*, page 210.
- ⁵⁷ Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, page 128.
- ⁵⁸ Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 99.
- ⁵⁹ *Heart Throbs of the West*, volume 6, page 493.
- ⁶⁰ Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, page 128.
- ⁶¹ See statements made by John Lowe Butler II’s son, Kenion Taylor Butler, in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 40, 42, 101.
- ⁶² See line 30 of page 4, 1870 Census for Bingham Canyon, Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, dated September 9, 1870. A digital copy is included on the CD accompanying this book under the filename:
“1870 Bingham Utah Census with a John Butler on it.pdf”
- ⁶³ Unless otherwise noted, this section on the resettlement of Panguitch is derived from these two sources: Chidester and Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days*, pages 17-21 and Newell and Talbot, *A History of Garfield County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), pages 74-79.
- ⁶⁴ *Deseret News*, February 28, 1871.
- ⁶⁵ Walter Kirk Daly, “The Settling of Panguitch Valley, Utah: A Study in Mormon Colonization” (Master’s thesis, University of California, 1941), page 41.
- ⁶⁶ Chidester and Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days*, page 17.
- ⁶⁷ A list of names of the 1871 Panguitch settlers is included in Chidester and Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days*, pages 20-21.
- ⁶⁸ John’s granddaughter, Alva Retta Robinson Dixon, stated that this picture was taken in 1868 (see Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 22) and several copies of the

photo have that date written on them. The photo was certainly taken before any of the three Butler brothers were married, so it had to have been taken sometime between 1868 and 1873.

⁶⁹ Hatch, *Mother Jane's Story*, pages 4, 14.

⁷⁰ See deeds recorded in Iron County, Book D deeds, page 288. Image of that deed page is included on the CD accompanying this book under the filename:

"Butler_JohnLII,James,Thomas,William-1872Aug06 Panguitch Deeds-Iron County deed book D page 288.jpg."

Transcriptions as follows:

James, John L., and Thomas Butler, Lot 1, East Line 111 rods, south line 38 rods, south west line diagonal along the Sevier River = 13 acres, Block 1, Butler Survey, Sevier River, Iron County. Fee paid Aug. 6, 1872.

Filed for record Aug. 24th 1872 \ (signed) Edward Dalton, Surveyor
Calvin C. Pendleton, Recorder / (signed) Calvin C. Pendleton, Selectman

James, John L. and Thomas Butler, Lot 2, South line 50 rods, East 281 rods, North line 54 rods, West line diagonal along the Sevier River = 134 44/100 Acres, Butler Survey, Sevier River, Iron County. Fee paid Aug. 6, 1872.

Filed for record Aug. 24th 1872 \ (signed) Edward Dalton, Surveyor
Calvin C. Pendleton, Recorder / (signed) Calvin C. Pendleton, Selectman

The Butler Brothers' Farm, about 150 acres, where they had two log houses and lived winters, was 3 miles southeast from Panguitch on the Sevier River. To get to it from the intersection of Hwy 89 and Hwy 143 in downtown Panguitch, drive 1.4 miles south on Hwy 89, turn left on Roller Mill Hill Dr. and go .7 mile on pavement (you'll cross the Sevier River), turn right onto a county dirt road and drive down this road 1.5 miles. You'll have to really watch for this turn because it doesn't look like much of a road, just a cattle guard you cross as you turn left and the road just angles off to the right and will run parallel to the Sevier River and Hwy 89, both of which you'll kind of see on your right as you drive farther. You'll be seeing farm land in this little valley. After driving down this road for 1.5 miles it will end. Butler Wash intersects with the Sevier River just a little beyond this point. The farm is off to your right, towards the river and the highway. (GPS: N 37° 47' 54.5" - W 112° 23' 40.2" Elev. 6672ft)

⁷¹ John Van Cott's book, *Utah Place Names* (University of Utah Press, 1990), pages 58-59, states that the Butler Wash found in Garfield County was named after Monte Butler, an outlaw who occasionally led the Wild Bunch during the 1890s and frequented the area. However, aside from Monte being associated with the area, credible information as to when and how the wash became named after him is lacking. It seems equally likely that the wash already bore the name "Butler Wash" before Monte arrived in the area and that his name simply became associated with it due to his notorious deeds. This makes sense in that the mouth of Butler Wash is located near John Butler's farm on the Sevier River, in a locale already named "Butler Survey" in 1872, almost 20 years before Monte Butler arrived.

⁷² See deed recorded in Iron County, Book D deeds, page 288. Image of that deed page is included on the CD accompanying this book under the filename:

"Butler_JohnLII,James,Thomas,William-1872Aug06 Panguitch Deeds-Iron County deed book D page 288.jpg."

Transcription as follows:

James, John S. and Thomas Butler, Lot 1, 120 by 450 rods and a fraction 20 by 25 rods = 340 100/100 acres Block 1 Shingle Park Survey, Panguitch Creek, Iron County. Fee paid Aug. 6, 1872.

Filed for record Aug. 24th 1872 \ (signed) Edward Dalton, Surveyor
Calvin C. Pendleton, Recorder / (signed) Calvin C. Pendleton, Selectman

The Butler Brothers' Ranch, about 340 acres, where they had a shingle mill and ran their cattle, etc. during summer, next to (just south of) where George Sevy had his saw mill. Getting there: Drive about 11 miles from the center of Panguitch on Hwy 143 towards Panguitch Lake, off to your right you'll see by far the most gorgeous piece of property you've seen in the previous 11 miles and that's it. It makes sense that the Butlers, being the first settlers in this area, and having

the pick of any land they wanted, would pick this lush area with two substantial creeks! Anyway, being more specific, drive south of Panguitch on Hwy 143. Just south of milepost 40 turn right on a dirt road (in 2009 there was a nice stone sign reading “Tebbs Ranch” at this road), go maybe a 1/4 mile to a 20ft or so drop off and you’ll see Panguitch Creek below you and Butler Creek coming down the valley to the west in the distance. This lush green valley is it. Below about where you’re standing was the old homestead and we believe the old shingle mill, according to Alan Henrie who owned property (in 2009) to the north where George Sevy had his sawmill. The Tebbs family owns most of the old Butler ranch property (in 2009) and Daniel Tebbs has a house on the hill to the south of where you’re standing. Butler Creek empties into Panguitch Creek a little to the north, on land owned by Alan Henrie.

(GPS: N 37° 45’ 15.5” - W 112° 34’ 18.02” Elev. 7781ft)

⁷³ John L and Bertha Butler’s autobiography, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 2.

⁷⁴ The Butler Brothers were well known in Panguitch history for their shingle mill and most books on the area list their shingle mill among the region’s first prime enterprises (i.e. Chidester and Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days*, page 18). But I have found none that mention the Butler Brothers having a sawmill. Nevertheless, three of John’s children, John III, Caroline, and Olive, all stated that the Butler Brothers had a sawmill as well as the shingle mill. See Caroline Butler Thurber, *History of John Lowe Butler II*, page 1; Olive Butler Smith’s autobiography, *My Story*, page 1; John L and Bertha Butler’s autobiography, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 2. Digital versions of all of these are included on the CD accompanying this book, see filenames:

“Butler_JohnLII-History of by Caroline Butler Thurber 1941Feb19.pdf”

“Smith_OliveButler-My Story.pdf”

“Butler_JohnLowellIII & Bertha-History of-by Bertha M Thurber Butler.pdf”

⁷⁵ Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 415.

⁷⁶ See Chidester and Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days*, page 326 and John L and Bertha Butler’s autobiography, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 2.

⁷⁷ Caroline Butler Thurber, *History of John Lowe Butler II*, page 2. Olive Butler Smith recorded the same division of responsibility in her autobiography, *My Story*, page 1. John Lowe Butler III states the same thing in *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 2, except that he states that his father had charge of the sheep as well.

⁷⁸ Karl D. Butler, *The Family of John Topham and Susan Elizabeth Redd Butler*, page 3. See also an October 21, 1970 letter in which Kenion Taylor Butler describes his uncle, James Butler, a copy of which is included on the CD accompanying this book under the filename:

“Butler_James-Letter about him written by KT Butler 1970Oct21.pdf”

⁷⁹ See Chidester and Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days*, pages 29, 59, and Newell and Talbot, *A History of Garfield County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), page 79. Garfield County would be created on March 9, 1882 by splitting off the eastern part of Iron County.

⁸⁰ In Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 22. Helen wrote:

“In 1972 . . . while visiting with Brother Ancel Adams here in Parowan (he is 80 some years of age) he told me that the Butler Brothers lived [in the] Mary Ann Leach Adams’ home, for one winter. She is the wife of William Adams, Jr., father to Ancel Adams. He said the Butler brothers stayed there one winter to go to school. This is probably how our John II became acquainted with Nancy Franzetta Smith, his future wife.”

Also as published in Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 344, James Adams is quoted as saying:

“The Buttler boys, Tom, Jim, and John stayed at our house one year and went to school. Mother was a good cook and boiled dumplings with servas berries and bull berries in, were quite common. Jim use to come in from school and see the kettle on, and he said it never did look big enough, although it always was; the pudding was so good. Mother only charged them \$15.00 for their winter’s board which was about four months.”

Chapter Five

Nancy Franzetta Smith

- ¹ See Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, pages 1-2. Filename: "Butler_NancyFranzettaSmith-History of-by Helen Thurber Dalton."
- ² Unless otherwise noted, information regarding John C. L. Smith is taken from Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*. Filename: "Smith_JohnCL-History of-by Helen Thurber Dalton."
- ³ Geneological information taken from records maintained by Helen Thurber Dalton. Information regarding Calvin's death derived from Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 1 and Bertha Butler, *John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 1. Filename: "Smith_JohnCL-by Bertha Butler.pdf"
- ⁴ Bertha Butler, *John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 1. Here Bertha Butler notes that her source of information regarding John's christening and guardian was "vital records of Charlemont, Colrain, Hardwick, and New Salem, Massachusetts." Samuel Aiken states that A. Hardin was the minister of Nancy's church, in Vernon Samuel Thomander, *Samuel Ruggles Aiken*, page 1.
- ⁵ Unless otherwise noted, information on Samuel Ruggles Aiken is derived from Vernon Samuel Thomander, *Samuel Ruggles Aiken*. This account includes much of Samuel Aiken's autobiography and journal, along with additional information provided by his grandson, Vernon. Filename: "Aiken_SamuelRuggles-History of by Veron Samuel Thomander.pdf"
- ⁶ Vernon Samuel Thomander, *Samuel Ruggles Aiken*, page 1.
- ⁷ Ibid., pages 1-2.
- ⁸ Ibid., page 1.
- ⁹ Ibid., page 2.
- ¹⁰ Sylvester Bliss, *Memoirs of William Miller* (Boston: Joshua V. Himes, 1853), page 79.
- ¹¹ Vernon Samuel Thomander, *Samuel Ruggles Aiken*, page 2.
- ¹² Ibid.
- ¹³ Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 1.
- ¹⁴ Vernon Samuel Thomander, *Samuel Ruggles Aiken*, page 2.
- ¹⁵ Stephen Hopkins and Francis Cooke, two original Mayflower immigrants, were ancestors of John C. L. Smith. See Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, pages 81-85 for his pedigree back to the Mayflower and information on these ancestors.
- ¹⁶ Ibid.
- ¹⁷ Ibid., page 3.
- ¹⁸ See image of the actual deed, as well as a transcript thereof, and letters to and from Nauvoo Restoration, Inc. regarding John C. L. Smith's lot in Nauvoo, in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, pages 2-9.
- ¹⁹ Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, pages 32-33.
- ²⁰ Although most accounts list Hannah's birthplace as St. Johnsbury, Vermont, *The Fish Family in England and America* records her birthplace as Walpole, New Hampshire. Other sources of information on the Leavitt family in Canada and Hannah's birth include: *History of Hannah Leavitt Fish 1805-1876* by Helen Thurber Dalton and *Jeremiah Leavitt (ii) and Sarah Sturtevant* by Lyman De Platt.
Note: Digital versions of these works are included on the CD accompanying this book under the following filenames:
"FishFamilyEnglandAmerica.pdf"
"Fish_HannahLeavitt-History by Helen Thurber Dalton.pdf"
"Leavitt_JeremiahandSarahSturtevant.pdf"
- ²¹ Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, page 32.
- ²² Unless otherwise noted, the account of the Fish family's journey from Canada to Nauvoo and their exodus from Nauvoo, is derived from Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, pages 32-33, 37-46.
- ²³ Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor 1828-1905*, pages 1-2. Filename: "Smith_SarahFishSmithMcGregor-History of-by Helen Thurber Dalton."
- ²⁴ The obituary of John C. L. Smith printed in the *Deseret News*, volume V, page 368, mentions both his ordination as a Seventy and his receiving his endowments before leaving Nauvoo.

²⁵ Helen Thurber Dalton in her *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 12, states that Sarah Fish received her temple endowments the day of her marriage, May 12, 1846. Thelma Miller Higbee in her work *John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 1, states that John and Sarah both received their endowments on February 6, 1846. I am more inclined to believe that date to be correct because it is widely believed that endowment work in the Nauvoo temple ceased after February 1846. In any case, both John and Sarah received their temple ordinances in the Nauvoo Temple in 1846 before leaving that spring.

Note: Digital versions of Thelma Miller Higbee's history *John Calvin Lazelle Smith* are included on the CD accompanying this book under the filenames:

"Smith_JohnCL-by Thelma Miller Higbee."

²⁶ Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, page 42.

²⁷ Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor 1828-1905*, page 4.

²⁸ Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, page 47.

²⁹ Ibid., see also the list of pioneers of 1848 published in Kate Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, volume 9, page 511.

³⁰ Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, pages 48, 55.

³¹ Ibid., page 55.

³² Thelma Miller Higbee, *John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 2.

³³ Joseph F. McGregor, *Short History of my Grandfather, Horace Fish and Family*, page 4. Filename: "Fish_Horace-History by Joseph F McGregor."

³⁴ The above description of Old Fort Louisa in Parowan, Log Council House, etc. was derived from Luella Adams Dalton's, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, pages 33-38 and Morris A. Shirts and Kathryn H. Shirts, *A Trial Furnace – Southern Utah's Iron Mission*, pages 81-87, 129-135.

³⁵ See Thelma Miller Higbee, *John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 5, and Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 36.

³⁶ Wanda McGregor Snow, *History of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor*, page 2. Filename:

"Smith_SarahFishSmithMcGregor-History of-by Wanda McGregor Snow."

³⁷ List of Utah postmasters, published in the *Deseret News*, March 2, 1854, see Kate B. Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, volume 1, page 184 and Kate B. Carter, *Treasures of Pioneer History*, volume 4, page 14, although an error exists in *Treasures of Pioneer History* which shows the name of John C. L. Smith up one line showing him as postmaster at Fillmore instead of Parowan.

³⁸ Morris A. Shirts and Kathryn H. Shirts, *A Trial Furnace – Southern Utah's Iron Mission*, page 416.

³⁹ Ibid., pages 124, 267.

⁴⁰ Ibid.

⁴¹ Thelma Miller Higbee, *John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 4.

⁴² Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 61; Morris A. Shirts and Kathryn H. Shirts, *A Trial Furnace – Southern Utah's Iron Mission*, page 416.

⁴³ Ibid.

⁴⁴ Ibid.

⁴⁵ From the *Journal of Priddy Meeks*, page 32. Filename: "Meeks_Priddy-Journal of."

⁴⁶ Joseph F. McGregor, *Short History of my Grandfather, Horace Fish and Family*, page 6.

⁴⁷ "History of Nancy Francetta Smith Butler" written by Jane Butler Nielson and presented at a family reunion by Robby Williams, July 5, 1953, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 27.

⁴⁸ Ibid.

⁴⁹ Wanda McGregor Snow, *History of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor*, page 2.

⁵⁰ From a personal interview with the wife of Joseph McGregor in April 1963 as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor 1828-1905*, page 10.

⁵¹ Wanda McGregor Snow, *History of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor*, page 2.

⁵² *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 2. Filename:

"Thurber_CarolineButler-Autobiography."

⁵³ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of My Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 4. Filename:

"Butler_Eva-Memories of Sister by KT Butler.pdf"

Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 32.

- ⁵⁴ Robby Williams, "A History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler" as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 27.
- ⁵⁵ Andrew Jenson, *LDS Biographical Encyclopedia*, volume 1, page 532; *Diary of Henry Lunt*, entry date of Wednesday, May 12, 1852; Thelma Miller Higbee, *John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 2; Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 305.
- ⁵⁶ Ibid.
- ⁵⁷ Fish, *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer*, pages 57-58.
- ⁵⁸ There are numerous accounts of the John C. Fremont party's 1854 rescue by John C. L. Smith and the settlers of Parowan. Several of these are included on the CD accompanying this book. Among these are "The Old Spanish Trail in Southern Utah: John C. Fremont and the Foundation for Developments Along the Trail" by Wayne K. Hinton, Phd, Professor of History and Dept. Head at Southern Utah University published in *Spanish Traces*, volume 8, Fall 2002 (Old Spanish Trail Association), pages 13-14 (see filename: "Fremont Expedition and Saved in Parowan-Old Spanish Trail Vol08-2002.pdf"); Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, pages 3-5; "When Captain Fremont Slept in Grandma McGregor's Bed" by Nevada W. Driggs published in *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Spring 1973 (see filename: "When Capt Fremont Slept in Grandma McGregors Bed-Utah Historical Qrtly Spring 1973.pdf"); Andrew Jenson, *Church Chronology*, under date of February 7, 1854.
- ⁵⁹ Andrew Jenson, *LDS Biographical Encyclopedia*; *Deseret News*, volume 5, page 368; John C. L. Smith's Obituary written by James H. Martineau, in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 62; Thelma Miller Higbee, *John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 5; Joseph F. McGregor, *Short History of my Grandfather, Horace Fish and Family*, page 6.
- ⁶⁰ Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 61.
- ⁶¹ Ibid., page 62. Also see *Deseret News*, volume 5, page 368.
- ⁶² Thelma Miller Higbee, *John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 5; Joseph F. McGregor, *Short History of my Grandfather, Horace Fish and Family*, page 6.
- ⁶³ Wanda McGregor Snow, *History of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor*, page 4.
- ⁶⁴ Unless otherwise noted, information regarding William Campbell McGregor was derived from two sources: Wanda McGregor Snow, *History of William Campbell McGregor* and *Short History of William Campbell McGregor* by an unknown author on file with the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Digital versions of both of these are included on the accompanying CD under the file names:
 "McGregor_WilliamCampbell-History of-by Wanda McGregor Snow.pdf"
 "McGregor_WilliamCampbell-Short History of-filed with DUP.pdf"
- ⁶⁵ Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor 1828-1905*, page 12; Wanda McGregor Snow, *History of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor*, page 3.
- ⁶⁶ Wanda McGregor Snow, *History of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor*, page 2.
- ⁶⁷ Barbara Matheson Adams as quoted in Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 77.
- ⁶⁸ Wanda McGregor Snow, *History of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor*, page 4.
- ⁶⁹ Ibid., page 6.
- ⁷⁰ Ibid., pages 2, 4, 5.
- ⁷¹ Robby Williams, "A History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler" as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 28.
- ⁷² "An Indian Dinner Party" by James H. Martineau, included in Preston Nibley, *L.D.S. Stories of Faith and Courage*, (1957).
- ⁷³ "A Night of Anxiety" by James H. Martineau, included in Preston Nibley, *L.D.S. Stories of Faith and Courage*, (1957).
- ⁷⁴ Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, pages 5-6 and Norman B. Smith, *Grandmother and the Indians*. Filename:
 "Butler_NancyFrancettaSmith-Grandmother and the Indians by Norman B Smith."
- ⁷⁵ Jane Butler Nielson's autobiography, *My Life History*, page 2. Filename:
 "Nielson_JaneButler-My Life History."
- ⁷⁶ Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 42.
- ⁷⁷ Olive Butler Smith, *My Grandparents Raised An Indian Girl*, pages 1-2. Filename:
 "Smith_JanetSmithLeavitt-Indian by Olive Butler Smith.pdf"
- ⁷⁸ An example of this is an account written by one Jo Anne Evans which, even though it was the "second place winner in [the] senior division" of some writing contest, obviously contains more

fiction than fact, and many of the key facts it presents are totally incorrect. I have included it on the CD accompanying this book simply in an effort to prevent people who might inadvertently come across it through the DUP or other means from relying on it as anything more than an entertaining, but mostly fictitious, story.

⁷⁹ Many versions of the Janette story are included on the CD accompanying this book, under filenames beginning with “Smith_JanetSmithLeavitt-” However, beware, some of these contain considerable inaccuracies. Other versions of the story are contained in other works dealing with the Smith family or early Parowan history. On pages 42-47, in Helen Thurber Dalton’s, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, Helen has included several accounts given by children of Nancy Franzetta Smith, Janette’s adopted sister, as well as an account given by Joseph F. McGregor, her brother. Because none of the three people directly involved in the incident, John C. L., Sarah, and Janette, left a first hand account, I have provided all these other accounts to allow any reader desiring to sort through them, the opportunity of determining for themselves what they believe is correct.

⁸⁰ For information on the Indian slave trade in Utah, see: John A. Peterson, *Utah’s Black Hawk War*, pages 63-69, 84-85; Morris A. Shirts and Kathryn H. Shirts, *A Trial Furnace – Southern Utah’s Iron Mission*, pages 5, 11, 317; “The Old Spanish Trail in Southern Utah: John C. Fremont and the Foundation for Developments Along the Trail” by Wayne K. Hinton, Phd, Professor of History and Dept. Head at Southern Utah University, published in *Spanish Traces*, volume 8, Fall 2002 (Old Spanish Trail Association), pages 10-11.

⁸¹ A couple of accounts state that the Indians were going to drown the girl in Panguitch Lake, but this does not fit with other elements of the story, nor does it seem reasonable that her Indian captors would have taken her that long distance, just to get rid of something they considered a burden.

⁸² In the account of “Janet, the Indian Girl” by Jane Butler Nielson, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, pages 43-44.

⁸³ In the account of “Janet, the Indian Girl” by Joseph F. McGregor, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, page 43.

⁸⁴ Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, pages 43-44.

⁸⁵ *Ibid.*, page 47.

⁸⁶ *Ibid.*, page 43.

⁸⁷ Juanita Brooks, *On The Ragged Edge, The Life and Times of Dudley Leavitt* (Utah State Historical Society, 1973), page 93.

⁸⁸ Olive Butler Smith, *My Grandparents Raised An Indian Girl*, page 4.

⁸⁹ *Ibid.*, pages 4-5.

⁹⁰ The July 1860 census for Gunlock, Utah taken three months after Janette’s marriage to Dudley Leavitt, lists her age as 14.

⁹¹ Maud Miller Fullmer, *Jeanette Smith Leavitt*. See digital version, filename: “Smith_JanetSmithLeavitt-Indian by Maud Miller Fullmer.pdf”

⁹² This account of Janette’s marriage to Dudley Leavitt is derived from Dudley’s biography, written by his granddaughter (and renown author) Juanita Brooks, *On The Ragged Edge, The Life and Times of Dudley Leavitt* (Utah State Historical Society, 1973), pages 93-97.

⁹³ Most versions of this story name the apostle who called Dudley back to talk with him and then performed his marriage with Janette, as being George A. Smith. This was certainly a logical conclusion, considering that George A. Smith had a home next to Janette’s and was the presiding Apostle over southern Utah at the time, even though he also lived in Salt Lake City. In the first version of her biography of Dudley Leavitt, entitled *Pioneer to Southern Utah* published in 1942, Juanita Brooks even wrote the story using George A. Smith as the apostle who married them. However, Apostle Amasa Lyman also lived in the area, and in her later 1973 edition of her book (now entitled *On the Ragged Edge*) Juanita changed all references to George A. Smith in this story to Amasa Lyman. Her reasoning appears to stem from the fact that she later found this journal entry written by John D. Lee at nearby Washington dated March 10, 1860, two days after the wedding: “About 11 at Night Bishop Crousby, Hamblin & Leavitt arrived from G.S.L.C. Dudley Leavitt had an Indian girl seald to him by A. Lyman, the girl was raised by J.C.L. Smith’s widow.” (See *Mormon Chronicle*, volume 1, page 242.) That is pretty hard evidence to ignore,

therefore in my account I have also used the name of Amasa Lyman as the apostle who married them.

⁹⁴ Juanita Brooks, *On The Ragged Edge, The Life and Times of Dudley Leavitt* (Utah State Historical Society, 1973), pages 93-94.

⁹⁵ Ibid., page 96.

⁹⁶ Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of John Calvin Lazelle Smith*, pages 43, 46.

⁹⁷ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 2.

⁹⁸ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 2; Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 2. Filename:

“Butler_NancyFranzettaSmith-History of-by Etta Butler Mayberry.”

⁹⁹ Robby Williams, “A History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler” as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 28.

¹⁰⁰ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 35.

¹⁰¹ Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 7; Bertha Thurber Butler, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler* (hand written manuscript written 1949), page 14.

A digital version of Bertha Butler’s 1949 manuscript, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler* is included on the CD accompanying this book under the filename:

“Butler_NancyFranzettaSmith-History of-by Bertha Thurber Butler.pdf”

Chapter Six Panguitch Family

¹ Letter dated October 22, 1970, written by Jane Butler Nielson about James Butler, page 2. Filename:

“Butler_James-Memories of by Jane Butler Nielson.pdf”

² Butler genealogical records maintained by Helen Thurber Dalton.

³ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 351.

⁴ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 39; Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 1. Filename:

“Christensen_FrancettyButler-Life Story of-Autobiography.”

⁵ Jane Butler Nielson, *My Life History*, page 3.

⁶ I have found so many different spellings of John and Nancy Franzetta’s oldest daughter’s name in family records that it is hard to figure out which is correct. “Franzetta,” “Francetta,” and “Francetty” seem to be used by her family members almost interchangeably. Her niece, Helen Thurber Dalton, uses all three in the same history! I have used the name “Francetty” because this is the spelling she uses in her autobiography and it is also what is written on her gravestone, and so it goes, nothing is so authoritative as that which is “written in stone.” That said, her nickname “Zettie” or “Zetty” is what she was really known by throughout her life.

⁷ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 1.

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Ibid.

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² The original manuscript of John Lowe Butler II’s Patriarchal Blessing is included in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 111-113. The original manuscripts of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler’s Patriarchal Blessings are included in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, pages 13-17.

¹³ Lura Redd, *The Utah Redds and Their Progenitors*, page 374.

¹⁴ Caroline Butler Thurber, *History of John Lowe Butler II*, page 1; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 58; William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 351.

¹⁵ Lura Redd, *The Utah Redds and Their Progenitors*, page 374.

¹⁶ Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 351. For the full obituary see Lura Redd, *The Utah Redds and Their Progenitors*, pages 374-375.

¹⁷ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 58; William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 351; Lura Redd, *The Utah Redds and Their Progenitors*, page 374.

¹⁸ Mary Butler Anderson, *My Father*, pages 1-2.

¹⁹ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 1.

²⁰ The description which follows of the history of the Morgan horse, and its characteristics and attributes, is derived from information published on the official web sites of the National Museum of the Morgan Horse in Middlebury, Vermont (see <http://www.morganmuseum.org>) and the American Morgan Horse Association (see <http://www.morganhorse.com>).

²¹ "About the Morgan - Breed Character Statement," on the official web site of the American Morgan Horse Association (<http://www.morganhorse.com>).

²² "Morgan Horses in American History," on the official web site of the National Museum of the Morgan Horse (<http://www.morganmuseum.org>).

²³ "Morgan Horses in the West," on the official web site of the National Museum of the Morgan Horse (<http://www.morganmuseum.org>).

²⁴ I have scoured through accounts of the Butlers' Morgan horses, written by their descendants, and have come to the conclusion that it is now impossible to know with certainty how or where they bought their herd. The one thing that all accounts seem to agree on, is that they at least picked up the horses in California, and for the sake of historical accuracy I can't go beyond that in this book. Personally, I believe that they bought them somewhere in the vicinity of Sacramento or San Francisco. I base that on the histories I have read of the Morgan horse, its importation and breeding.

A couple of accounts mention the Butler brothers buying the horses in Oklahoma, or back in the land of their forefathers in Kentucky or Tennessee, but these are based on assumptions for which I can not find any other evidence and the circumstances of these accounts don't seem plausible. These accounts all seem to stem from a conversation that John's son, K.T. Butler, had with his "Uncle Jim" when K.T. was 9 years old or younger, and it would be easy for a boy that age to confuse some of the details. Yes, they were raising Morgan horses in Kentucky and Tennessee, as they were in many eastern states, and Indian troubles in the plains states would have made it dangerous to drive them overland, but why buy them back east at all when they were available as close as California? Also, aside from this one story, there is no other account of John ever going east after his original trek west across the plains as a boy. Certainly a major trip to his parents' ancestral home, which would have taken months of his life, would have been mentioned by John or Ettie to at least one of their many children who later recorded histories of their lives. These accounts also mention the horses being shipped by sea around Cape Horn to California. Some Morgans imported to California were shipped there by sea. That fact could have been misinterpreted by some to mean that the Butlers must have bought the horses back east and had them shipped to California themselves. Which of course would have been a tremendous expense, and a pointless one, considering that at least several hundred purebred Morgans were already in California at the time. Uncle Jim Butler might have simply shared with the young boy that Morgan horses originated in the east (which they did) and had been shipped around Cape Horn to California (which they had), which could easily have given rise to the other assumptions.

Now all that said, even though not plausible, perhaps young K.T.'s version of these events is the correct one. You can decide for yourself. To read his accounts and others, see Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 41-42, which is included on the CD accompanying this book.

²⁵ Horace Butler and Caroline Butler Thurber state that "James and Thomas" made the trip to California to get the Morgan horses (see Caroline Butler Thurber, *History of John Lowe Butler II*, page 1 and Horace Butler, *February 18, 1951 Butler Round Robin Letter* as contained in the file named "Butler_JohnLII-Info about-by Horace Butler."), whereas Francetty wrote that John and James made the trip (see Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 40), but John III and K.T. Butler state that "they" went (Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 2 and Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 40). Therefore, in my account I have used the generic term Butler Brothers, not knowing for sure who exactly went, but it is my personal belief that all three probably went and took on the formidable of herding the horses back together.

²⁶ John III, Horace, and K.T. all state that the Butler Brothers bought 100 mares, however other accounts state 35. I believe that the correct number is 35, based on the price that would have been required for purebred mares. Also, accounts containing the larger number seem to deal more with

the number of mares contained in the eventual herd they maintained, which would have grown as foals were born.

²⁷ Caroline Butler Thurber, *History of John Lowe Butler II*, page 1; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 40-41; Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler, *Some Memories of Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler*, page 1.

²⁸ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 40-41.

²⁹ Ibid., page 41.

³⁰ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 1.

³¹ Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler, *Some Memories of Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler*, page 1.

³² I base the date of Prince's death at about 1880, due to the fact that Francetty remembers when he died and she was born in 1876 and would have had to have been 4 years old or so in order to have remembered the event. Also her account and others, indicate that Prince died before the family's move to Sevier County, in 1881.

³³ Jane Butler Nielson, *My Life History*, page 2.

³⁴ Francetty Butler Christiansen, February 12, 1951 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 19.

³⁵ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, pages 1-2. Another version of Zettie's account is in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 40.

³⁶ Jane Butler Nielson, *My Life History*, page 3.

³⁷ See accounts by Jane and K.T. Butler in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 41, also account of John III in Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 2.

³⁸ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 2.

³⁹ According to K.T. Butler's account in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 102. Other accounts mention the horses dying east of Loa (see Horace Butler, *February 18, 1951 Butler Round Robin Letter*) or in the vicinity of Boulder in Garfield County (see Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler, *Some Memories of Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler*, page 1), but both accounts are vague and far from the locale where the Butlers were pasturing their stock during the time they lived in Sevier County and all agree that it was after the move from Panguitch that this event occurred. K.T.'s account provides detail and matches the circumstances at the time, and therefore I have relied on it in my narrative.

⁴⁰ Horace Butler, *February 18, 1951 Butler Round Robin Letter*.

⁴¹ Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler, *Some Memories of Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler*, page 1.

⁴² Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 102.

⁴³ Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler, *Some Memories of Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler*, page 1.

⁴⁴ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 40-41.

⁴⁵ An account of John D. Lee's arrest in Panguitch can be found in Newell and Talbot, *A History of Garfield County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), pages 80-81.

⁴⁶ The author wrote another version of this section which included a summary of the Mountain Meadows Massacre and circumstances surrounding it. This section was deleted because it was deemed too long. For the reader who would like to review the full version, it is included on the CD accompanying this book under the filename:

"The Butlers & John D Lee, Mountain Meadows Massacre-unused section from Gold & Treasure."

⁴⁷ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 4.

⁴⁸ Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 3.

⁴⁹ Chidester and Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days*, pages 324-326; Newell and Talbot, *A History of Garfield County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), page 83.

⁵⁰ Newell and Talbot, *A History of Garfield County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1998), pages 87-88.

⁵¹ Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler, *Some Memories of Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler*, page 1; Caroline Butler Thurber, *History of John Lowe Butler II*, page 1

⁵² Chidester and Bruhn, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days*, page 21.

Chapter Seven

San Juan Expedition & Hole-in-the-Rock

- ¹ Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 220.
- ² Ibid.
- ³ “LDS call to settle San Juan tries faith of 1880 pioneers,” by Leonard J. Arrington and Davis Bitton, *Church News*, March 29, 1980.
- ⁴ Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 220.
- ⁵ In this chapter, the author has relied heavily on the book, *Hole-In-The-Rock* by David E. Miller (University of Utah Press, 1959, 1966), and unless otherwise stated the information presented in this chapter is derived from this source. This work, by a renown University of Utah history professor, is the most comprehensive and accurate book regarding the San Juan mission and “Hole-in-the-Rock” saga. In this book, Dr. Miller provides in-depth narrative, photos, and maps, and in the process removes many of the myths and debunks incorrect information that has been perpetuated for years in other histories. He also provides an appendix containing every known first hand account written by participants.
- ⁶ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 5. See also a similar quote by Albert R. Lyman on page 8 and others throughout the book, that speak of a “buffer” settlement.
- ⁷ Appendix 1 of *Hole-In-The-Rock*, by David E. Miller contains a list of those who participated in either the San Juan exploring expedition or the Hole-in-the-Rock trek.
- ⁸ There were other Mormon communities established in Utah after the San Juan Mission, but this was the last one that involved both the formation of a mission, with mission calls from general Church leaders, and a substantial group migration over a significant distance from existing communities through relatively unknown territory.
- ⁹ “LDS call to settle San Juan tries faith of 1880 pioneers,” by Leonard J. Arrington and Davis Bitton, *Church News*, March 29, 1980.
- ¹⁰ Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 216; David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 18.
- ¹¹ Nielson B. Dalley Diary, as printed in David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 148.
- ¹² Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 216.
- ¹³ Nielson B. Dalley Diary, as printed in David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 148.
- ¹⁴ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 19.
- ¹⁵ Ibid.
- ¹⁶ San Juan Stake History
- ¹⁷ These “Camp Records” are on file in the Church History Library as part of the San Juan Stake History. They are also included in David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, pages 23-28.
- ¹⁸ San Juan Stake History
- ¹⁹ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 22.
- ²⁰ Ibid.
- ²¹ San Juan Stake History
- ²² David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 24.
- ²³ Quotes by Nielson Dalley and Ellen Atkin in David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 32.
- ²⁴ Ibid.
- ²⁵ San Juan Stake History
- ²⁶ San Juan Stake History “Camp Record” for June 1-2, 1879.
- ²⁷ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 28.
- ²⁸ San Juan Stake History “Camp Record” for June 18, 1879.
- ²⁹ “History of the Life of James Davis” included in David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 156.
- ³⁰ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 29.
- ³¹ Ibid., page 19.
- ³² Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 101.
- ³³ “History of the Life of James Davis” included in David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 157.
- ³⁴ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 41.
- ³⁵ Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 220.

- ³⁶ “Hole-in-the-Rock Centennial” by Golden A. Buchmiller, *Church News*, January 26, 1980.
- ³⁷ Ellen J. Larson Smith speaking of her father, Mons Larson, as quoted at the beginning of David E. Miller’s book, *Hole-In-The-Rock*.
- ³⁸ In an interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, Kenion Taylor Butler explained:
 “My dad (John Lowe Butler II) gave Lem Redd his start in the cattle business. He gave Lem 25 head of cows, Durham Long Horns, beef cattle, and one bull.
 When they were moving down into San Juan country (1879) he got Lem to drive them for dad. When they got there there were some uprisings with the Indians. Dad planned to get mother and go back the next spring, but he didn’t go. The cattle were located on Butler Wash, down on the San Juan, and Lem had charge of them.”
 See Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 101. It is unclear whether the “Lem Redd” referred to is John’s brother-in-law Lemuel Redd, the husband of his sister Keziah Jane, or their son Lemuel Redd Jr., both of whom went to the San Juan via Hole-in-the-Rock.
- ³⁹ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 47.
- ⁴⁰ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, pages 70-71. Emphasis added.
- ⁴¹ Journal of Platte D. Lyman, published as Appendix IV in David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, pages 158-180. Italics added.
- ⁴² David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, pages 54-55. Emphasis added.
- ⁴³ Luella Adams Dalton, *History of the Iron County Mission and Parowan*, page 226.
- ⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, pages 225-226.
- ⁴⁵ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, pages 104-105.
- ⁴⁶ Journal of Platte D. Lyman, published as Appendix IV in David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, pages 158-180.
- ⁴⁷ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, pages 110-111.
- ⁴⁸ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 116.
- ⁴⁹ *Ibid.*
- ⁵⁰ Platte D. Lyman’s grandson, Karl R. Lyman as quoted in “Hole-in-the-Rock centennial” by Golden A. Buchmiller, *Church News*, January 26, 1980.
- ⁵¹ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, page 175.
- ⁵² Journal of Platte D. Lyman, published as Appendix IV in David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, pages 158-180.
- ⁵³ David E. Miller, *Hole-In-The-Rock*, pages 138, 178.
- ⁵⁴ Charles Redd, *Short Cut to San Juan*, pages 23-24.
- ⁵⁵ *Ibid.*

Chapter Eight

Move to Sevier County

- ¹ Helen Thurber Dalton, in the *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 56-57, gives several possible reasons for the Butler’s move from Panguitch, the most notable seems to be the high elevation and severe winter climate.
- ² *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 3.
 Note: This work was digitized and formatted into document files by Craig L. Dalton in 2008. Digital versions of this work are included on the accompanying CD under the file name “Thurber_CarolineButler-Autobiography.” Page numbers referenced are in accordance with digital versions.
- ³ This story of the Butler’s hired maid secretly giving birth, and the scandal that followed, is a reworded version written by the author, derived from Caroline’s account recorded in *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 3. See also a similar version in Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 3.
- ⁴ Panguitch Ward records. F 5574 GS #F 73171026 391.
- ⁵ Among sources citing the Church calling of “Ward Marshal,” see the October 1966 General Conference given by Elder Boyd K. Packer, who was then serving as an assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles.

- ⁶ Accounts written by various of John's descendents have confused John's actual job and title, applying to him a law enforcement title such as "Deputy," "Deputy Marshal," "United States Marshal," or even "Deputy Sheriff." There is no indication that John ever held a civil law enforcement job. That fact, combined with the context of the event, make it clear that he was serving in a Church capacity and calling, and the only one that fits the role he played is "Ward Marshal." See Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 54.
- ⁷ As told to John's son, Kenion Taylor Butler. See Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 104-105.
- ⁸ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 3.
- ⁹ *Doctrine and Covenants*, section 50, versus 6-9.
- ¹⁰ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 5.
- ¹¹ Many of John's descendents recorded slightly differing versions of this event, most contain the same key elements (i.e. happened in Panguitch, marshal at a dance, drunken ruffians, board and nail, etc.). See Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 54; Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 2; Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 3; Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 3; Mary Butler Anderson, *My Father*, page 1; Comment by Horace Butler in Mary Butler Anderson, *My Father*, page 2.
- ¹² Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 101.
- ¹³ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 3.
- ¹⁴ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3.
- ¹⁵ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, pages 3-4.
- ¹⁶ Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 101.
- ¹⁷ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 56.
- ¹⁸ Numerous accounts talk about the division of the partnership and the various enterprises the three Butler Brothers pursued afterwards. One brief summary is found in Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 2.
- ¹⁹ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 1.
- ²⁰ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3.
- ²¹ *Golden Sheaves from a Rich Field, A Centennial History of Richfield, Utah* (Richfield Reaper Publishing Company, 1964), pages 13-26.
- ²² M. Guy Bishop, *A History of Sevier County* (Utah State Historical Society, 1997), page 79.
- ²³ *Ibid.*, pages 79-80.
- ²⁴ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 2.
- ²⁵ *Ibid.*, see also Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 3.
- ²⁶ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 2.
- ²⁷ *Ibid.*
- ²⁸ *Ibid.*
- ²⁹ *Ibid.*
- ³⁰ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 3.
- ³¹ Unless otherwise noted, the description of the Butler siblings' temple excursions contained in this section is derived from the writings of John's niece Lydia (Addie) Thornton Duffin, as recorded in Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, pages 78-79.
- ³² Statement by Lydia (Addie) Thornton Duffin as recorded in Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, page 78.
- ³³ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 60-61.
- ³⁴ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, pages 1-2; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 60-61; Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, pages 78-79.
- ³⁵ Lydia (Addie) Thornton Duffin, as recorded in Beryl Putnam Duffin, *The Butler Saga*, pages 78-79.
- ³⁶ *Ibid.*
- ³⁷ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, pages 1-2.

- ³⁸ For information regarding the family's move to, and stay at, Tom's farm in Brooklyn, see: Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3; Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, pages 3-4; writings of Jane Butler Nielson in the October 28, 1952 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 88.
- ³⁹ March 3, 1967 letter written by Jane Butler Nielson to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 89.
- ⁴⁰ Caroline Butler Thurber interview 6 November 1966, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 83.
- ⁴¹ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 2.
- ⁴² Ibid.
- ⁴³ Several histories written by John's descendants point to late 1883 as the time of this operation. In particular, his son Horace Butler definitively states that it was 1883. See April 13, 1952 statement by Horace Butler, in Mary Butler Anderson, *My Father*, page 2.
- ⁴⁴ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 2; Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, pages 3-4; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 54.
- ⁴⁵ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 54.
- ⁴⁶ On page 3 of Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, John's daughter Jane wrote that during John's surgery "a piece of skull was removed and a silver plate was inserted." The insertion of a "silver plate" to cover a hole in the skull seems odd by today's surgical standards, however, the practice was not unheard of in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Published in 1903, *Surgery; Its Theory and Practice* by William Johnson Walsham, an over 1,200 page volume detailing surgical procedures used during the era of John's operation, discusses the use of silver plates to cover skull punctures. Pages 469-477 of that work discuss surgical procedures used at the time for skull and brain injuries like John's. In particular, page 470 talks about covering a hole remaining in the skull with a "silver plate inserted beneath the skin."
- ⁴⁷ Mary Butler Anderson, *My Father*, page 1.
- ⁴⁸ Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, pages 3-4.
- ⁴⁹ Olive B. Smith interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on June 17, 1966, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 55.
- ⁵⁰ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 3; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 54-55.
- ⁵¹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 3.
- ⁵² Olive B. Smith interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on June 17, 1966, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 55, 87.
- ⁵³ Numerous descriptions of the cape were recorded by John's children, see: Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 80; Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, pages 2-3.
- ⁵⁴ Olive Butler Smith, *My Father and Mother*, page 2. Filename: "Butler_JohnLII-My Father and Mother-by Olive Butler Smith."
- ⁵⁵ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, pages 2-3.
- ⁵⁶ Jane Butler Nielson interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on 19 July 1976 as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 80.

Regarding pieces of the cape, Jane's sister Zettie recorded that the cape "was finally cut into pieces and given to each of father's children, including those of his second wife." See Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, pages 2-3.

Also, regarding the color of the cloth and the blessing of the cape, John's daughter-in-law, Bertha Thurber Butler displayed portions of the cape at a D.U.P. Camp meeting in Salt Lake City on July 3, 1947, along with the following handwritten account:

"This cape was made of a dark green broadcloth, interlined with a grey wool material and the lining was a plaid material.

This cloak was blessed by the Prophet Joseph to be used around the sick, and did have healing virtues as has been made manifest when used with faith. After many years it became moth-eaten and deteriorated, and when my husband's father, John Lowe Butler II died, the cloak was cut into pieces and given to members of the family." – see electronic image under filename:

"Butler_BerthaMThurber-Journal entries about Cape & Tea Chest.pdf"

Whether it was “dark green” or “black” that faded to “brown” as stated in other accounts, could be simply the view of the person looking at it and how old it was when they saw it. However, looking at the pieces currently in the possession of the author, I see three distinct colors and types of fabric. Two of my pieces are plaid, two are coal black, and one looks greenish brown and of an entirely different type of fabric than the black pieces. So perhaps both descriptions are correct, because from my view the cape was made of three distinctly different types of cloth.

⁵⁷ Written in the personal hand of Bertha M. Thurber Butler on 5 June 1941, as recorded in the *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, pages 2-3.

⁵⁸ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 3.

⁵⁹ Ibid., pages 3-4. See also Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 4.

⁶⁰ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 3.

⁶¹ Caroline Butler Thurber, 1951 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 20.

⁶² *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 3.

⁶³ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 4.

⁶⁴ Zettie wrote: “We moved back to Joseph in 1885.” (See Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 3). Whereas in the autobiography John III dictated to his wife it states: “The family moved to Richfield in 1884, then back to Brooklyn and again to Richfield, making several moves, also lived at Jericho for while.” (See Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3). In reality, the Butler’s farms were between Joseph, Elsinore, and Monroe, and near Brooklyn as well, so by using any of these names they could still be referring to the same place.

⁶⁵ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 4.

⁶⁶ June 1, 1976 letter from Jane Butler Nielson to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 93.

⁶⁷ June 1, 1976 letter from Jane Butler Nielson to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 93.

⁶⁸ Description of Dale Butler’s Richfield house painting written by Helen T. Dalton, as recorded in the Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 16.

⁶⁹ Regarding the Butlers’ 160 acre farm at Jericho, between Elsinore and Joseph: Sevier County records in Book I-6, page 598 a deed recorded to John L. Butler from US Patent (meaning he was the first to ever be deeded this property) on August 20, 1892, 160.17 acres with this legal description: Lots 5-6 in Section 6, Township 25S, Range 3W and the S1/2 of the NE ¼ of Section 1, Township 25S, Range 4W. John certainly occupied this property long before the deed record date of 1892, as homesteaded properties took several years to “prove up” or qualify for a deed, and often the land owner didn’t file for such a deed officially until some time later, or the time when he decided to sell the property (as in the case with John, note in 1892 he was selling his property to finance the gold mine). Most of John’s children mention the farm at Jericho in the early 1880s.

To find the Butlers’ Jericho farm today you will really need to view the plat map file (on the accompanying CD under filename: “Plat-Butler_JohnLII 160 acre Farm-SevierCounty.jpg”). I have marked the location of the property on that map. It sits about a mile and a half southwest of Elsinore and about 2 miles northeast of Joseph. This property consists of two 80-acre rectangle parcels forming an “L” shape, one parcel runs east to west and the other north to south. Old U.S. Highway 89 (now labeled “Sevier Highway”) runs through the corner of the north-to-south parcel and proceeds down all the way through the east to west parcel. About halfway between Elsinore and Joseph, Hwy 89 (Sevier Hwy) bends, running almost due west, this “bend” is about where the corner of the “L” where the two parcels come together. A house addressed “1850 N. Sevier Hwy” is a little past this bend and is on the beginning of the east to west parcel. The Sevier River runs along the southern edge of the east part of the east-west parcel, before cutting across the north-south parcel. The Brooklyn Canal diverts out of the Sevier River in the SE corner of the north-south parcel, and just a little south of that the Monroe Canal cuts across the very corner of this SE corner, and just south of that Sierra Vista Road bends to within about 50 yards of the SE corner of the north-south parcel.

- ⁷⁰ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3.
- ⁷¹ I have been unable to find deed records or exact location information on the 200 acre Monroe farm. Sevier County records show that John L. Butler bought 6 Acres north of Monroe in 1885. I drew this property out on today's county plat map (see image under filename: "Plat-Butler_JohnLII 6 acre-SevierCounty.jpg"). To get there, go a mile or so north of Monroe to the corner of 500 West and 1470 North, now look to the east and northeast, that hayfield is the property. Actually, the property starts about 200 feet to the east of where you're standing, goes 400 feet north of that point and then proceeds in a rectangle about 500 feet to the east.
- ⁷² Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3; Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 1; Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 4; Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber, page 3.
- ⁷³ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 4.
- ⁷⁴ This story is a composite of two accounts recorded by Caroline Butler Thurber. See *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 3 and a November 6, 1966 interview recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 83-84.
- ⁷⁵ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 5.
- ⁷⁶ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 5.
- ⁷⁷ This description of Janwitt the bull was taken from the Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 3, and Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 5.
- ⁷⁸ Frances Smith Christensen, as dictated by Olive Butler Smith, *Family Night With Grandmother*, page 1. Filename:
 "Smith_OliveButler-Family Night With Grandmother-Bull in Sheep Pen Story."
- ⁷⁹ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, pages 3-4.
- ⁸⁰ Ibid., page 3.
- ⁸¹ Ibid., pages 3-4.

Chapter Nine

Sarah Sariah Johnson

- ¹ As related by Caroline Butler Thurber, in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 65.
- ² *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres* (written by an unknown grandchild descended through Sarah's daughter Mary), page 1. Filename:
 "Butler_SarahSariahJohnsonButlerMyers-History of-by a Grandchild."
- ³ Andrew Jenson, *LDS Biographical Encyclopedia*, listing for Dennison Lott Harris states:
 "Harris, Dennison Lot, Bishop of the Monroe Ward, South Sevier Stake, Utah, from 1877 to 1885, was born Jan. 17, 1825, in Windom, Luzerne Co., Pennsylvania, a son of Emer Harris. He emigrated to Utah in 1852, and was ordained a High Priest and Bishop in July, 1877, by Erastus Snow. He died June 6, 1885."
 Therefore, the bishop of Monroe in 1882, when John Butler had his conversation about marrying a polygamous wife, and in particular Sarah Sariah Johnson, was Dennison Harris, Sarah's grandfather.
- ⁴ Unless otherwise noted, information regarding the Benjamin and Lovina Johnson family is derived from the following sources: Merlene Thompson Braegger, *Benjamin Johnson and Lovina Hayes*, pages 1-2; *Pioneer Immigrants to Utah Territory* database, pages 1356, 1370, 1373, 1380; Genealogical records of Sarah Sariah Johnson, in possession of the author, produced by David L. Crosby. See the following electronic files:
 "Johnson_Benjamin & LovinaHayes-History of-by Merlene Thompson Braegger.pdf"
 "Butler_SarahSariahJohnson-Pioneer Immigrants to Utah database.pdf"
 "1862-JohnsonSarahSariah.paf"
- ⁵ Information regarding these children in available histories and genealogical records is very vague and inconsistent. All of their birth and death dates are listed as "about" and birthplaces for the three middle children are shown as Clay County, Missouri, whereas the birthplace for Eli in 1830 is shown as Richfield, Ohio. The Johnsons certainly didn't move from Kirtland, Ohio to Clay

County, Missouri, about 1,000 miles away, in the mid-1820s with as yet no reason to go there, just to move back to Ohio in 1830, and return to Clay County by 1832. People just didn't move around like that in the early 1800s when the only mode of transportation was by wagon and walking. It is obvious that the three children between Walter and Eli were born somewhere in northeastern Ohio. Another inconsistency is in some records that show another "Eli" born about 1824, who died about 1836. These same records list the Eli born in 1830. If this were correct, the two Eli's lives would have overlapped. What mother would give her son the same name of another son still alive? The reader can come to his own conclusion, but it is my belief that there was only one Eli, and that this Eli was born in Ohio in 1830 and died in Missouri about 1836.

⁶ *Pioneer Immigrants to Utah Territory* database, pages 1370, 1380.

⁷ Unless otherwise noted, information regarding Emer Harris and Dennison Lott Harris is derived from the following sources: Randy Harris, *Emer Harris (1781-1869)*; See the following electronic files:

"Harris_Emer-History of-by Randy Harris.pdf"

⁸ See "The Testimony Of Three Witnesses" as printed in the introduction of the *Book of Mormon*.

⁹ Stella Harris Oaks, talk given at BYU Education Week, August 22, 1974.

¹⁰ Numerous accounts of this story are given in various histories written about Dennison Lott Harris, but the earliest and most comprehensive version is found in an article entitled "Conspiracy of Nauvoo," published in the April 1884 issue of *The Contributor* magazine (Volume 5, Issue 7). Dennison personally provided the information on which that article was based. The abbreviated version by the author is based on that article. For the full article see the electronic version under filename: "Contributor-Volume 5 (1884).pdf"

¹¹ *The Contributor*, vol. 5, page 255.

¹² *Ibid.*, page 252.

¹³ *Ibid.*, page 253.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, page 255.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, page 256.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, page 257.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, page 260.

²¹ Lottie Harris Hayes, *Biography of Dennison Lott Harris*, page 1. See filename:

"Harris_DennisonLott-Biography of-by Lottie Harris Hayes."

²² *The Contributor*, vol. 5, page 260.

²³ "A Story of Intrigue," William E. Berrett, *The Restored Church* (15th Edition, Deseret Book Company, 1973), pages 169-171.

"Harris_DennisonLott-A Story of Intrigue-by William E Berrett."

²⁴ George Emer Harris and William A. Warnock, *Dennison Lott Harris*, pages 2-3. Filename:

"Harris_DennisonLott-History of-by George Emer Harris.pdf"

²⁵ Madge Harris Tuckett & Belle Harris Wilson, *The Martin Harris Story* (Vintage Books, 1983), page 162.

²⁶ Vaneese Harris Woffinden, *The Live Story of Sarah Wilson Cheney Harris*, page 1. Filename:

"Harris_SarahWisonCheney-History of-by Vaneese Harris Woffinden.pdf"

²⁷ Madge Harris Tuckett & Belle Harris Wilson, *The Martin Harris Story* (Vintage Books, 1983), pages 162-163; Vaneese Harris Woffinden, *The Live Story of Sarah Wilson Cheney Harris*, page 1.

²⁸ *Ibid.*

²⁹ For accounts of Dennison Harris's mission to the Navajos, see accounts contained in the following electronic files on the accompanying CD:

"Harris_DennisonLott-A Friendly Visit-by Lexia Curtis Harris.pdf"

"Harris_DennisonLott-Biography of-by Lottie Harris Hayes."

³⁰ Genealogical records of Sarah Sariah Johnson, in possession of the author, produced by David L. Crosby. See file: "1862-JohnsonSarahSariah.paf"

³¹ Karl Richards (a grandson of John and Ettie Butler) in his oral history, and some of John and Ettie's descendants, mentioned with vague reference that Sarah Sariah Johnson was adopted by

King Benjamin and Mary Ellender Johnson. This was clearly not the case. Karl and others must have mistaken Sarah for Sarah's mother Mary who, as a little girl, was adopted by her stepfather Dennison Harris shortly after he married Mary's widowed mother.

³² Much confusion exists regarding Sarah's birthplace. Some genealogical records and histories passed down through Sarah's descendants state she was born at Summit, Iron County, Utah, where others record it as North Willow Creek or Willard in Box Elder County. In my view, Willard is the correct birth place. It is certain the extended Harris family did not make their move to southern Utah until November of 1862, four months after Sarah's birth. There would have been no reason for Sarah's parents to have made the move south earlier than that, and there are several reliable Harris family histories that state that the Johnson's made the move together with Sarah's Harris grandparents. I believe the family histories that state that Sarah was born at Summit (which is near Paragonah), do so because Sarah lived there as a child and therefore, with no other information at hand, have assumed she was born there. In reality Sarah was 3-4 years old when her family moved to Summit. See: Randy Harris, *Emer Harris (1781-1869)*, page 6 of file "Harris_Emer-History of-by Randy Harris.pdf"; Tuckett & Belle, *The Martin Harris Story*, page 165; Lottie Harris Hayes, *Biorgraphy of Dennison Lott Harris*, page 2; Vaneese Harris Woffinden, *The Live Story of Sarah Wilson Cheney Harris*, pages 2-3.

³³ Ibid.

³⁴ *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres* (written by an unknown grandchild descended through Sarah's daughter Mary), page 1. Filename:

"Butler_SarahSariahJohnsonButlerMyers-History of-by a Grandchild."

³⁵ Vaneese Harris Woffinden, *The Live Story of Sarah Wilson Cheney Harris*, page 3.

³⁶ Tuckett & Belle, *The Martin Harris Story*, page 165; Nora Lund, *Sketch of the Life of Dennison Lott Harris*, page 3. Filename:

"Harris_DennisonLott-Sketch of the Life of-by Nora Lund.pdf"

³⁷ Lottie Harris Hayes, *Biorgraphy of Dennison Lott Harris*, page 3.

³⁸ Nora Lund, History of King Benjamin Johnson, page 3. Filename:

"Johnson_KingBenjamin-History of-by Nora Lund.pdf"

³⁹ *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres*, page 1.

⁴⁰ Nora Lund, *Sketch of the Life of Dennison Lott Harris*, page 3; Genealogical records of Sarah Sariah Johnson, in possession of the author, produced by David L. Crosby.

⁴¹ Nora Lund, *Sketch of the Life of Dennison Lott Harris*, page 3; George Emer Harris and William A. Warnock, *Dennison Lott Harris*, page 3.

⁴² There is some question as to whether the Johnson and Harris families moved to Monroe in 1871 or 1872. The various accounts in the author's possession appear equally divided on the matter. To me, the more reliable accounts point to the family making this move before the birth of Sarah's brother, Martin Emer Johnson, and so I have written my narrative accordingly.

⁴³ The genealogical records of Sarah Sariah Johnson, produced by David L. Crosby, also shows an 11th child born to King Benjamin and Mary Ellender Johnson, named "Hyrum Smith or Lot Johnson," born on April 13, 1885 at Monroe. This record shows a death date of August 30, 1886. This record seems sketchy to me and I can find no mention of him in any of the Johnson family histories in my possession, therefore I can not state for certain that he existed. Nevertheless, I would rather err on the side of including a possibly non-existent child, than run the risk of leaving a little child out of a family.

⁴⁴ *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres*, page 1.

⁴⁵ Ibid.

⁴⁶ Nora Ellender Johnson, *History of King Benjamin Johnson and History of Mary Ellender Cheney Harris*, pages 2-3. Filename:

"Johnson_KingBenjamin-History of-by Nora Ellender Johnson.pdf"

⁴⁷ *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres*, page 1.

⁴⁸ Andrew Jenson, *LDS Biographical Encyclopedia*, listing for Dennison Lott Harris; George Emer Harris and William A. Warnock, *Dennison Lott Harris*, page 3.

⁴⁹ Nora Ellender Johnson, *History of King Benjamin Johnson and History of Mary Ellender Cheney Harris*, page 2.

⁵⁰ *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres*, page 1.

⁵¹ Nora Lund, History of King Benjamin Johnson, page 3; *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres*, page 1.

⁵² Sevier Stake Manuscript History, November and December 1878.

⁵³ Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 4.

⁵⁴ Quoting Ross Butler, son of John Lowe Butler III in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 69.

⁵⁵ Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 4.

⁵⁶ See quote by Ross Butler, son of John Lowe Butler III, in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 69. Also, see Ross Butler's handwritten record of statements made by John Lowe Butler III regarding his father's polygamous marriage to Sarah Sariah Johnson and circumstances at the time of Sarah's burial, contained in electronic form under the filename: "Butler_JohnLII-Plural Marriage by Ross Butler.pdf" The following is a transcript of that manuscript:

"John II took Sarah Sariah Johnson for a plural wife on 10 April 1882. John III was only 8 at the time, but told me that his father discussed the principles of plural marriage with his mother, and included young John III in the discussion. John III understood the feelings of his father and mother, and upheld the request to marry as given by the Church authorities. Because of this John III had a different attitude about the second wife, and in later years helped to provide for her. At the time of Sarah's death I was about 17 years of age, and remember a special incident regarding her impending death. Some of father's sisters had written in the 'Round Robin' (family letter) that Aunt Sarah was about to pass away, and they objected to having her buried by John II. Father became very upset, and stated that he didn't care how they felt, that he had paid for his father's burial lot, and that he had seen to it that a place was reserved for Aunt Sarah, and that she would be buried there regardless of the feelings of his sisters.

Due to the polygamist relationship John II was sentenced to an eight month term in the Utah penitentiary on September 23, 1889, but released after six months, returning home 13 April 1890. During this time the sheep were rented out, and John III spent the winter freighting and working on the railroad in Nevada, being sixteen at the time."

⁵⁷ From the personal "LDS Record book" compiled by Ann Butler Richards, in possession of Ann Eller.

⁵⁸ Louise Meldrum, *Sarah Sariah Johnson*, page 1. Filename:

"Butler_SarahSariahJohnson-Story of her & Franzetta-by Louise Meldrum.pdf"

⁵⁹ Many of the short histories and genealogical records, written by various Butler descendants, disagree as to the birth dates of several of Sarah's children. After researching and sorting through many of these, I believe information contained in the genealogical database at new.familysearch.org right now (February 18, 2011) is accurate in regards to the birth and death dates of Sarah's children, with two exceptions. New.familysearch.org has December 15, 1888 listed as the birth date of Ellender Butler, whereas some other records in my possession state she was born on December 27, 1888. I believe the latter is correct, because Ellender's sister Mary stated that she died when three weeks old, and all records agree that her death date was January 15, 1889, so the December 27th date fits better. Also, new.familysearch.org shows Sarah's last child, Venesse or Venice, as having been born on August 20, 1897 and died on March 1, 1898, several other genealogical records make the same mistake in placing her birth and death date a year early. In her history, Mary stated that her youngest sister died two months after her father's death, which agrees with other histories. John Lowe Butler II died on December 30, 1898, therefore Venesse's birth date must have been 1898, not 1897, and death date 1899, not 1898. On the CD accompanying this book I have included a .pdf file with the family group record from new.familysearch.org. Filename:

"Butler_John Lowe & Sarah Sariah-Family Group Record.pdf"

⁶⁰ George Emer Harris and William A. Warnock, *Dennison Lott Harris*, pages 3-4.

⁶¹ *Ibid.*, page 4.

⁶² Autobiography, *Life History of Mary Butler Anderson*, page 1. Filename:
"Anderson_MaryButler-Life History."

⁶³ Mary Butler Anderson, *My Father*, page 2.

⁶⁴ *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres*, page 1; Louise Meldrum, *Sarah Sariah Johnson*, page 1.

⁶⁵ There is a discrepancy as to the date and who the baby is in this picture. Written on the photo scanned by the author was: Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler (whom it definitely is) with her "daughter Farozine", which would place the date of the photo at 1889. However, Alice Marguerite Butler

Kelly Curtis included the same photo at the end of the history/obituary she wrote of her father Dennison Lowe Butler and under it placed the caption “Dennison Lowe Butler and his mother”, which would put the date of the photo at late 1883 or early 1884.

⁶⁶ John’s daughter, Mary, stated that the families separated when she was six years old (see Autobiography, *Life History of Mary Butler Anderson*, page 1) which would put the separation at 1890. However, that could not be right because John went to prison in the fall of 1889. This, and other accounts, indicate that the families separated shortly before Ellender was born at the end of 1888.

⁶⁷ Revo M. Young, *Sevier County Utah, Past to Present* (1998), page 45.

⁶⁸ Pearl F. Jacobson, *Golden Sheaves From A Rich Field, A Centennial History of Richfield, Utah* (1964), page 231.

⁶⁹ Craig L. Dalton, *The Lives of Isaac Erin & Caroline Thurber*, page 22. Filename: “Thurber_IsaacErin and Caroline.”

⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, pages 28, 244.

⁷¹ Andrew Jenson, *Church Chronology*, introduction to 1888. Filename: “Church_Chronology-byAndrewJenson.pdf”

⁷² *Autobiography of Gottlieb Ence*, pages 63, 68-69.

⁷³ *Ibid.*, pages 68-69.

⁷⁴ From the journal of Hans Christensen as published in Pearl F. Jacobson, *Golden Sheaves From A Rich Field, A Centennial History of Richfield, Utah* (1964), page 231.

⁷⁵ Andrew Jenson, *Church Chronology*, date of September 23, 1889.

⁷⁶ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, pages 4-5.

⁷⁷ Melvin L. Bashore, “Life Behind Bars: Mormon Cohabs of the 1880s,” *Utah Historical Quarterly* – 1979 Volume 47, page 27, emphasis added. Filename:

“Life Behind Bars-Utah Historical Quarterly 1979 vol 47 no 1.pdf”

⁷⁸ *Ibid.*, page 24.

⁷⁹ *Ibid.*, page 25.

⁸⁰ *Ibid.*

⁸¹ *Ibid.*, pages 24, 31.

⁸² *Ibid.*, page 31.

⁸³ *Ibid.*, page 32.

⁸⁴ *Ibid.*, page 24.

⁸⁵ *Ibid.*, pages 33-34.

⁸⁶ *Ibid.*, pages 29, 38-39.

⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, page 40.

⁸⁸ *Ibid.*, page 35.

⁸⁹ *Ibid.*, pages 36-37.

⁹⁰ Kenion Taylor Butler, interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on December 8, 1968, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 95.

⁹¹ Andrew Jenson, *Church Chronology*, date of April 13, 1890:

“[Sunday, April 13, 1890] – John L. Butler, of Elsinore, was discharged from the Penitentiary.”

⁹² John Lee Jones Diary, page 85 as recorded in Melvin L. Bashore, “Life behind Bars: Mormon Cohabs of the 1880s,” *Utah Historical Quarterly* – 1979 Volume 47, page 30.

⁹³ Melvin L. Bashore, “Life behind Bars: Mormon Cohabs of the 1880s,” *Utah Historical Quarterly* – 1979 Volume 47, page 40.

⁹⁴ Autobiography, *Life History of Mary Butler Anderson*, page 1.

⁹⁵ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3.

⁹⁶ Mary Butler Anderson, *My Father*, page 2.

⁹⁷ Andrew Jenson, *Church Chronology*, date of September 23, 1891.

Chapter Ten

Tough Guy or Softy?

- ¹ Kenion Taylor Butler, interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 104-105.
- ² Olive Butler Smith, interview 17 June 1966 as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 87.
- ³ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 3.
- ⁴ Kenion Taylor Butler, interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 101.
- ⁵ Written by Ross Butler, grandson of John Lowe Butler II, on 16 April 1985, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 70.
- ⁶ Here K.T. is probably paraphrasing, using his own terminology of what the man said to him because the fictional character “Superman” had yet to be created at the time of this conversation. However, people at that time did use the phrase a “super man” or “super human,” so it is possible the word is a direct quote.
- ⁷ Kenion Taylor Butler, April 28, 1975 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 35.
- ⁸ Kenion Taylor Butler, interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 104-105.
- ⁹ *Ibid.*, page 101.
- ¹⁰ *Ibid.*, pages 102-103.
- ¹¹ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 96. See also Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 3. Filename: “Butler_Eva-Memories of Sister by KT Butler.”
- ¹² *Ibid.*
- ¹³ Kenion Taylor Butler, interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 103.
- ¹⁴ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 8.
- ¹⁵ Kenion Taylor Butler, interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 103-104.
- ¹⁶ *Ibid.*
- ¹⁷ Caroline Butler Thurber, interview November 6, 1966, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 83.
- ¹⁸ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 8. See also Caroline Butler Thurber, *History of John Lowe Butler Jr.*, page 2.
- ¹⁹ Written by Jane Butler Nielson, in the October 28, 1952 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 88.
- ²⁰ Olive Butler Smith, *My Father and Mother*, page 1.
- ²¹ Caroline Butler Thurber interview November 6, 1966 as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 83.
- ²² This story is derived from two accounts written by Jane Butler Nielson. The first in the October 28, 1952 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 88 and the second in her autobiography, *My Life History*, page 4.
- ²³ “Memories of Jane Butler Nielson,” in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 89.
- ²⁴ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 7.
- ²⁵ *Autobiography, Life History of Mary Butler Anderson*, page 1.
- ²⁶ *Ibid.*
- ²⁷ This story is a composite of two accounts written by Jane Butler Nielson. The first in the October 28, 1952 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 88 and the second in her autobiography, *My Life History*, page 6.
- ²⁸ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 7.
- ²⁹ Caroline Butler Thurber interview November 6, 1966 as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 83.

- ³⁰ Written by Jane Butler Nielson in the October 28, 1952 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 88.
- ³¹ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 4.
- ³² Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 8.
- ³³ This story is a composite of two accounts written by Jane Butler Nielson. The first was in a June 12, 1976 letter she wrote to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 94, and the second in her autobiography, *My Life History*, page 10.
- ³⁴ This story is a composite of two accounts told by Jane Butler Nielson. The first was in a July 19, 1976 interview with Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 92, and the second in her autobiography, *My Life History*, page 4.
- ³⁵ Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on December 8, 1968, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 95.
- ³⁶ Ibid.
- ³⁷ Dwain Butler (son of Kenion Taylor Butler) interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on July 23, 1976, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 106.
- ³⁸ Ibid.
- ³⁹ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 1.
- ⁴⁰ Kenion Taylor Butler, April 28, 1975 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 35.
- ⁴¹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, pages 4-5.
- ⁴² "Memories of Jane Butler Nielson," in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 90.
- ⁴³ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 2.
- ⁴⁴ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 2. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 73.
- ⁴⁵ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 82.
- ⁴⁶ This story is a composite of two accounts given by Olive Butler Smith, which vary slightly. The first is from a June 1967 letter written by Olive and recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 87, and Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 26. The second account is recorded in Olive Butler Smith, *My Father and Mother*, page 2.
- ⁴⁷ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 3.
- ⁴⁸ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 82.
- ⁴⁹ Melissa Ramsay Cluff, recorded in *Our Pioneer Heritage*, volume 2, pages 102-103, compiled for Daughters of Utah Pioneers by Kate B. Carter (1959).
- ⁵⁰ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 81.
- ⁵¹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 7. Also see another version of this story told by Jane, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 89.
- ⁵² Natalia S. Farr, "Did You?" in *Our Pioneer Heritage*, volume 2, page 104, compiled for Daughters of Utah Pioneers by Kate B. Carter (1959).

Chapter Eleven

Butler Family Life

- ¹ Quote from Ross Butler, son of John Lowe Butler III, in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 69.
- ² "Memories of Jane Butler Nielson," in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 91.
- ³ Ibid.
- ⁴ "Memories of Jane Butler Nielson," in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 91 and Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 15.
- ⁵ Ibid.
- ⁶ Quote from Ross Butler, son of John Lowe Butler III, in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 69.

- ⁷ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 6.
- ⁸ Kenion Taylor Butler, January 23, 1950 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 30.
- ⁹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 8.
- ¹⁰ “Memories of Jane Butler Nielson,” in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 91; Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 7.
- ¹¹ “Memories of Jane Butler Nielson,” in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 91.
- ¹² *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, pages 3-4.
- ¹³ *Ibid.*, page 6.
- ¹⁴ This is a melding by the author of two accounts of the same story, recorded by Caroline Butler Thurber, one in the *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 4, and the other in the 1951 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 20.
- ¹⁵ Reed Richards, *Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 1. Filename: “Butler_NancyFranzettaSmith-Stories about by Reed Richards.pdf”
- ¹⁶ Excerpts from the Oral Journal of Karl Morgan Richards, page 2. Filename: “Butler_JohnLII-Excerpts about him from Karl Richards Oral Journal.”
- ¹⁷ June 12, 1976 letter from Jane Butler Nielson to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 93-94; Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 8.
- ¹⁸ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 11.
- ¹⁹ Derived from an account written by Jane Butler Nielson, in the October 28, 1952 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 89.
- ²⁰ “Memories of Jane Butler Nielson,” in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 91.
- ²¹ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 32.
- ²² “Memories of Jane Butler Nielson,” in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 91.
- ²³ Olive Butler Smith, *My Father and Mother*, page 1.
- ²⁴ *Ibid.*
- ²⁵ *Ibid.*
- ²⁶ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, pages 5-6; Olive Butler Smith interview June 17, 1966, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 87.
- ²⁷ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, pages 11-12.
- ²⁸ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 3.
- ²⁹ *Ibid.*, page 4.
- ³⁰ The following account of Carrie’s critical illness and her trip to the Manti Temple is derived from *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, pages 5-6.
- ³¹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 10.
- ³² John Lowe Butler III, written shortly before his death in 1937, on the back of the envelope of a letter. Filename: “Butler_JohnLoweIII-Filthy Tabacco.pdf”
- ³³ This transcript of John’s March 3, 1889 letter to his wife is found in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 114.
- ³⁴ “Memories of Jane Butler Nielson,” in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 91.
- ³⁵ Doctrine & Covenants, Section 89.
- ³⁶ Doctrine & Covenants, Section 89, verse 4.
- ³⁷ Bible, Acts 17:30.
- ³⁸ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 2.
- ³⁹ Olive Butler Smith, February 15, 1953 letter written to her siblings. Filename: “Butler_NancyFrancettaSmith-Attributes by Olive Butler Smith 1953Feb15 Letter.”
- ⁴⁰ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 13.
- ⁴¹ Olive Butler Smith, February 15, 1953 letter written to her siblings. See also Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 25.

- ⁴² Caroline Butler Thurber interview November 6, 1966, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 83.
- ⁴³ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 2.
- ⁴⁴ Jane Butler Nielson interview with Helen Thurber Dalton in 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 29.
- ⁴⁵ Olive Butler Smith, February 15, 1953 letter written to her siblings.
- ⁴⁶ Ibid.
- ⁴⁷ Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 5.
- ⁴⁸ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 2.
- ⁴⁹ Olive Butler Smith, February 15, 1953 letter written to her siblings.
- ⁵⁰ Jane Butler Nielson interview with Helen Thurber Dalton in 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 29.
- ⁵¹ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 2; Olive Butler Smith, February 15, 1953 letter written to her siblings.
- ⁵² Ibid., see also Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 13.
- ⁵³ Olive Butler Smith, 1951 letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 26.
- ⁵⁴ Olive Butler Smith, February 15, 1953 letter written to her siblings.
- ⁵⁵ Caroline Butler Thurber, March 5, 1953 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 20.
- ⁵⁶ Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on December 8, 1968, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 95.
- ⁵⁷ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 2. Filename: "Butler_KenionTaylor-The Life and Times of-Autobiography."
- ⁵⁸ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 2.
- ⁵⁹ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 2; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 96, 99; Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, pages 1, 3. Filename: "Butler_Eva-Memories of Sister by KT Butler."
- ⁶⁰ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 3. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 99.
- ⁶¹ Kenion Taylor Butler, January 23, 1950 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 30.
- ⁶² Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 11.
- ⁶³ Autobiography, *Life History of Mary Butler Anderson*, page 1.
- ⁶⁴ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 5.
- ⁶⁵ Edith Butler Whitehead, *Brief History of Bertha M. Thurber Butler*, 1962, page 4.
- ⁶⁶ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 5.
- ⁶⁷ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, pages 6-7.
- ⁶⁸ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 4. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 99.
- ⁶⁹ "Memories of Jane Butler Nielson," in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 90.
- ⁷⁰ Jane Butler Nielson interview with Helen Thurber Dalton in August 1969, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 29; Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 5.
- ⁷¹ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 4.
- ⁷² Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 1; Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 3; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 99.
- ⁷³ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 11.
- ⁷⁴ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 1; Kenion Taylor Butler, April 28, 1975 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 34.
- ⁷⁵ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 12.
- ⁷⁶ Ibid.
- ⁷⁷ Ibid., page 9.

- ⁷⁸ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 3; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 99.
- ⁷⁹ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, pages 2, 3; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 99, 100.
- ⁸⁰ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 1.
- ⁸¹ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, pages 2-3.
- ⁸² Thomas Butler Obituary, *Deseret News*, April 16, 1892.
- ⁸³ Caroline Butler Thurber, *History of John Lowe Butler Jr.*, page 1.
- ⁸⁴ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 5.
- ⁸⁵ *Ibid.*, pages 5-6.
- ⁸⁶ *Ibid.*, page 6.
- ⁸⁷ March 3, 1967 letter written by Jane Butler Nielson to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 89.
- ⁸⁸ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 6.
- ⁸⁹ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 354.
- ⁹⁰ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 358; Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, pages 2-3.
- ⁹¹ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, page 360.

Chapter Twelve

The Butler-Beck Mine

- ¹ Many of John's children recorded accounts of Ettie's dream and the finding of the gold deposit. For the most part these agree, except that in her account Jane Butler Nielson stated that the bird on the rock was "either a crow or hawk," however all of the older children state that it was a dove. See Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 4; Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 4; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 71, 73; Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 4.
- ² *Richfield Advocate*, January 3, 1897. For a full transcript of this article see Merrill G. 'Doc' Utey, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain, A History of Gold Mountain Mining District of Piute Co., Utah* (self-published 1992), pages 50-51.
- ³ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 359-360. See also Mary Anne Butler Ashton, *A Short History of John William Butler*. Filename:
"Butler_JohnWilliam-History of by MaryAnne Butler Ashton."
- ⁴ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3.
- ⁵ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 72, 92.
- ⁶ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 6.
- ⁷ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 4; Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3.
- ⁸ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, pages 3-4.
- ⁹ April 21, 2010 email from Mark C. Butler. Filename:
"Butler-Beck Mine-Horace Butler at the Mine-by Mark C Butler.doc"
- ¹⁰ The author visited the Butler-Beck Mine site in September of 2009, in company with a guide named Joan Anderson, who likewise had guided the author's grandmother to the site 40 years earlier. Joan is the daughter of Ken Hoover who ended up with the mining claims. Since her childhood she has spent much time at the mine site and knew much about its history and the precise location of many of the structures involved in the Butler-Beck mining operation. Oral interviews with Joan provided the author with much of his information regarding the locations, mode and route of travel, and other geographic and geological aspects of the mine. Her locations

were later confirmed as accurate when the author later acquired and studied a map of the mine site drawn by John Lowe Butler III.

To get to the Butler-Beck Mine site on existing roads, travel south from Joseph or Sevier on Highway 89, go past the impossible to miss "Big Rock Candy Mountain" about a mile, to where Deer Creek crosses the highway and empties into the Sevier River. On the east side of the highway (in 2009) there is Hoover's Café, ATV rentals, RV park, Cabins, etc. On the west side of the highway is a little rest "turn out". Drive into that rest area and the Deer Creek ATV trail starts from there. Follow this trail right along Deer Creek for about 6.5 miles. The mine site has a beautiful meadow, beaver ponds, etc. with Deer Creek running through it. The Carrie Tunnel is right on the trail, I mean you will drive within feet of it, but will probably not see it, because of overgrowth covering the mouth. In short, you will probably need a GPS and the coordinates below to find exact locations. Bear in mind that the Butlers did not access the mine via the Deer Creek trail you will use, this trail came much later. The Butlers' road came down from the north along Pete Ritts Hollow, just a little to the east of the mine site. Their trail came down from Sevier, likely following an existing ATV trail somewhat that goes up Clear Creek Wash, Sage Flat, Twin Lake, Skinner Spring, but ends before going down Pete Ritts Hollow.

Here are GPS coordinates of some of the key sites at the mine:

Carrie Tunnel	N 38° 28' 37.9" - W 112° 20' 40.3"	
Butler Cabin Site	N 38° 28' 40.6" - W 112° 20' 37.2"	
Butler Mill Site	N 38° 28' 42.4" - W 112° 20' 33.7"	Elev. 8143ft
Butler Arrastra Site	N 38° 28' 41.3" - W 112° 20' 33.4"	Elev. 8122ft

¹¹ As an example, the author has included on the CD accompanying this book an account, written by Joseph F. Parker (later the bishop of the Joseph Ward), who described an accident that almost cost him his life while hauling materials for the construction of the mill at the Butler-Beck Mine. Filename:

"Butler-Beck Mine-Excerpt from History of Joseph F Parker.doc"

¹² Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 1. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 72.

¹³ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 13.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, page 14.

¹⁵ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 72.

¹⁶ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, pages 13-14.

¹⁷ This description of the Butlers' arrastra was made by the author's personal observation of remnants of the arrastra at the mine site, in September 2009 and explanations of its construction and use given him at that time by his guide, Joan Anderson. For a detailed description of the construction and use of arrastras in the Gold Mountain area during the late 1800s, see Merrill G. 'Doc' Utley, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain*, pages 6-11 and the Piute County Utah website, http://www.piute.org/Attractions/canyon_of_gold/arrastra.htm

¹⁸ Merrill G. 'Doc' Utley, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain*, pages 10, 11.

¹⁹ Kenion Taylor Butler, interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 102.

²⁰ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 1. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 73.

²¹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 14. Italics added.

²² Merrill G. 'Doc' Utley, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain*, page 13.

²³ John Butler's daughter, Caroline, stated that the John Beck who was a partner with her father in the mine, was "an old acquaintance from Spanish Fork, Utah." See *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, pages 6-7. The great-grandchildren of John Forsythe Beck also confirmed that it was their ancestor who was a partner in the Butler-Beck Mine. See June 4, 2010 email from Laurel Beck Jones, a great-granddaughter of John Forsythe Beck. Filename: "Butler-Beck Mine-Email about John Forsythe Beck.doc"

²⁴ *Richfield Advocate*, January 3, 1897.

²⁵ *The Deseret Weekly* newspaper, August 4, 1894. Filename:

"Butler-Beck Mine Incorporated-1894Aug04 Deseret Weekly News.pdf"

²⁶ Merrill G. 'Doc' Utley, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain*, pages 52-53.

²⁷ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 14.

²⁸ Merrill G. 'Doc' Utley, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain*, page 51.

²⁹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 14.

³⁰ Ibid., pages 15-16.

³¹ Several of Ettie's children wrote that it was years after the establishment of the Carrie Mine that Ettie made her first visit. Her daughter, Jane, stated that she was "about seven years old" when Ettie first made the trip. Based on this, her first trip would have been the late spring or summer of 1895. See Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 15.

³² Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 71, 73. Italics added.

³³ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 15.

³⁴ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 71-72.

³⁵ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 17.

³⁶ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 7.

³⁷ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 1. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 72-73.

³⁸ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 5.

³⁹ Ibid., page 4. See also Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 13.

⁴⁰ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 4.

⁴¹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 17. Emphasis added.

⁴² Ibid., page 18.

⁴³ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 1.

⁴⁴ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 16.

⁴⁵ Ibid., pages 17-18.

⁴⁶ Ibid., page 17.

⁴⁷ Ibid.

⁴⁸ Ibid.

⁴⁹ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 1.

⁵⁰ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 2. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 73.

⁵¹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 15.

⁵² This is a combination of two versions of the same story written by Jane Butler Nielson, one included in her autobiography, *My Life History*, page 15, and the other part of the October 28, 1952 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 88.

⁵³ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 16.

⁵⁴ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 4.

⁵⁵ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 16.

⁵⁶ The account of the two cougars crashing through camp and running between Mrs. Pugmire and her baby is taken from Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 16; *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 7; Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 4; Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 2; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 73.

⁵⁷ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 16; Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 1; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 73.

⁵⁸ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 18.

⁵⁹ Ibid., page 17.

⁶⁰ The Silver King Mine is easily accessed, as the main dirt road (part of the Paiute ATV trail system) that runs north and south along the spine of the Tushar Mountains past Mt. Belnap, Gold Mtn, etc. runs right past it. About a mile north of the intersection with the Deer Creek ATV trail (the Butler-Beck Mine is about 2 miles down the Deer Creek trail from the same intersection) you should see a sign "Silver King Mine" on the west side of the road. A parking area there has bathrooms and a marked trail that will lead you around the site, with interpretive signs explaining various points of interest. You are free to walk around, go in the old Darger cabin, etc. It's a beautiful site.

The Silver King Mine has significance to the Butler family for two reasons. First, because after the Butler-Beck Mine failed in late 1896 and John L. Butler II was relegated to working as care taker, most of the time a solitary vigil, he would walk two miles up to the Silver King Mine each Sunday and spend the Sabbath with the men working there (the owner being a Mormon). It

was a nice respite for John who was within his last two years of life. Second, because Isaac Erin Thurber worked there during most of 1897 (quitting in November) before leaving on his mission in March of 1898. Unbeknownst to John at the time, this young man would later marry his daughter Carrie.

Silver King Mine N 38° 28' 51.4" - W 112° 22' 15.9" Elev. 9331ft

⁶¹ *Richfield Advocate*, January 3, 1897. It should be noted that on January 21, 1897, Thomas Stringer wrote a letter to the editor refuting the preceding article. Mr. Stringer's rebuttal has a number of facts mixed up, including the positions of the various corporate officers he dealt with. It should also be noted that considerable legal wrangling was occurring at the time and Mr. Stringer's response was certainly influenced by the question of liability for the mine's failure that he was under. Even so, in his rebuttal he does not refute leaving the mine right after the mill was put in place, or other key elements. Instead, he insists that the mill worked properly and that it was misuse by the Butler-Beck operators that was to blame. Of course, that argument doesn't stand up, considering the fact that after the mine was sold at auction this mill passed through several different hands, none of which were able to make it work properly. Within a few years, this \$10,000 mill that Mr. Stringer claimed worked fine was sold for a measly \$100. For the full text of this January 3, 1897 *Richfield Advocate* article and Thomas Stringer's rebuttal, see Merrill G. 'Doc' Utley, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain*, pages 50-55.

⁶² Ibid.

⁶³ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 73; Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 4; Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 19; Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3.

⁶⁴ This theory of the reason for the mill's failure was explained to the author during a visit to the mill site, by his guide Joan Anderson on September 1, 2009.

⁶⁵ Merrill G. 'Doc' Utley, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain*, page 56.

⁶⁶ *The San Francisco Call* newspaper, November 14, 1895, page 10, "Mines and Mining" section. Filename:

"Butler-Beck Mine mention-1895Nov14 San Francisco Call Newspaper.pdf"

⁶⁷ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 4. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 97.

⁶⁸ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 4; Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 19; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 73; Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 4.

⁶⁹ Kenion Taylor Butler, interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 102.

⁷⁰ *The Deseret Semi-Weekly News*, December 3, 1897. Filename:

"Butler-Beck Mine Etc-1897Dec03 Deseret News.pdf"

⁷¹ Merrill G. 'Doc' Utley, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain*, page 58.

⁷² Ibid., pages 57-58.

⁷³ From the author's personal interview with Joan Anderson on September 1, 2009.

⁷⁴ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 4. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 97.

⁷⁵ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3.

⁷⁶ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, pages 19, 21.

⁷⁷ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 3; Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 4.

⁷⁸ Olive Butler Smith and Horace Butler, *Some Memories of John Lowe Butler II*, page 1.

Chapter Thirteen

Last Two Years

¹ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 4. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 97.

² Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, pages 8-9.

- ³ Ibid., page 9.
- ⁴ Edith Butler Whitehead, *History of Bertha Malvina Thurber Butler*, page 5. Filename: "Butler_BerthaMThurber-History of-by Edith Butler Whitehead.pdf"
- ⁵ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 4; Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 5.
- ⁶ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 4.
- ⁷ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 5.
- ⁸ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, pages 2-3.
- ⁹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 10.
- ¹⁰ Ibid., page 9.
- ¹¹ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 3. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 96.
- ¹² Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, pages 9-10.
- ¹³ July 18, 2010 letter from Cleo Simon to Craig Dalton. Filename: "Butler_KenionTaylor-Letter about Oatmeal by Cleo Simon to Craig Dalton 2010July18.pdf"
- ¹⁴ This account of Caroline Butler's appendicitis operation is derived from the following: Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 4; Olive Butler Smith, *My Father and Mother*, page 1; *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, pages 7-8.
- ¹⁵ The accounts of John's experience with the electric light, telephone, farming implements, and views on "air ships" are derived from "Memories of Jane Butler Nielson," in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 92.
- ¹⁶ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, pages 7-8.
- ¹⁷ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, pages 4-5. The account of John III's mission call, and his conversation with his father, is derived from this source and Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 2, and Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 13, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 98.
- ¹⁸ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 2.
- ¹⁹ New.familysearch.org currently (on February 18, 2011) shows Sarah and John's last child, Venesse or Venice, as having been born on August 20, 1897 and died on March 1, 1898. Several other genealogical records make the same mistake in placing her birth and death date a year early. In her history, Mary stated that her youngest sister died two months after her father's death, which agrees with other histories. John Lowe Butler II died on December 30, 1898, therefore Venesse's birth date must have been 1898 not 1897, and death date 1899 not 1898. Also a letter written by Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler to her son John (who was serving a mission at the time) on March 4, 1899 informs him that "Sarah's baby died the 1 of the month," thus confirming that Venesse died on March 1, 1899 as a "baby" at the time.
- ²⁰ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 5.
- ²¹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 19.
- ²² Personal interview with Joan Anderson by Craig Dalton, September 1, 2009.
- ²³ "Memories of Jane Butler Nielson," in Helen Thurber Dalton, *The Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 90-91; Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 19.
- ²⁴ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 20.
- ²⁵ Ibid.
- ²⁶ Ibid.
- ²⁷ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 3.
- ²⁸ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 20.
- ²⁹ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 4. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 97.
- ³⁰ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 2.
- ³¹ April 21, 2010 email from Mark C. Butler.
- ³² Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 20.

³³ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 20; Jane Butler Nielson in the October 28, 1952 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 92.

³⁴ About the medicine available to John, his son K.T. shared: "I think I had a strong body like my father. The doctor told me that I have the same thing my father had, but if they had had the medicine then they have now he could have lived probably. Right now I take a pill every day—but if I should miss a day my legs would start to swell up. My father died at 54 and 10 months, and here I am at 81. He could have had good health probably for many more years." – Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 101.

³⁵ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 1.

³⁶ Olive Butler Smith, *My Father and Mother*, page 2.

³⁷ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 1.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, page 2.

³⁹ This *first* Richfield Tabernacle was located on the NW corner of Main and Center streets and, although rebuilt and completed, it continued to be ill-fated. By 1914 its use was discontinued due to structural problems and in 1923 it was demolished. A new Richfield Tabernacle was built further west on Center Street in about 1930, and still stands today.

⁴⁰ Written by Jane Butler Nielson in the October 28, 1952 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 92.

⁴¹ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 3.

⁴² Joseph S. Horne was a good friend to the Butlers and previously had served as a bishop in Richfield and at this time was serving as stake patriarch.

⁴³ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 3.

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*

⁴⁵ Written by Jane Butler Nielson in the October 28, 1952 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 92.

⁴⁶ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, pages 3-4.

⁴⁷ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 2. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, pages 100-101.

⁴⁸ Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 37.

⁴⁹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 20.

⁵⁰ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 4.

Sadly, Lee Tom never seemed to realize the joy he brought into the heart of his dying father. In fact, at times he felt that he was a "mistake" of his parents, an unplanned pregnancy and an unwanted child, because he was born at a time of financial crisis for his parents. Nothing in any of his siblings writings, or any sentiments expressed by his parents, indicate that this was even remotely true. On the contrary, as has just been shown, both his father and mother loved him dearly and were always grateful for him. Throughout his life Lee also struggled with deep feelings of loneliness and at times depression, and wrote that his tremendous jovial nature and jokes were just a mask to hide the emotional pain and loneliness he felt inside as a result of both of his parents dying during his childhood and youth. That said, he often was included with his siblings' families and mostly enjoyed their company, so it is hard to believe that all of his joviality with them was a mere act. A brief autobiography of Leland Thomas Butler is included on the disk accompanying this book under the filename:

"Butler_LelandThomas-Autobiography written 1985June 9.pdf"

⁵¹ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 4.

⁵² Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 11.

⁵³ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 3. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 96.

⁵⁴ The following account of the Butler's Christmas of 1898 is derived from the following sources: Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 4; Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 21; Jane Butler Nielson in the October 28, 1952 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 92; Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 3. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 96.

- ⁵⁵ The account of John's death and funeral is derived from the following sources: Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 4-5; Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 21; "Memories of Jane Butler Nielson," in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 93; *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 8.
- ⁵⁶ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 4.
- ⁵⁷ *Autobiography of Leland Thomas Butler*, page 1. Filename: "Butler_LelandThomas-Autobiography written 1985June 9.pdf"
- ⁵⁸ It is unclear which "Sister Thurber" Olive is referring to here. Both widows of former stake president Albert King Thurber were living in Richfield at the time, and both Thirza and Agnes Thurber were good friends of the Butlers. That said, it is perhaps more likely that she is referring to Agnes Thurber, who was a president of the Relief Society in Richfield at this time.
- ⁵⁹ The author has been unable to identify the history of Richfield cited here. This account was recorded in "Memories of Jane Butler Nielson," in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 93. Several of John's other children also wrote that he was the first to be carried in a hearse.
- ⁶⁰ Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 37.
- ⁶¹ *Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 37. John Lowe Butler II is buried in Section A, Block 10.16, plot 3 of the Richfield, Utah cemetery. His two wives later joined him there, one on each side of him. See the plot map created by the author included on the CD accompanying this book. Filename: "RichfieldCemetery.jpg"

Chapter Fourteen

Family Working Together

- ¹ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 1.
- ² Ibid.
- ³ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 5.
- ⁴ Letter written by Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler to John Lowe Butler III dated March 4, 1899. Transcribed by Craig L. Dalton retaining the writer's original spelling, some paragraphing and punctuation was added. An image of the original letter is available under the filename: "Butler_NancyFranzettaSmith-Letter 1899March04 to her son John on his mission.pdf"
- ⁵ Unless otherwise noted, the summary of John III's mission and his return home that follows was taken from Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 5, and Ross Erin Butler, *Excerpts from the Missionary Journal of John Lowe Butler III*, pages 1-2. Filename: "Butler_JohnLoweIII-Mission Journal Excerpts.pdf"
- ⁶ Written on January 18, 1937, see Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 5.
- ⁷ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 2.
- ⁸ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 5; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 74.
- ⁹ *Autobiography of Leland Thomas Butler*, page 1.
- ¹⁰ As transcribed in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 75.
- ¹¹ See "Mining in the West," in Kate B. Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, vol. 2, pages 210-211.
- ¹² For examples of the anti-Mormon climate that then existed at the Gold Mountain mines, see Craig L. Dalton, *The Lives of Isaac Erin and Caroline Thurber*, pages 266-268.
- ¹³ Brigham Young, *Journal of Discourses*, vol. 19, pages 36-39.
- ¹⁴ Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, vol. 7, page 80.
- ¹⁵ Ibid., page 69.
- ¹⁶ Ibid.
- ¹⁷ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 21.
- ¹⁸ Autobiography, *Life History of Mary Butler Anderson*, page 1.
- ¹⁹ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 3.

- ²⁰ Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 21, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 102.
- ²¹ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, pages 18-19.
- ²² Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 19.
- ²³ For information on the Silver King Mine, and its demise, see Merrill G. 'Doc' Utley, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain*, pages 64-69.
- ²⁴ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 18.
- ²⁵ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 5.
- ²⁶ Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 4.
- ²⁷ Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 13, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 98.
- ²⁸ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 7.
- ²⁹ Merrill G. 'Doc' Utley, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain*, pages 57-58.
- ³⁰ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 21.
- ³¹ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, pages 7-8.
- ³² *Ibid.*, page 8.
- ³³ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 21.
- ³⁴ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 8.
- ³⁵ Craig L. Dalton, *The Lives of Isaac Erin & Caroline Thurber*, pages 266-268.
- ³⁶ Jane Butler Nielson letter written on October 22, 1970 to her "second cousins," descendents of James Butler. Filename:
"Butler_James-Memories of by Jane Butler Nielson.pdf"
- ³⁷ K.T. Butler letter written October 21, 1970 to the descendents of James Butler. Filename:
"Butler_James-Letter about him written by KT Butler 1970Oct21.pdf"
- ³⁸ Karl D. Butler, *The Family of John Topham and Susan Elizabeth Redd Butler* (Brigham Young University, 1990), page 5.
- ³⁹ Jane Butler Nielson letter written on October 22, 1970 to her "second cousins," descendents of James Butler.
- ⁴⁰ K.T. Butler letter written October 21, 1970 to the descendents of James Butler.
- ⁴¹ Grace Wilson Johnson, *James Butler and Daughter Charlotte Elizabeth Butler Wilson*, page 5. Filename: "Butler_James-History of by Grace Wilson Johnson.pdf"
- ⁴² Caroline Butler Macdonald, *My Father's Last Letter*. Filename:
"Butler_James-Last Letter (just before he died).pdf"
- ⁴³ Grace Wilson Johnson, *James Butler and Daughter Charlotte Elizabeth Butler Wilson*, page 5.
- ⁴⁴ Karl D. Butler, *The Family of John Topham and Susan Elizabeth Redd Butler* (Brigham Young University, 1990), page 5.
- ⁴⁵ Jane Butler Nielson letter written on October 22, 1970 to her "second cousins," descendents of James Butler.
- ⁴⁶ William G. Hartley, *My Best For The Kingdom*, pages 359-360; MaryAnne Butler Ashton, *Short History of John William Butler*, pages 1-2. Filename:
"Butler_JohnWilliam-History of by MaryAnne Butler Ashton.pdf"
- ⁴⁷ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 12.
- ⁴⁸ Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, pages 37-38.
- ⁴⁹ Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 1.
- ⁵⁰ Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 39.
- ⁵¹ Olive Butler Smith, *My Father and Mother*, page 1; Olive Butler Smith, February 15, 1953 letter written to her siblings.
- ⁵² Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 5.
- ⁵³ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, pages 5-6.
- ⁵⁴ Autobiography, *Life History of Mary Butler Anderson*, page 2.
- ⁵⁵ Much of this and the following information on the town of Kimberly, Utah is derived from Merrill G. 'Doc' Utley, *The Ghosts of Gold Mountain* and Dean F. Herring, *From Lode to Dust* (Herring

publishers 1989). See also Craig L. Dalton, *The Lives of Isaac Erin & Caroline Thurber*, pages 265-284, 307-308 and the article on Kimberly included on the disk accompanying this book under the filename: "Kimberly Utah Article.pdf"

⁵⁶ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 8.

⁵⁷ Ibid., page 9.

⁵⁸ Ibid.

⁵⁹ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, pages 6-7.

⁶⁰ Journal of Isaac Erin Thurber, page 129. Filename: "Thurber_IsaacErin-Journals.pdf"

⁶¹ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, pages 8-9.

⁶² Ibid.

⁶³ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, page 5.

⁶⁴ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 21.

⁶⁵ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 22.

⁶⁶ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 8.

⁶⁷ Ibid., pages 9-10.

⁶⁸ Olive Butler Smith, *My Story*, pages 6-7.

⁶⁹ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, pages 9-10.

Chapter Fifteen Camas Prairie

¹ H. N. Elliot, *History of Idaho Territory with Illustrations*, 1884.

² John F. Ryan, *A History of Camas Prairie* (Camas County Historical Society, 1975), page 4. Future references to this book will be abbreviated *Camas Prairie*. An electronic version of the complete book is included on the accompanying disk, see filename: "History of Camas Prairie by John F Ryan.pdf"

³ Ibid., pages 24-25.

⁴ It had always puzzled me (the author) why these settlers left the Palouse in the first place. The Palouse is a very fertile area with relatively mild winters, known as one of the best wheat and grain regions in the country. It is also a "dry land" farming area which, due to substantive rainfall and a clay soil that retains moisture, requires no irrigation. So why leave such an area just to come and pursue "dry land" farming on Camas Prairie? During an August 28, 2009 interview with Beulah Baldwin, former president of the Camas County Historical Society, whose husband's family came from the Palouse region in the early 1900s, I asked that question. She responded, "Well, they had originally come from the flat land areas of the mid-west and just couldn't deal with trying to farm on the Palouse which is very hilly." To me that made sense and settled that mystery in my mind.

⁵ Autobiography, *The Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 2. The last paragraph of the quote is from memories that K.T. told to Helen Dalton on January 18, 1972.

⁶ March 25-27, 1901 entry in the *Journal of Isaac Erin Thurber*, page 124.

⁷ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 8. Erin Thurber stated that John III left for Canada on August 16, 1901, see August 1901 entry in the *Journal of Isaac Erin Thurber*, page 126.

⁸ Quote taken from Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 8. About the trip to Canada see also, Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 13, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 98, and Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 22.

⁹ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 8.

- ¹⁰ September 28, 1901 entry in the *Journal of Isaac Erin Thurber*, page 127.
- ¹¹ Craig L. Dalton, *The Lives of Isaac Erin & Caroline Thurber*, page 289.
- ¹² Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 10.
- ¹³ Written by Kenion Taylor Butler in the November 14, 1973 Butler Family Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 98.
- ¹⁴ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, pages 31-32.
- ¹⁵ *Ibid.*, page 32.
- ¹⁶ *Ibid.*
- ¹⁷ There is much conflicting information regarding when the Dixons moved to the Camas Prairie. Some histories by non-Mormon authors state the Dixons arrived as early as 1883, which would be totally impossible. Others claim they arrived in the 1890s. According to Bailey Dixon they “moved from Hagerman to Camas Prairie in the spring of 1901.” According to church records, Harvey Dixon was sustained as superintendent of a new Sunday School organization in 1900. Therefore, I have used that date in this book. It is also corroborated by accounts written by others of the Dixon family. Some histories state that a few Mormon families lived by the Malad River during the 1880s, the Peck and Ivy families being named in particular. But their stay must have been short-lived because they were gone by 1900. Some speculated that it was a mysterious community of Mormons that settled along Chimney Creek and built the mysterious line of chimneys that stood there for years, the only remnant of this community. In reality, the chimneys of Chimney Creek remain a historical mystery and there is no real evidence that Mormons had anything to do with them. See *Camas Prairie*, pages 21-22 if you’re interested in this mystery.
- ¹⁸ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 5.
- ¹⁹ There is a discrepancy between the list of founding members recorded in K.T. Butler’s autobiography and those listed in Clifton Dixon’s book *Manard*. This could be explained by the fact that Clifton lists just the corporate presidency, whereas K.T. states that his brother John L. Butler was a board member in the initial corporation formed. The September 1, 1955 *Camas County Courier* newspaper article “Story of Mormon Reservoir Quite Colorful” agrees with K.T.’s list of officers.
- ²⁰ “Story of Mormon Reservoir Quite Colorful,” *Camas County Courier*, September 1, 1955. The company was first called the “Twin Lakes Reservoir, Canal and Land Company” according to the minutes of their first meeting on July 2, 1903. At their second meeting on July 11, 1903 the name was changed to “The Twin Lakes Reservoir and Irrigation Company, LTD.”
- ²¹ Autobiography, *The Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 5.
- ²² Kenion Taylor Butler, April 28, 1975 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 35.
- ²³ Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 38.
- ²⁴ Kenion Taylor Butler, April 28, 1975 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 35.
- ²⁵ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 11.
- ²⁶ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 5.
- ²⁷ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 11.
- ²⁸ *Ibid.*, page 12.
- ²⁹ Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 13, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 98.
- ³⁰ *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres* (written by an unknown grandchild descended through Sarah’s daughter Mary), page 2.
- ³¹ Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 39.
- ³² Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, pages 4-5.
- ³³ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 12; Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, pages 4-5.
- ³⁴ Alex Cyphers is spelled in several different ways in the resources I have studied. I have used the spelling that Clifton Dixon used in his book *Manard – The Pioneer Town That Used To Be*, however the *Camas County Courier* spells his name “Sifers,” and K.T. Butler spells it “Syphers.”

- ³⁵ Clifton Dixon, *Manard – The Pioneer Town That Used To Be*, page 9. Future references to this book will be abbreviated *Manard*. An electronic version of this complete book is included on the accompanying disk, see filename:
“Manard-The Pioneer Town That Used To Be.pdf”
- ³⁶ “Twin Lakes Reservoir,” in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, pages 54-55.
- ³⁷ See “Story of Mormon Reservoir Quite Colorful,” *Camas County Courier*, September 1, 1955.
- ³⁸ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, page 10.
- ³⁹ This was taken from a version of “Dam Town” written by A. R. (Bob) Frostenson given to the author by his son Jack Frostenson on August 28, 2009. A similar but slightly differently worded version of this article is included in *Manard*, page 211.
- ⁴⁰ “Twin Lakes Reservoir,” Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, page 55. See also “Story of Mormon Reservoir Quite Colorful,” *Camas County Courier*, September 1, 1955, and Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 10. However, the latter shortens the length of the dam to 550 feet while keeping the other statistics the same, this could simply be the result of where one begins measuring from.
- ⁴¹ According to Joshua Thurber, in Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 177. See also “Story of Mormon Reservoir Quite Colorful,” *Camas County Courier*, September 1, 1955.
- ⁴² Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 10.
- ⁴³ From “Dam Town” written by A. R. (Bob) Frostenson. A version of this article is included in *Manard*, page 212.
- ⁴⁴ Ibid.
- ⁴⁵ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, pages 10-11.
- ⁴⁶ From Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 5. See also “Local Pioneer Tells History,” an interview with K.T. Butler published in Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 62 (article came from the *Camas County Courier* newspaper), and “Mormon Reservoir,” *Idaho Wildlife Review*, September-October 1967 issue, page 17.
- ⁴⁷ Bob Frostenson, “Generation of work dries up,” published in Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 213.
- ⁴⁸ The September 1, 1955 *Camas County Courier* newspaper article “Story of Mormon Reservoir Quite Colorful” reported that the number of acres irrigated at that time was 4,000.
- ⁴⁹ This account is a composite of two versions of “Dam Town” written by A. R. (Bob) Frostenson. His son Jack Frostenson gave the first to the author on August 28, 2009 and the second, a similar but slightly different version, is included in *Manard*, page 212.
- ⁵⁰ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 13, emphasis added.
- ⁵¹ See John F. Ryan, *Camas Prairie*, pages 47-49.
- ⁵² Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 25.
- ⁵³ Thomas Marren served about 8 years in prison and then, due to heart trouble, was paroled and allowed to return home to his cabin on the Prairie, where he soon died.
- ⁵⁴ Dean F. Herring, *From Lode to Dust*, pages 53-55.
- ⁵⁵ Craig L. Dalton, *The Lives of Isaac Erin & Caroline Thurber*, pages 307-308.
- ⁵⁶ Information on the early church on Camas Prairie is derived from: Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, Helen T. Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, Glennis Packham, *Fairfield Ward – Manard Ward History* (taken from notes of Mary Lou Packham), and the 1915 *Camas Prairie Courier* article “Mormons Came to Camas Prairie.” One has to be careful, because some of this later information was found by the author to be inaccurate.
- ⁵⁷ *Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber*, page 11.
- ⁵⁸ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, page 136.
- ⁵⁹ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, pages 26 & 27, emphasis added.
- ⁶⁰ Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 38.
- ⁶¹ Craig L. Dalton, *The Lives of Isaac Erin & Caroline Thurber*, page 312.
- ⁶² The legal description of the property purchased for the townsite of Manard is: NE ¼ of NW ¼ of Section 36, Township 1 south, Range 14 east of Boise Meridian. Directions on how to get to the townsite of Manard on current roads are as follows: From the center of Fairfield, Idaho and U. S. Highway 20 (the airstrip is on the SW corner) go straight south towards “Mormon Reservoir” on what I believe is called Mormon Reservoir Road (the county is currently renaming roads with numbers East, West, North, South now, like Utah towns, but this road would be like 0 East or

West, the dividing line). Anyway, go south towards the Mormon (Twin Lakes) Reservoir for 3 miles, where this road hits a “T” turn east on Manard Road (or 300 South) and drive 2 miles. The road will make a little jog to the south and then continue east, this is because you are now driving on what used to be “First Street North” in the Manard Townsite (if the road you were driving on went exactly straight you would have been traveling down “Second Street North.”) From that “jog” continue east about 500 yards until you come to the first road going south. Stop there. You are now at the intersection of First Street North and Main Street in downtown Manard. See the Manard Townsite map included for locations. Briefly, from that intersection look to your south down “Main Street” about 200 feet and a little to the west, that’s where Manard Hall used to stand (it has now been moved to Fairfield). Also look east down “First Street North” about 130 yards and just off to the south was where the Manard School stood. Agnes Thurber’s home in town was about 100 yards southeast of the school.

⁶³ For years, Erin’s daughter Helen had an original blueprint of the Manard townsite in her possession but since her death it has not been found. A photo of the townsite blueprint stored in Camas County archives has been included on the CD accompanying this book.

⁶⁴ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 45. In 1927, with tithing no longer being received “in kind,” the tithing granary was sold to the Twin Lakes Irrigation company for tool storage. In 1935, a wildfire from a field nearby destroyed it.

⁶⁵ A souvenir program dated May 5, 1916 has at its head “Manard Public School Dist. No. 43,” not 34.

⁶⁶ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, pages 40-41.

⁶⁷ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, pages 125-126.

⁶⁸ *Ibid.*, page 75.

⁶⁹ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 34.

⁷⁰ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, pages 136.

⁷¹ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 34.

⁷² *Ibid.*, pages 35-36.

⁷³ *Ibid.*, page 36.

⁷⁴ *Joshua Albert Thurber’s Life Sketch*, page 6.

⁷⁵ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 8.

Chapter Sixteen

Life on the Prairie

¹ Autobiography, *Life Story of Helen Thurber Dalton*, pages 2, 6, emphasis added.

² Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 6

³ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, page 75.

⁴ Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 39.

⁵ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, page 98.

⁶ *Ibid.*, page 74.

⁷ *Ibid.*, page 38.

⁸ *Ibid.*, page 78.

⁹ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 6.

¹⁰ Winona Richards, February 1951 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 40.

¹¹ Francetty Butler Christiansen, April 10, 1949 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 19.

¹² Leland Thomas Butler, February 7, 1953 Butler Round Robin letter and Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, pages 37-38.

¹³ Kenion Taylor Butler, January 23, 1950 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 30.

¹⁴ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 6

¹⁵ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 215.

¹⁶ Leland Thomas Butler, March 4, 1949 Butler Round Robin Letter. Filename: “Butler_NancyFranzettaSmith-Info about-by Leland Thomas Butler.”

- ¹⁷ Leland Thomas Butler, March 4, 1949 Butler Round Robin Letter and Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 5.
- ¹⁸ Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 38.
- ¹⁹ Francetty Butler Christiansen, April 10, 1949 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 19.
- ²⁰ John F. Ryan, *Camas Prairie*, pages 100-101.
- ²¹ *Camas Prairie Courier* newspaper article dated August 18, 1910.
- ²² See *Camas Prairie*, page 25, for tables of census population data and how John F. Ryan arrived at those figures.
- ²³ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 34.
- ²⁴ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, page 94.
- ²⁵ *Ibid.*, page 78.
- ²⁶ *Ibid.*, page 83.
- ²⁷ Excerpts from the Oral Journal of Karl Morgan Richards, page 1.
- ²⁸ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, page 78.
- ²⁹ *Ibid.*, page 94, emphasis added.
- ³⁰ This was taken from an account given by Glenn Butler, recorded in Edith Butler Whitehead, *Brief History of Bertha M. Thurber Butler*, 1962, page 20. Another slightly different account of the same incident was recorded, in Glenn Butler, *John Lowe Butler 1874; I Remember Father*, which follows:

“We went somewhere, probably to Fairfield, some 6 or 7 miles distant to pick up our first automobile. I was the only child and was sitting between mother and dad in the front seat and there were two or three women in the rear seat, as I can best remember. There were no fences and no borrow pits. The roads were not graveled but just dirt and it was really dusty. We were heading for home. Dad had apparently been checked out in driving. Something was said about the things under the dash, apparently a set of coils, and dad obligingly leaned over to explain its function. We were not going over 20 miles per hour, but he turned off the road to the right as he was explaining something. All at once he realized that he was heading out through pasture land, bumps and all. He jerked on the steering wheel and hollered “Whoa! Whoa!” to no avail. He made a big loop through the hinterland and got back on the road home, and remembered by the time we got there how to stop an automobile.”

Filenames:

“Butler_BerthaMThurber-History of-by Edith Butler Whitehead.pdf”

“Butler_JohnLoweIII-I Remember Father-by Glen L Butler.pdf”

- ³¹ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 8.
- ³² Autobiography, *Joshua Albert Thurber's Life Sketch*, page 8.
- ³³ See March 12, 1912 issue of the *Camas Prairie Courier*.
- ³⁴ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 7.
- ³⁵ According to articles published in the *Camas County Courier*.
- ³⁶ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, page 148.
- ³⁷ *Ibid.*
- ³⁸ “The Eucalyptus of California,” by Robert L. Santos, California State University, 1997.
- ³⁹ *Ibid.*
- ⁴⁰ *Ibid.*
- ⁴¹ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, page 149.
- ⁴² Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life Story of Isaac Erin Thurber*, page 3.
- ⁴³ Unfortunately, even through much research, I have been unable to determine the name of the company John III, Horace, and Erin were working with, or for. Erin had at least some involvement in the finishing (painting, etc.) of the product, but like John III and Horace, his involvement was mostly sales. According to Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 13, John and Horace Butler were engaged in selling “iceless refrigerators” and had an “agency” covering the area of Butte and Missoula, Montana, during the summer of 1913. According to MaryAnne Butler Ashton, John’s son Ross remembered the name “Excelsior” in connection with this short-lived iceless refrigerator business. Sadly, that’s the closest I’ve come to a company name, and while there was an Excelsior

Refrigerator Company in Wisconsin at the time that made ice box type refrigerators and refrigerated train cars, I find no reference to that company dealing in “iceless” refrigerators.

⁴⁴ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 13.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, pages 13-14.

Chapter Seventeen

Grandmas Butler

¹ Bailey Dixon, January 4, 1953 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 40.

² Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 41.

³ Bertha Thurber Butler, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler* (hand written manuscript written 1949), page 13; Edith Butler Whitehead, June 1953 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 40.

⁴ Winona Richards, February 1951 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 40.

⁵ Leland Thomas Butler, February 7, 1953 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 37.

⁶ Jane Butler Nielson autobiography, *My Life History*, page 1.

⁷ Edith Butler Whitehead, June 1953 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 40.

⁸ Thelma Butler, recorded in Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 4. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 97.

⁹ Jane Butler Nielson, May 20, 1949 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 27.

¹⁰ Francetty Butler Christiansen, April 10, 1949 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 19.

¹¹ Caroline Butler Thurber, March 5, 1953 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 20.

¹² Leland Thomas Butler, February 7, 1953 Butler Round Robin letter and Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, pages 37-39.

¹³ Kenion Taylor Butler, April 28, 1975 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 36.

¹⁴ Kenion Taylor Butler, January 23, 1950 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 30.

¹⁵ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 4. Also recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 97.

¹⁶ Jane Butler Nielson, May 20, 1949 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 27.

¹⁷ Etta Butler Mayberry, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 5.

¹⁸ Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 38.

¹⁹ Caroline Butler Thurber, 1951 Butler Round Robin letter and Caroline Butler Thurber, March 5, 1953 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 20.

²⁰ Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 7.

²¹ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 13.

²² Edith Butler Whitehead, June 1953 Butler Round Robin letter, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 40.

²³ Leland Thomas Butler, April 12, 1978 letter to Helen Thurber Dalton, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, page 39.

²⁴ A very detailed transcription of the funeral service of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler is included in Helen Thurber Dalton, *History of Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler*, pages 42-47. This account was

obviously recorded by a capable stenographer, in attendance at the time, and is included on the CD accompanying this book. Filename:

“Butler_NancyFranzettaSmith-History of-by Helen Thurber Dalton.”

²⁵ Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler is buried in Section A, Block 10.16, plot 4 of the Richfield, Utah cemetery on the south side of her husband John Lowe Butler II. See the plot map created by the author included on the CD accompanying this book. Filename: “RichfieldCemetery.jpg”

²⁶ Autobiography, *Life History of Mary Butler Anderson*, page 2.

²⁷ Autobiography, *Life History of Mary Butler Anderson*, page 2; *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres* (written by an unknown grandchild descended through Sarah’s daughter Mary), page 2.

²⁸ *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres* (written by an unknown grandchild descended through Sarah’s daughter Mary), page 2.

²⁹ Autobiography, *Life History of Mary Butler Anderson*, page 2.

³⁰ Ibid.

³¹ Ibid., page 3.

³² Ibid.

³³ *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres* (written by an unknown grandchild descended through Sarah’s daughter Mary), page 2.

³⁴ From the personal “LDS Record book” compiled by Ann Butler Richards, in possession of Ann Eller.

³⁵ Ibid.

³⁶ Statistical and marriage information provided by MaryAnne Butler Ashton, taken from temple records. Filename: “Myers_EdwinErastus-marriage info.doc”

³⁷ *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres* (written by an unknown grandchild descended through Sarah’s daughter Mary), page 2.

³⁸ *Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myres* (written by an unknown grandchild descended through Sarah’s daughter Mary), pages 2-3.

³⁹ Ibid., page 3.

⁴⁰ Sarah Sariah Johnson Butler Myers is buried in Section A, Block 10.16, plot 2 of the Richfield, Utah cemetery on the north side of her husband John Lowe Butler II. See the plot map created by the author included on the CD accompanying this book. Filename: “RichfieldCemetery.jpg”

⁴¹ See Ross Butler’s handwritten record of statements made by John Lowe Butler III regarding his father’s polygamous marriage to Sarah Sariah Johnson and circumstances at the time of Sarah’s burial, contained in electronic form under the filename: “Butler_JohnLII-Plural Marriage by Ross Butler.pdf” The following is an excerpt from that manuscript:

“John II took Sarah Sariah Johnson for a plural wife on 10 April 1882. John III was only 8 at the time, but told me that his father discussed the principles of plural marriage with his mother, and included young John III in the discussion. John III understood the feelings of his father and mother, and upheld the request to marry as given by the Church authorities. Because of this John III had a different attitude about the second wife, and in later years helped to provide for her. At the time of Sarah’s death I was about 17 years of age, and remember a special incident regarding her impending death. Some of father’s sisters had written in the ‘Round Robin’ (family letter) that Aunt Sarah was about to pass away, and they objected to having her buried by John II. Father became very upset, and stated that he didn’t care how they felt, that he had paid for his father’s burial lot, and that he had seen to it that a place was reserved for Aunt Sarah, and that she would be buried there regardless of the feelings of his sisters.”

Epilogue Treasure

¹ Autobiography, *The Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*, page 2.

² Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 9.

³ John F. Ryan, *Camas Prairie*, page 41.

⁴ Clifton Dixon, *Manard*, page 14.

⁵ Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, page 97, paragraph order changed.

⁶ Kenion Taylor Butler interview with Helen Thurber Dalton on January 13, 1972, as recorded in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 99.

⁷ Excerpts from the Oral Journal of Karl Morgan Richards, page 2.

⁸ Quoting Ross Butler, son of John Lowe Butler III in Helen Thurber Dalton, *Life and Times of John Lowe Butler II*, page 69.

⁹ Elder Dallin H. Oaks of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, "Fundamental to Our Faith," *Ensign* – January 2011, page 26, emphasis added. This article was taken from an address given by Elder Oaks to the faculty and students of Harvard Law School on February 26, 2010.

Appendix

The Children of John Lowe Butler II

¹ Unless otherwise noted, this short biographical sketch of John Lowe Butler III was derived from his joint autobiography with his wife Bertha, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*.

² Unless otherwise noted, this short biographical sketch of Francetty Butler Christensen was derived from her autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, and *The Posterity of Hans Christensen and Johanna Marie Poulson*, an excerpt of the latter, pertaining to the family of John and Francetty Christensen, is included on the CD accompanying this book. See filename: "Christensen_John & FrancettyButler-Family."

³ Unless otherwise noted, this short biographical sketch of Sarah Butler Richards is derived from the oral autobiography of Karl Richards, a portion of which is include on the CD accompanying this book under the name, *Excerpts from the Oral Journal of Karl Morgan Richards*.

⁴ John Richards Pusey, *Remember Grandparents*.

⁵ Liz Janega, email dated September 27, 2010.

⁶ Susan Kilmartin, email dated September 30, 2010

⁷ Liz Janega, email dated September 27, 2010

⁸ *Excerpts from the Oral Journal of Karl Morgan Richards*.

⁹ Liz Janega, email dated September 28, 2010

¹⁰ This short biographical sketch of Caroline Butler Thurber is derived from a full biography on Caroline written by the author, Craig L. Dalton, entitled *The Lives of Isaac Erin & Caroline Thurber*.

¹¹ Unless otherwise noted, this short biographical sketch of Horace Calvin Butler was derived from an August 8, 2011 phone interview with Horace's son, Dale Butler, by MaryAnn Butler Ashton. Filename: "Butler_HoraceCalvin-by Dale Butler."

¹² Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*, page 4.

¹³ Bertha Butler, *History and Sketches in Lives of John L. Butler & Bertha M. Thurber his Wife*, page 10.

¹⁴ Unless otherwise noted, this short biographical sketch of Dennison Lowe Butler was derived from the history and obituary of Dennison Lowe Butler written by his daughter Alice Marguerite Butler Kelly. Filename: "Butler_DennisonLowe-History & Obituary of-by his dtr Alice Marguerite."

¹⁵ Obituary of Alice Kelly Curtis, printed in *The Camas Courier*. See filename: "Butler_AliceMargueriteButlerKellyCurtis-Obituary.pdf"

¹⁶ From the personal "LDS Record book" compiled by Ann Butler Richards, in possession of Ann Eller.

¹⁷ Ibid.

¹⁸ Alice Marguerite Butler Kelly, *History and Obituary of Dennison Lowe Butler*.

¹⁹ Marriage records for Dennison Lowe Butler. See filename: "Butler_DennisonLowe-Marriages."

²⁰ This short biographical sketch of Mary Butler Anderson was derived from Mary's autobiography, *The Life History of Mary Butler Anderson*. See filename: "Anderson_MaryButler-Life History."

²¹ Unless otherwise noted, this short biographical sketch of Olive Butler Smith was derived from Olive's autobiography, *My Story*; Jesse Loren Smith's autobiography, *Life Story of Jesse Loren Smith*; and Helen Smith Baker, *Thoughts About My Mother, Olive Butler Smith*. See filenames:

"Smith_OliveButler-My Story.pdf"

"Smith_JesseLoren-Life Story of.pdf"

"Smith_OliveButler-Thoughts About My Mother-by Helen Smith Baker.pdf"

- ²² Frances Smith Christensen, *Family Night With Grandmother*. Filename: "Smith_OliveButler-Family Night With Grandmother-Bull in Sheep Pen Story."
- ²³ Unless otherwise noted, this short biographical sketch of Jane Butler Nielson was derived from Jane's autobiography, *My Life History*, and *Life History of Elmer Walter Nielson*, by Jane B. Nielson and Helen T. Dalton. See filenames:
 "Nielson_JaneButler-My Life History."
 "Nielson_ElmerWalter-Life History of-by Jane B Nielson & Helen T Dalton."
- ²⁴ Sources used in compiling this short biographical sketch of Kenion Taylor Butler include: Autobiography, *Life and Times of Kenion Taylor Butler*; Kenion Taylor Butler, *Memories of my Brothers & Sisters and Especially Eva*; Helen Thurber Dalton, *Manard-Mormon Community*, pages 29-30; *Lasting Legacy*, page 86; "A Tribute to K.T.," *The Enterprise of Southern Idaho*, article dated May 13, 1982. See filenames:
 "Butler_KenionTaylor-The Life and Times of-Autobiography.pdf"
 "Butler_Eva-Memories of Sister by KT Butler.pdf"
 "History of Camas Prairie and Manard by Helen Dalton.pdf"
 "Butler_KenionTaylor-Page 86 from book Lasting Legacy.pdf"
 "Butler_KenionTaylor-1982May13 Enterprise of Southern Idaho Newspaper Article.pdf"
- ²⁵ Autobiography, *Life Story of Francetty Butler Christensen 1876-1959*, page 6.
- ²⁶ From the personal "LDS Record book" compiled by Ann Butler Richards, in possession of Ann Eller.
- ²⁷ Ibid.
- ²⁸ Obituary of William Adams Richards. Filename: "Richards_WilliamAdams-Obituary.pdf"
- ²⁹ Ibid.
- ³⁰ Daughters of the Utah Pioneers – Willows Camp #54880 Santa Clara County, California, *History of Naomi Richards Eller*, page 1. Filename:
 "Eller_NaomiRichardsEller-History of-dtr of Ann Butler Richards.pdf"
- ³¹ From the personal "LDS Record book" compiled by Ann Butler Richards, in possession of Ann Eller.
- ³² Obituary of William Adams Richards.
- ³³ Obituary of Ruth Richards Aldrich. Filename: "Aldrich_RuthRichardsAldrich-Obituary.pdf"
- ³⁴ Daughters of the Utah Pioneers – Willows Camp #54880 Santa Clara County, California, *History of Naomi Richards Eller*, page 1.
- ³⁵ Letter written by Naomi Richards Eller, to her children and grandchildren, dated Christmas 2004, page 1. Filename:
 "Richards_AnnButler-Spiritual Gifts of-by Naomi Richards Eller."
- ³⁶ Ibid., page 2.
- ³⁷ From the personal "LDS Record book" compiled by Ann Butler Richards, in possession of Ann Eller.
- ³⁸ Unless otherwise noted, this short biographical sketch of Eva Butler Dixon was derived from Helen T. Dalton, *History of Eva Butler*, and Zola Dixon, *History of Bailey Allen Dixon*. See filenames:
 "Dixon_EvaButler-History of by Helen T Dalton."
 "Dixon_BaileyAllen-History of by Zola Dixon."
- ³⁹ Unless otherwise noted, this short biographical sketch of Leland Thomas Butler was derived from an untitled autobiography he wrote for his nieces and nephews on June 9, 1985. See filename:
 "Butler_LelandThomas-Autobiography written 1985June 9.pdf"
- ⁴⁰ Ross Butler, *Memories of Leland Thomas Butler*, page 2. Filename:
 "Butler_LelandThomas-Memories of-by Ross Butler 1998Jan28.pdf"
- ⁴¹ Ibid., page 1.
- ⁴² Ibid., page 3.

The Author: Craig L. Dalton

Craig is a great-great grandson of John Lowe Butler II, descended through his daughter Caroline. Born at Boise, Idaho in 1960, he grew up in Upland, California. After returning from a Church mission in Colombia in 1981, he immediately began work as a computer programmer during the nascent stages of the desk-top computer revolution. At the same time, he earned a commercial pilot's license and flight instructor certificate. The software industry won his career path battle, and in 1982 he became part owner in Taxware Systems, Inc. and in 1991 owner of DTS, Inc., companies specializing in accounting and tax software directed to professional tax preparers.

In 1982, Craig married Sandra Wulfin. In 1987 they bought a cattle ranch near the North Idaho town of Deary, where they raised their eight children. Here he served many years as a local school board trustee, and also co-founded and served as board chairman of I-DEA, a statewide online charter school.

In 1997, Craig retired from the software industry and later, when he lost his work crew (children), sold his cattle ranch. With "retirement" he turned his computer skills to the digital archiving of family history records, photos, video, audio, journals, documents, and histories, as well as editing and publishing a number of books in both electronic and print form.

As an author, Craig wrote several technical manuals during his years in the software industry, as well as ad copy, brochures, and pamphlets. Always possessing a love of history, especially the stories of real people, Craig's passion is biographies, of which *Gold & Treasure* is his fifth.

Currently (2011), Craig and his wife Sandy are living in Santiago, Chile where they are serving as missionaries for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The Author: Craig L. Dalton

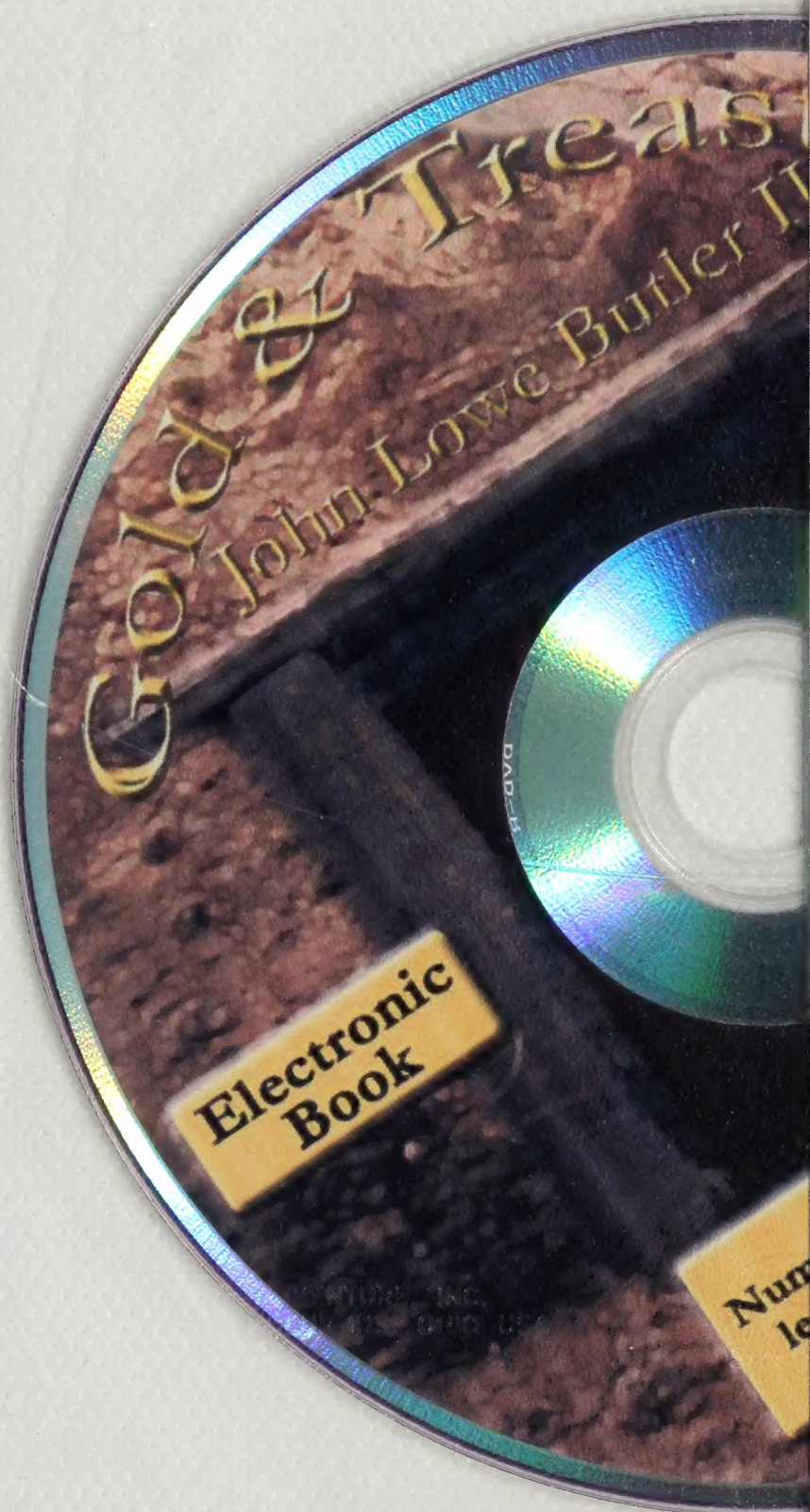
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\$24.95



ISBN: 978-0-9843965-1-1



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